

PHOTOPLAY

25¢

EMBER



The Answer to Shirley Temple's Future by DIXIE WILLSON
THE MAN WHO GUIDES NORMA SHEARER'S FATHERLESS CHILDREN

A BREATHLESS EVENING

DID YOU NOTICE HELEN'S
BREATH AGAIN TONIGHT-
SICKENING !



HELEN'S ! HELEN'S
AND HERBERT'S. WOULDN'T
YOU THINK THEY WOULD
USE LISTERINE ?

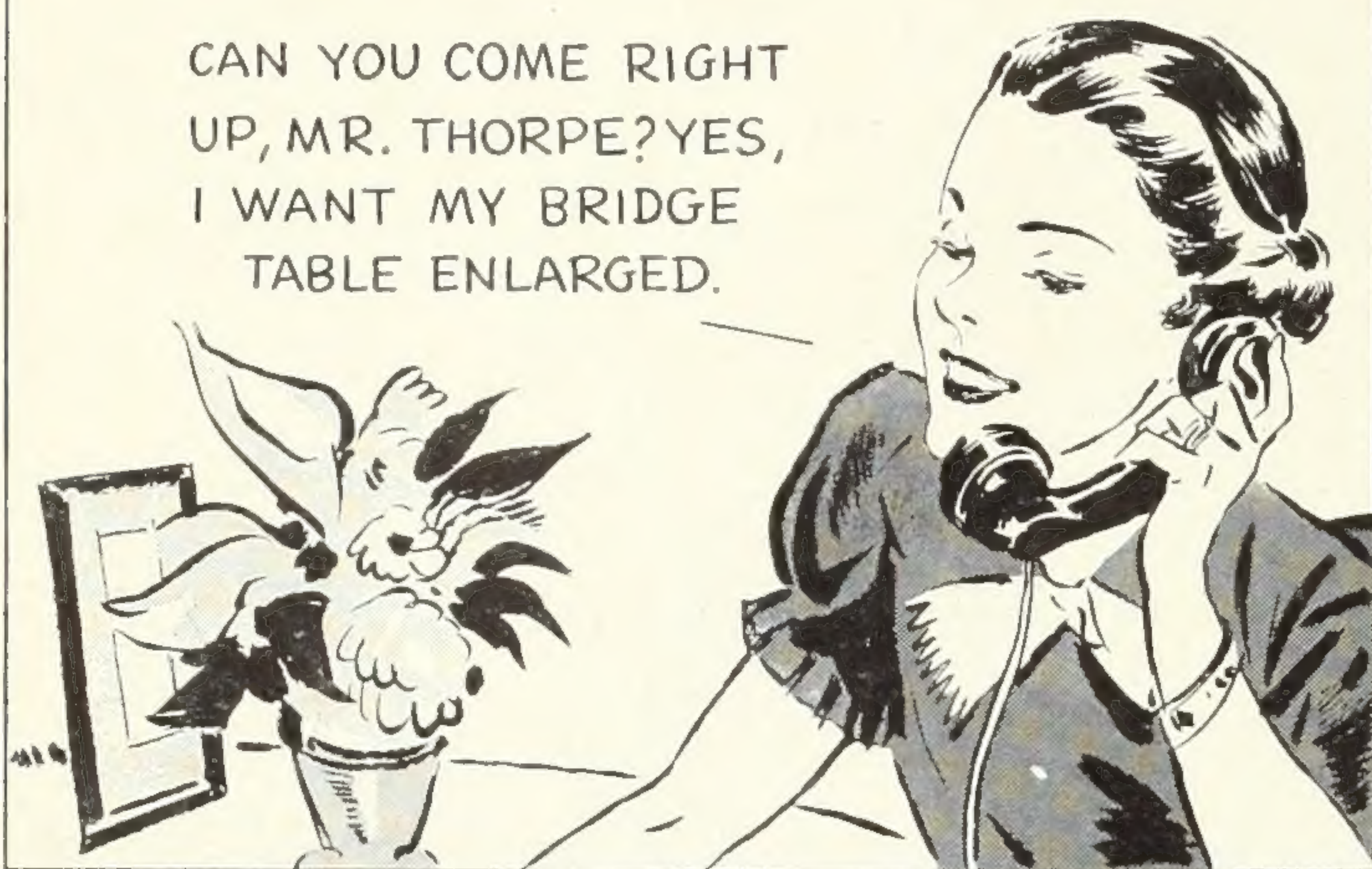
THEY'RE NOT THE
ONLY OFFENDERS. IT'S
EVERYBODY THESE DAYS.
TOO MUCH SMOKING AND
DRINKING.



WISH I COULD DO SOME-
THING ABOUT SUCH
FRIENDS-BUT WITH
ALL THEIR FAULTS I
LOVE THEM STILL.

GRACE GETS AN IDEA AND CALLS THE CARPENTER

CAN YOU COME RIGHT
UP, MR. THORPE? YES,
I WANT MY BRIDGE
TABLE ENLARGED.



MAKE IT TWO FEET WIDER ALL
AROUND-SO PEOPLE CAN'T GET THEIR
HEADS TOGETHER.

O.K. LADY, BUT IT SOUNDS
NUTS TO ME.



NOW LET THEM COME,
HALITOSIS OR NO. IT'S
SO WIDE WE'LL NEVER
NOTICE THEIR
BREATH !

CORKING, DARLING !
MAYBE WE HAD BETTER
MAKE THE
FIRST PRIZE
A BOTTLE OF
LISTERINE.



*So
she built her bridge table
two feet wider*

WHY OFFEND NEEDLESSLY? Modern habits explain why many people have halitosis—(bad breath). The sad part of it is that you never know when you offend, but others do, and hence avoid you.

If you want to make sure that your breath is beyond reproach get the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic every morning and every night and between times for social or business engagements.

Listerine Antiseptic halts fermentation in the mouth, the major cause of odors, and overcomes the odors themselves. Your mouth feels wonderfully fresh and clean and your breath is sweeter, wholesome and more agreeable. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

For Halitosis (BAD BREATH) use LISTERINE



70Cuts
NOW SEE THEM TOGETHER
IN "STAGE DOOR"

Broadway's sensational stage success becomes the outstanding highlight of all the screen's new big pictures!... Authored by two of the greatest living playwrights, EDNA FERBER and GEORGE S. KAUFMAN... Thrillingly directed by the genius behind "My Man Godfrey", GREGORY LA CAVA... Glamorously produced by Hollywood's ace picture-maker, PANDRO S. BERMAN... intimately played by stars daringly cast to sweep you off your feet with curiosity — and satisfaction!... At last the one picture you simply MUST see!

Stage Door

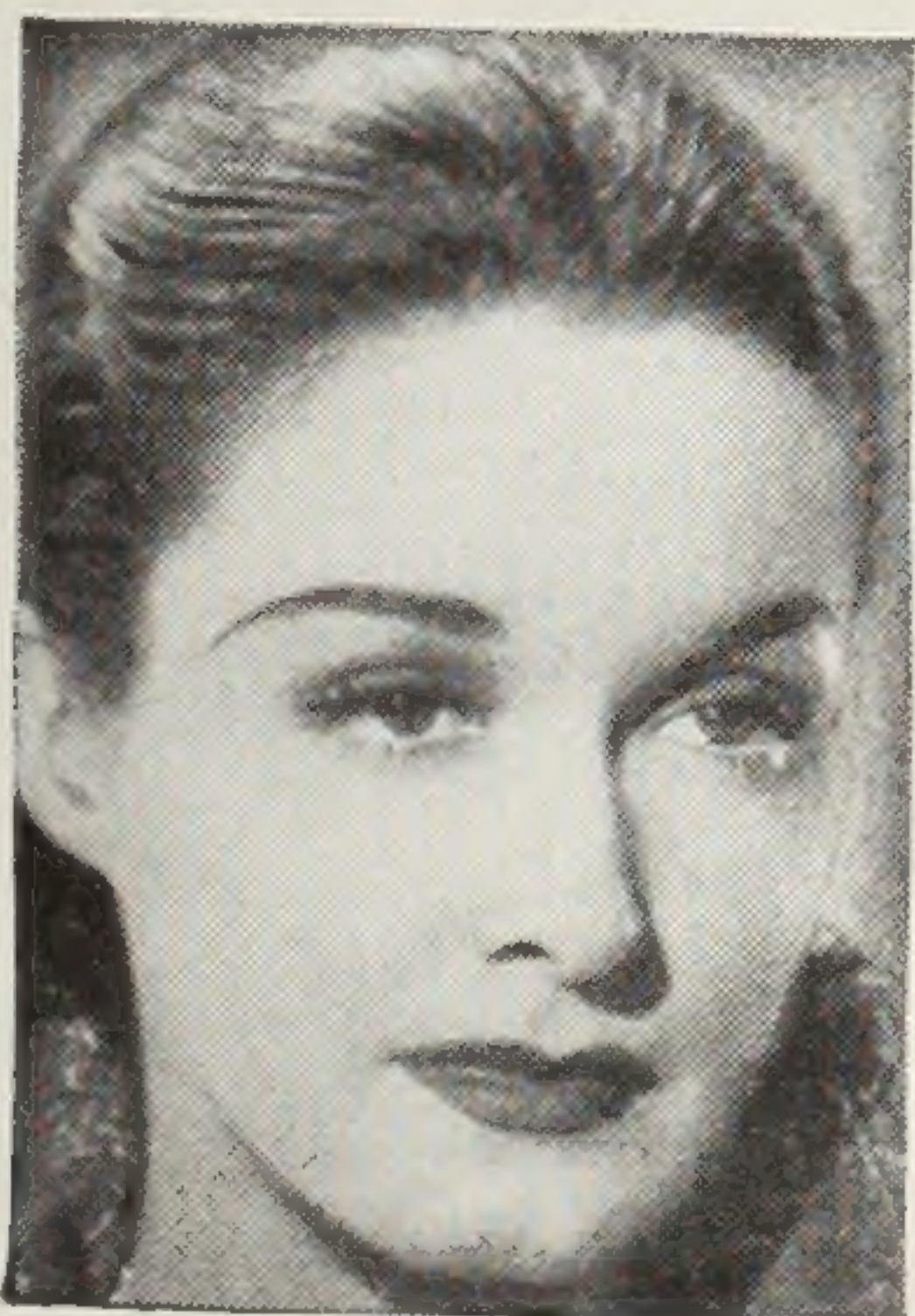
KATHARINE GINGER
HEPBURN ★ ROGERS

A D O L P H E
MENJOU

WITH
GAIL PATRICK CONSTANCE COLLIER • ANDREA LEEDS
SAMUEL S. HINDS • LUCILLE BALL • FROM THE PLAY BY EDNA FERBER AND GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
DIRECTED BY GREGORY LA CAVA • PRODUCED BY PANDRO S. BERMAN



SCREEN PLAY BY
MORRIE RYSKIND AND ANTHONY VEILLER



NO PICTURE HAS EVER EQUALLED "CONQUEST"!



GRETA GARBO

CHARLES BOYER

IN CLARENCE BROWN'S PRODUCTION

Conquest

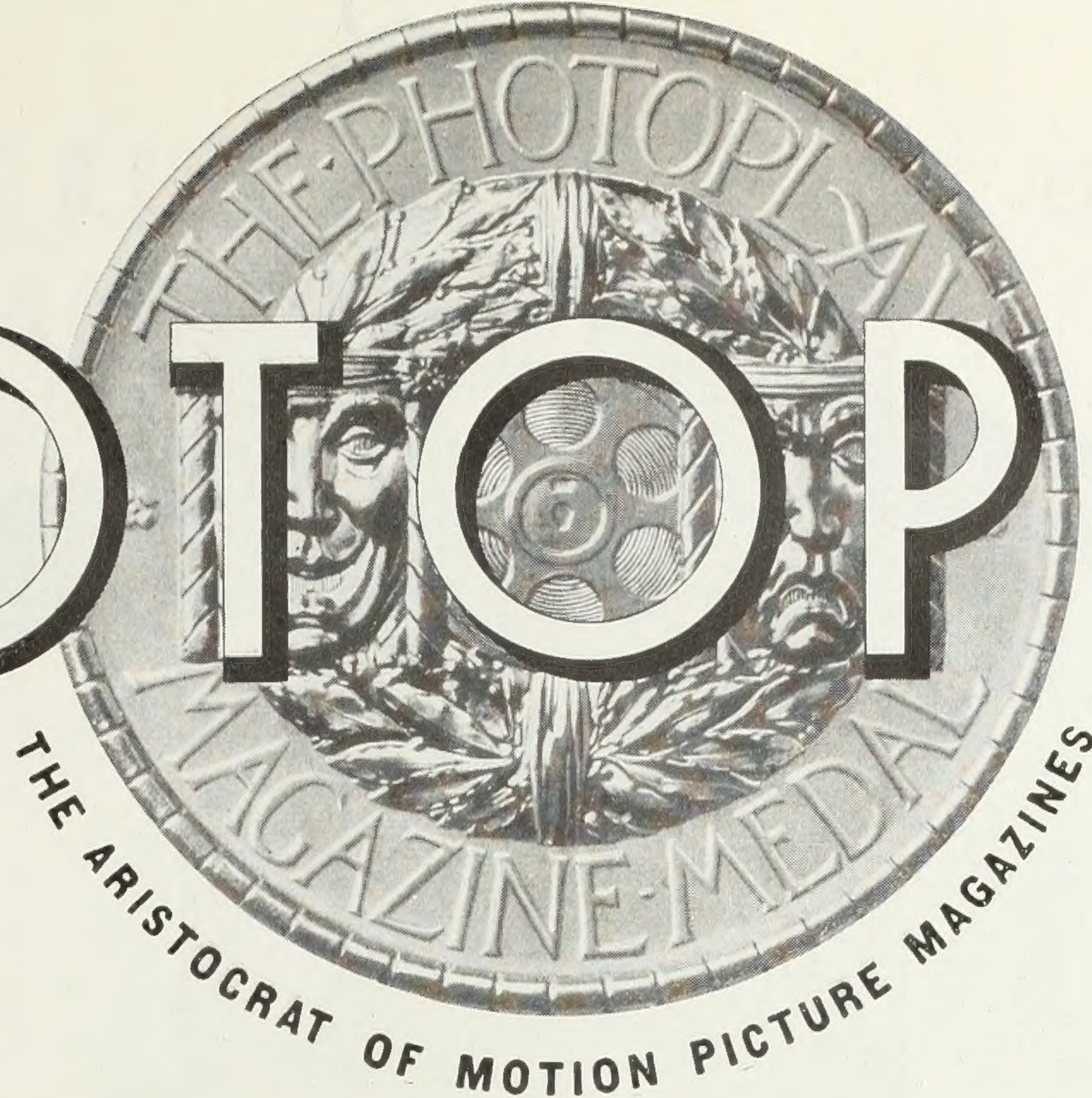
THE LOVE STORY OF MARIE WALEWSKA

Even Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—with the greatest productions in motion picture history to its credit—has never before made a picture on so lavish a scale as this. Its grandeur will dazzle your eyes...as its romance fills your heart. Garbo, as the temptress who is used to ensnare Charles Boyer as Napoleon; a glorious seductive pawn in an amazing international intrigue. A cast of thousands including Reginald Owen, Alan Marshall, Henry Stephenson, Leif Erickson, Dame May Whitty, C. Henry Gordon. Directed by *Clarence Brown*. Produced by Bernard H. Hyman... Screen Play by Samuel Hoffenstein, Salka Viertel and S. N. Behrman.

A GIANT PRODUCTION IN THE BRILLIANT M-G-M MANNER



PHOTOPLAY



ERNEST V. HEYN
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

On the Cover—Shirley Temple, Natural Color Photograph by James Doolittle

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NEWS VIEWS AND REVIEWS

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BOOS AND

BOUQUETS

FIRST PRIZE—\$25.00

THE WINNER!

I RETURNED recently from a trip which took me to remote sections of South America. During my travels, I discovered that nearly every South American wants to visit the United States. Most of them want to go to Hollywood which, as far as they're concerned, is composed of castles, grapefruit and blonde movie actresses. In Mollendo, Peru, I saw Lily Pons and Henry Fonda in "I Dream Too Much." Afterwards, a Peruvian friend shook his head, "I don't understand how you Americanos can go through that seven nights a week." "Why, who told you we go to the movies seven nights a week?" I asked. "Everybody knows how the Americanos live," he replied simply.

The glamour of the screen is accepted as a faithful representation of our life. To South Americans we are a fascinating, terrifyingly active and very unconventional people. Child stars are very popular and Shirley Temple and Freddie Bartholomew are responsible for the style of clothes worn by many native children.

South Americans are enthusiastic fans, too. A rumor that Errol Flynn was sailing to Peru brought hundreds of queries. When it became known that he had turned up in Spain instead, an audible sigh of disappointment could be heard. Gable landed in Santiago by plane, stepped out into such a mob of admirers that he was able to autograph only a few pictures, step back into the plane and fly away again.

Good-looking men are supposed to look like Gable, ugly ones like Wallace Beery. Such a setup made it difficult for an ordinary man to impress the pretty South American señoritas. It was all very sad indeed.

DON FRANK,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

SECOND PRIZE—\$10.00

MOVIE SCENES I CAN'T FORGET:

—Marlene Dietrich rouging her lips as she faced the firing squad in "Dishonored."
—Charles Winninger's face as he told Irene Dunne to smile when she was singing "After

the Ball" in "Show Boat."

—Warner Baxter in "The Prisoner of Shark Island" when he was looking through the bars of his prison cell and John Carradine asked him what he was looking at, and Warner said, "Just outside."

—Charles Laughton reciting the Gettysburg address in "Ruggles of Red Gap."

—Mary Astor's face at the end of "Dodsworth."

—Myrna Loy talking out of the side of her mouth in "After the Thin Man."

—Bette Davis as they found her dying in "Of Human Bondage."

Oh, he flies through the air—does dancing Jimmy Cagney in the film "Something to Sing About"

PHOTOPLAY awards the following prizes for the best letters received each month: \$25 first prize, \$10 second, \$5 third, and \$1 for every other letter published. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part. Contributions will not be returned. Contributors are warned that if letters are copied or adapted from previously published material, which constitutes plagiarism, they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Letters submitted to this magazine should not be submitted to any other publication. Address: Boos & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.

—The Yacht Club Boys singing the Alphabet Song in "Thanks a Million."

—Norma Shearer trying to climb the stairs in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

—John Barrymore telling Carole Lombard about the Passion Play he was going to produce in "20th Century."

—The cocktail glasses smashing without being touched in "One Way Passage."

—The theft of the necklace by the Devil Doll in the picture by that name.

—Elisabeth Bergner accidentally coming across the clothes belonging to her dead baby in "Escape Me Never."

—Franchot Tone's speech to the court in "Mutiny on the Bounty."

RUTH TRAVERS,
New York, N. Y.

THIRD PRIZE—\$5.00

MAYBE YOU BELIEVE IN REINCARNATION!

Surrealistically speaking, the stars appear to me as:

A cigarette glowing in the heart of an orchid—Joan Crawford.

A red scarf, a blue kite and three woolly white kittens tumbling out of a basket—Katharine Hepburn.

Mint juleps, blood spilling over grey uniforms—Walter Connolly.

Silver slippers soaring through space—Ginger Rogers.

Etchings, a tuxedo coat thrown over a polo mallet—Gary Cooper.

Robins and roses, Paris and Pullmans, tea and crumpets—Merle Oberon.

Ocean waters split by twilight, wine goblets crashed against an open fireplace, men in uniform, smoke, thunder and rain in crescendo—Greta Garbo.

EDWARD KISSELT,
Cleveland, Ohio.
(Continued on page 92)

IF YOU WANT TO BE A GLAMOROUS BEAUTY

BY JAN FISHER

LOOK at that face!
Gaze upon that figure and study the way Marlene handles it.

Then hum to yourself one of the favorite-at-the-moment Hollywood dance tunes about "the most beautiful girl in the world— isn't Crawford, isn't Garbo, isn't Lombard—" and you'll be humming the truest words ever hit upon by a song writer.

For—it's Dietrich—with no pro's, no con's—no doubts.

Even those who say they aren't Marlene's fans will bow to her glamour and admit her beauty. She's the one Hollywood refers to most often as "the most beautiful woman on the screen." And no matter what else her enemies may say, they'll have to agree that her glamour, her beauty, her utter loveliness and allure have all been acquired and cultivated by Marlene herself, since she arrived in this country.

It may be painful to Marlene to realize it, but some of us remember what she looked like when she first hit Hollywood. No matter how hard it may be for you to believe it now, Marlene in 1930 was a heavy (fat is such an ugly adjective), horribly dressed, overly made-up German girl. The people who saw her the first day she visited Paramount Studio say that she wore a dress of baby-blue chiffon, a huge bow-trimmed pink hat and, before Allah!—pink satin shoes!

Today, besides being Hollywood's leading glamour girl, Marlene is notoriously well-dressed. And no outsider taught her what was right and what was wrong; she figured it all out for herself. She turned that fantastic German girl into a graceful, proud beauty who has topped everything Hollywood has ever been able to term as "glamorous." Do you grasp the staggering enormity of that fact?

It's useless to tell you, step by step, just how Marlene puts on her lipstick, her mascara and that famous "shaded" make-up she wears both on the screen and off. You've read those formulas countless times and so have I.

But I can tell you the one really important point which made Marlene Dietrich's transformation possible. She divorced herself, as a person, from that abstract second nature—her capacity for beauty. She became two forces: the living, vital person, and the ethereal, immortal being.

Don't scoff at such talk. Look at what that attitude has done for Dietrich. And if you're frank enough to admit that you, too, long to have glamour, shake off whatever foundation for beauty you have, hold it at arm's length, and after you take an honest inventory, start working. That's what Marlene did and the results speak for themselves.



*the very symbol of today's glamour . . .
learned this art in Hollywood*

Seven years ago, Marlene sat for this official portrait (above left). Compare that picture, product of careful photography and lighting, with the one at the right. Yet this is but a casual grab shot, snapped between scenes on the "Angel" set

ONE important step Marlene obviously took right at the start of her glamour quest was to shut her eyes and ears to all the common formulas one is offered. Diets, exercises and all the rest are plentiful. But they're for the "common herd," not for potential, immortal glamour queens like Marlene, and perhaps not for you!

With due respect to whomsoever it may concern, Marlene didn't follow the average routine for losing weight. Instead of taking "so many" hours of exercise and getting her

full quota of sleep she took her exercise quite casually and gave up a general sleeping routine. She slept as little as was humanly possible. A definite, direct quote which startled me more than a little was repeated to me by a friend of hers who happened to hear her say one morning, "I've gained five pounds—that's because I slept too much last night!"

It wouldn't be safe, even if I were sure, to broadcast here just how niggardly Marlene became about her hours for rest. With her vision before you, you're apt to go on a slumber strike and die, and that would be Marlene's fault—and mine. But the truth of the matter is that for many months she spent her nights reading, dancing, walking, or baking her famous cakes until the wee, small hours of the morning. That's what got her figure down. No matter how many times

(Continued on page 86)

B R I E F R E V I E W S

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

★ ARTISTS AND MODELS—Paramount

A conglomeration of skits and songs engagingly held together by Jack Benny as the screwball promoter of an Artists' Ball who gives you the chance to see and hear Ida Lupino, Gail Patrick, the Yacht Club Boys, Connie Boswell, Andre Kostelanetz, Ben Blue and a bevy of artists and models. Definitely dizzy. (Oct.)

BANK ALARM—Grand National

This jumps for glory from murders to kidnapers to counterfeits, and misses. Conrad Nagle is the G-man who ferrets out the crimes with the assistance of his comely lieutenant, Eleanor Hunt. Vince Barnett contributes several laughs as a slow-witted photographer. (Aug.)

BEHIND THE HEADLINES—RKO-Radio

Lee Tracy is the energetic newshawk in this peppy tale. Through his short-wave set he saves the girl (Diana Gibson, a bright newcomer), and blocks the theft of a lot of gold bullion. Well paced and expertly acted. (Aug.)

★ BETWEEN TWO WOMEN—M-G-M

The inevitable hospital triangle of doctor, wife, nurse, directed in an unusually exciting and realistic way. Franchot Tone brings all his ability to the rôle of the surgeon, Virginia Bruce is his selfish but glamorous wife, and Maureen O'Sullivan the sympathetic partner in his lifework. Splendid. (Sept.)

BIG SHOT, THE—RKO-Radio

Hilarious situations enliven this story of a veterinarian, Guy Kibbee, who inherits his gangster uncle's swag, backs an anti-vice crusade, discovers he's the gang's big shot. Cora Witherspoon gives a fine performance as Guy's socially ambitious wife, and Kibbee scores. (Oct.)

BORDER CAFE—RKO-Radio

John Beal, ne'er-do-well, goes out to the great open spaces, and, aided by cattleman Harry Carey and café dancer Armida, makes good after routing gangsters who try to bamboozle him out of his ranch. If you like Westerns. (Aug.)

CALIFORNIAN, THE—20th Century-Fox

The pattern of this Western is old, but the treatment is entertaining. Ricardo Cortez is the Spanish don who frees his people from the hated gringos. Katherine de Mille is the jealous menace; Marjorie Weaver the heroine. (Sept.)

CONFESSION—Warners

Even Kay Francis found it difficult to sustain the somber burden of this moody melodrama based on a *Madame X* theme. Basil

Rathbone is the dog responsible for Miss Francis' downfall. Ian Hunter struggles along as the unsympathetic husband; Jane Bryan is the daughter. (Oct.)

CORNERED (FORMERLY WAR LORD)—Warners

This is "The Bad Man" done in a Chinese setting. It might just as well been left undone. Boris Karloff is the Oriental who solves the love problems of Gordon Oliver and Beverly Roberts. Raids, rebellion and general turmoil. Skip it. (Sept.)

COUNSEL FOR CRIME—Columbia

Even Otto Kruger's excellent performance cannot save this dull picture from being obvious hokum. Douglass Montgomery is

Kruger's illegitimate son who prosecutes his father on a murder charge. The legal sequences will befuddle you, and the love interest is flatter than an ironing board. (Sept.)

DANGEROUS HOLIDAY—Republic

A child violinist who runs away from his parasitic relations racketeers fleeing the law, a tepid romance between a forest ranger and an heiress compose this placid adventure tale. Twelve-year-old Ra Hould is particularly splendid. (Sept.)

★ DAY AT THE RACES, A—M-G-M

One of the grandest bits of nonsense in the whole Marx of Time parade. Gags that explode with the vim of a firecracker, dialogue that sizzles with insanity, tuneful melodies, and pretty girls sketched in against a background that entangles Groucho, a horse doctor, Harpo, a jockey, Chico, a tipster, Maureen O'Sullivan, owner of a sanitarium, and Allan Jones who sings her love songs. A fun fest. (Aug.)

★ DEAD END—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists

Sidney Kingsley's superb and poignant play of how society makes its own criminals along the New York water front where slums and smart apartments meet, loses none of its drama on the screen. Sylvia Sydney, Joel McCrea, Wendy Barrie and Humphrey Bogart are the principals in the cast, augmented by the six little hoodlums of the original version. This is a "must" unless you don't like realism in the theater. (Sept.)

DEVIL IS DRIVING, THE—Columbia

As propaganda against reckless driving this neatly contrived picture proves entertaining as well as educational. Richard Dix is sincere and purposeful as the attorney who first defends, then prosecutes Elisha Cook, Jr. Reporter Joan Perry is charming. (Sept.)

DOUBLE OR NOTHING—Paramount

Disappointing after Bing Crosby's former smash hits, this vague musical is based on the familiar device of four funny people benefiting from the will of an eccentric. Mary Carlisle is Bing's foil. The score is nice. (Oct.)

★ EASY LIVING—Paramount

Nothing could be gayer, faster, funnier than this outlandish piece of silly sophistication which revolves around Edward Arnold, Wall Street tornado, a sable coat which lands on the smooth back of Jean Arthur, and her romance with Ray Milland who works in an automat. It's a riot! (Sept.)

(Continued on page 95)

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and
Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

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When a lady like Loretta lies a-luring Warner Baxter, the answer is—watch for the forthcoming "Wife, Doctor and Nurse"

Zola

—the rebel genius life never tamed—strides across the screen to become an immortal character in the motion picture gallery of the great!

The outstanding prestige picture of the season. —Time

The most distinguished and most important contribution to the screen this year.

—Kate Cameron,
N. Y. Daily News

The finest historical film ever made and the greatest screen biography.

—Frank Nugent, N. Y. Times

So far superior...so superlative...that this department temporarily abandoned its job of being critical.

—The Digest



Warner Bros. proudly present

Mr. Paul MUNI *in* THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA

WITH A CAST OF THOUSANDS INCLUDING:

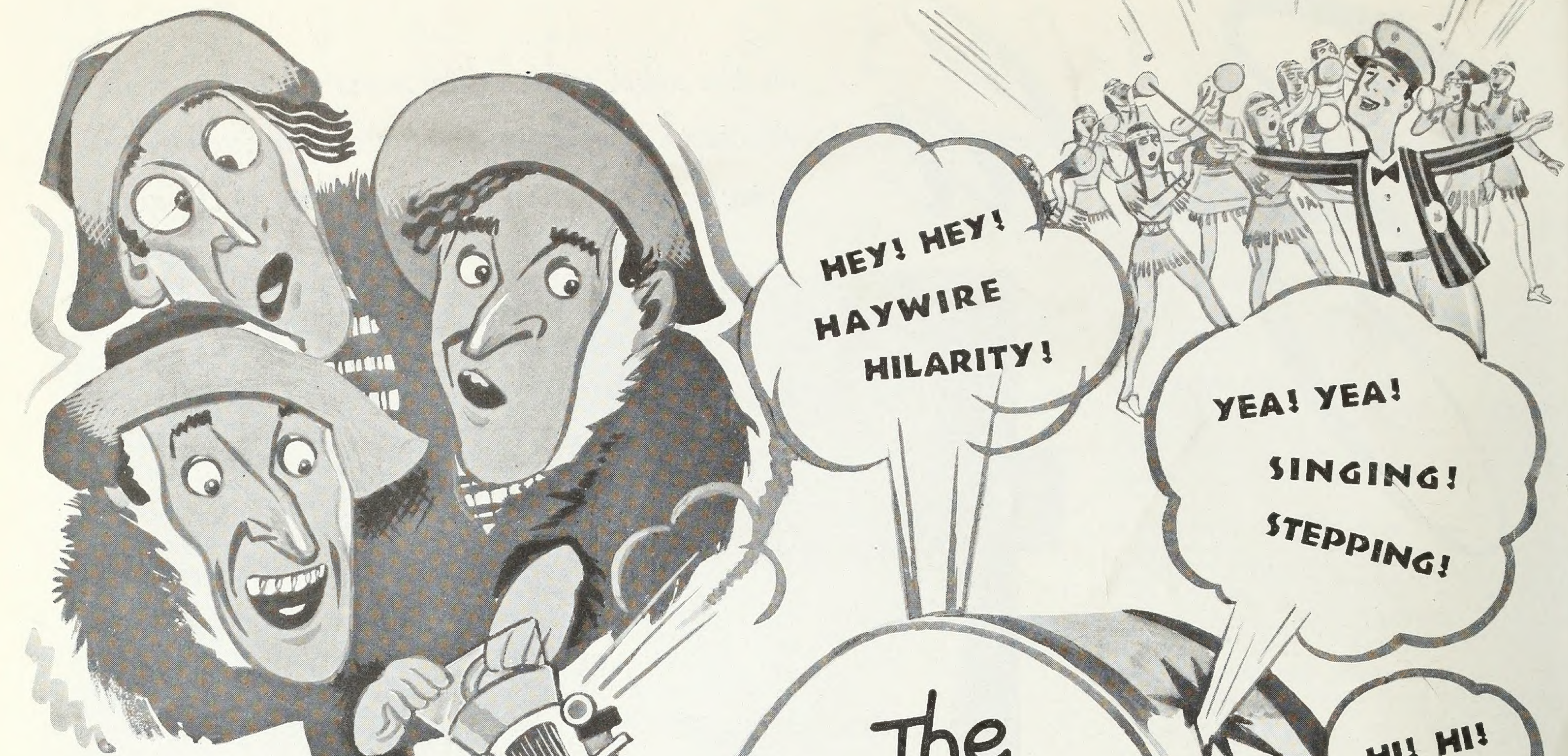
Gale Sondergaard Joseph Schildkraut
Gloria Holden • Donald Crisp • Erin O'Brien-Moore •
Henry O'Neill • Louis Calhern • Morris Carnovsky • Directed
by William Dieterle Screen play by Norman Reilly Raine, Heinz Herald and Geza Herczeg.

✱

Don't miss the picture that packed America's leading theatres for weeks at \$2.20 a seat. Coming to your favorite theatre soon.



**Soon to be shown
at popular prices!**



Those merry-
maniacs of
melody! That
three-Ritz circus!
Madder and merrier,
wilder and whackier
than in "Sing,
Baby, Sing"...
"On the Avenue"...
and "You Can't
Have Everything"!
The fastest,
funniest hit
tuniest hit
that they
or anybody
else ever
made!



Tunes to make life
begin for you!...
"Our
Big Chief Swing It", "The
Team Is On The Warpath", "Fair
Rhumba Goes Collegiate", "Why
Talk About
Lombardy", "Why Pollack and
Love?" by Lew Pollack and
Sidney D. Mitchell • "Sweet
Varsity Sue" by Charles Tobias,
Al Lewis and Murray Mencher



Darryl F. Zanuck
in charge of production

HEY! HEY!
HAYWIRE
HILARITY!

YEA! YEA!
SINGING!
STEPPING!

HI! HI!
CUTIES!
BEAUTIES!

HA! HA!
WOTTA
LIFE!

WOTTA
RIOT!
WOTTA
LAFFA-
PALOOZA!

The RITZ BROTHERS in "LIFE BEGINS IN COLLEGE"

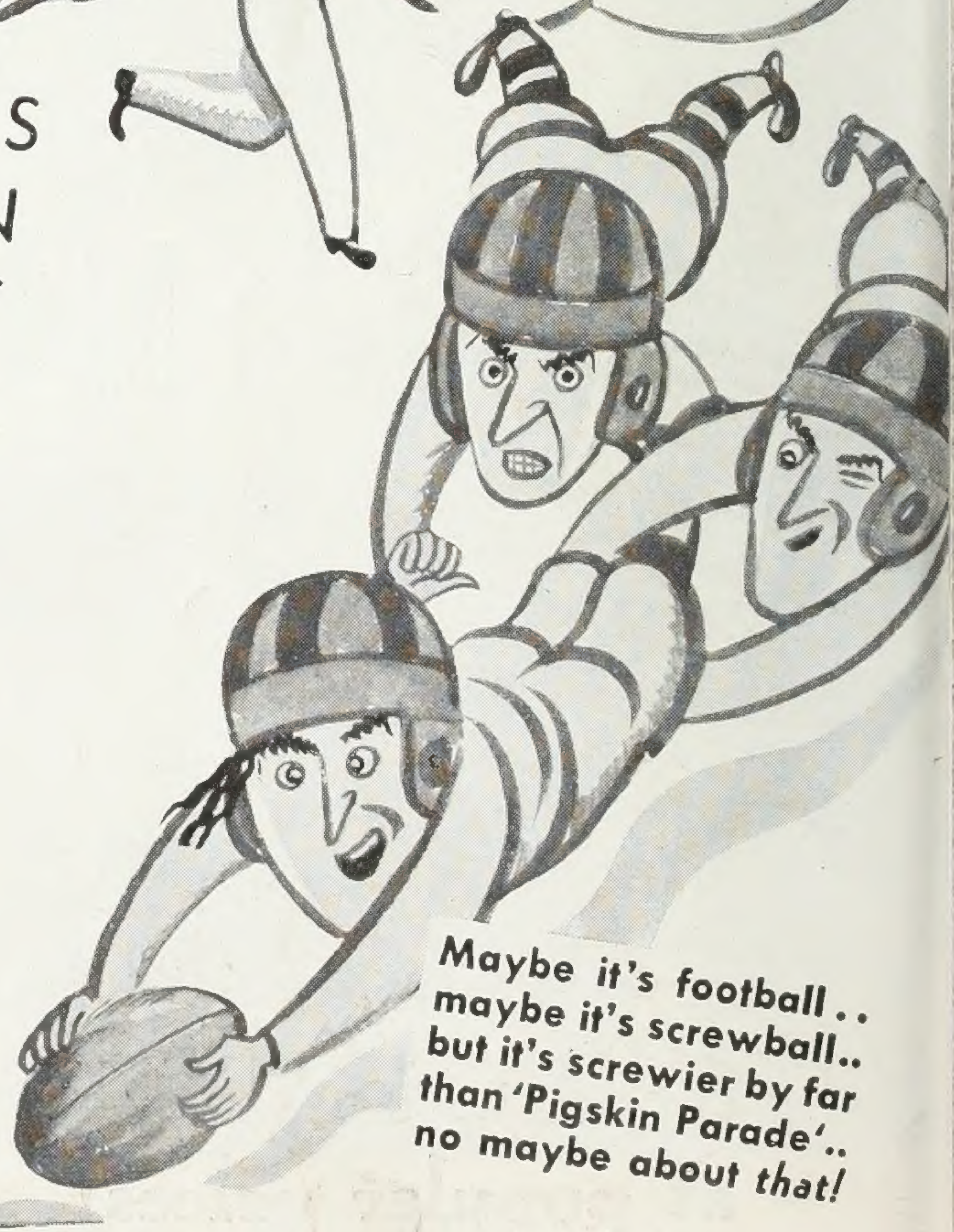
with a glo-roarious cast
of entertainment's top-
notchers!

JOAN DAVIS
TONY MARTIN
GLORIA STUART

FRED STONE • NAT PENDLETON
DICK BALDWIN • JOAN MARSH
DIXIE DUNBAR • JED PROUTY
MAURICE CASS • MARJORIE
WEAVER • J. C. NUGENT

Directed by William A. Seiter

Associate Producer Harold Wilson • Screen
Play by Karl Tunberg and Don Ettlinger
Suggested by a series of stories by Darrell
Ware • Ritz Brothers Specialty Routines by
Sam Pokross, Sid Kuller and Ray Golden



Maybe it's football...
maybe it's screwball...
but it's screwier by far
than 'Pigskin Parade'...
no maybe about that!

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS



In an open letter to a reader Miss Waterbury explains why she chose the Ballet Russe star, Madame Zorina (above), to illustrate this page

Helen Jepson (left), of the Metropolitan Opera, radio and now movies, exemplifies another fact



Please clear up this doubt for me, and cure the skepticism of my friend. I want to keep my faith in the writer and show other "Doubting Thomases" among my friends just where they err.

Gratefully yours,
signed CORINNE URBAN
(Mrs. Leo Urban)

BY RUTH WATERBURY

I ALWAYS, believe it or not, answer all fan letters. I'm like Bob Montgomery who said his fan mail picked up after "Night Must Fall." "Up from seven to nine letters a week," he said. But this particular letter I want to answer in public. . . .

It comes from St. Paris, Ohio . . . "Saint" Paris . . . I love that . . . It must be a completely typical little American town . . . just the kind of town in which movies and radio mean most . . . more than a bit I fancy like the little town I came from originally . . . that so many of us have come from and which means so much to American life . . . But here is the letter to speak for itself. . . .

St. Paris, Ohio.

Dear Ruth Waterbury:

Ever since your letter of last month, I've wanted to sit down and tell you the genuine happiness your sincere remarks brought to me. Those of us who do not happen to lead so colorful a life as those in the world of "make-believe" appreciate all the more the

consideration given by individuals like yourself who seem to find pleasure in receiving our letters.

Now there is one thing which I'd like to have made clear to me. I'm asking you for an honest answer to my troubled thoughts.

In the August issue of *Photoplay* was an article by my favorite writer, Adela Rogers St. Johns, on Jean Harlow. I sat reading this—to me a grand article—to a friend of mine, and when I had finished she said, "Yes, I know, Corinne, but I simply can't believe all the things they publish in the movie magazines. I take them rather lightly. It's all a publicity stunt."

Now I think the world of this friend of mine and her thoughts usually carry much weight with me. So that her casual remark had me worried and set me to thinking. And for my own satisfaction I wanted to write someone "in the know"—someone in whom I have confidence; hence, I turn to you for this information, believing you will be perfectly frank with me.

SOOOOOO—here is my reply. . . .

Dear Mrs. Urban:

First of all, thank you for writing and giving me a chance to answer your letter. We have been corresponding quite a long while now, you and I—three or four years, if I remember rightly, and all of your letters have been so friendly and intelligent.

Those of us in the world of "make-believe," as you say I am—though please don't feel that I ever do think of myself as belonging to the glamour world, being just a hard-working editor trying to get along—do like to hear from people like yourself, because all of us out here in Hollywood, regardless of our jobs, do face a common danger—the danger of loss of perspective. We do have to guard constantly against our values becoming distorted due to movies being so powerful, so unique and so utterly creative that they form their own patterns of conduct almost automatically.

For example, I talked to one of Hollywood's more important stars yesterday, and he was in a pet because from \$5000 he had earned for an hour on the radio he had received, after his agents fees were collected and his taxes paid, a mere \$854.



Mrs. Leo Urban, whose letter inspired this frank editorial on a subject which probably puzzles many of you



It touches Hollywood and those who know and love her that Mrs. Bello still wants to be known as "Jean's Mother"—that and nothing else

That is, of course, completely screwy. Out of \$5000 earned in an hour the individual should get more than \$854. And yet—\$854 for an hour's work! It has to be looked at from that angle, too. From the point of view of you and your friend in St. Paris, as from my point of view, sitting here behind my desk in Hollywood, it is almost as bad to think of any person's getting \$854 for an hour's work (which isn't even the person's main work) as it is for him to get \$5000 on paper.

Well, Hollywood is entirely composed of confusions like that—extraordinary values that belong only to Hollywood, on which there can be two entirely conflicting points of view and both of them right.

Now as to your friend's accusation that everything out here is publicity. Well, it isn't. I sometimes wish it were—and this is the reason why.

On the preceding page you saw two pictures—one of a new ballet dancer, Vera Zorina, for two years a star of the Ballet Russe, rehearsing a routine for "The Goldwyn Follies" with George Balanchine, the ballet master; the other of Helen Jepson, the opera star, also imported for "The Goldwyn Follies." The reason those pictures were sent to me was literally because the press agent wanted what he got—space in *Photoplay* on them. The reason I ran them is because I thought the photograph of Madame Zorina was photographically one of the most striking I had seen in months, and the one of Miss Jepson was so illustrative of what pictures are doing—bringing you the world's finest talent for just an instant's amusement and delight. In other words, that was out-

and-out publicity. I got pictures, and the press agent got space, and everybody was satisfied, and nobody was fooled.

But about the Jean Harlow story—please tell your friend this. I had just come back to America the day that story broke. It was my first day back in the office when suddenly over our wire from Hollywood to our New York office came the dreadful news about Jean. It was morning in Hollywood, but afternoon in New York, and we were on what is known as a dead line; that is, *Photoplay* was due on the press. There wasn't time for thought—and I sat there with my hands shaking with emotion. It was imperative to act at once—and all I wanted to do was to cry.

In that instant Jean Harlow had ceased to be a person, a gay, laughing, ardent, sincere girl, and had become a "story." She had become headlines in the press of the world, and you and your friend in St. Paris, like millions throughout the world, wanted to know and had a right to know what had happened.

Well, I could see as though I were there what was happening at the studio at that moment, and at the hospital, and at Jean's house, and Bill Powell's house. The incessant ringing of the telephones, the incessant delivery of telegrams, the stream of reporters and cameramen and wire services. Everyone feeling deeply moved but nevertheless demanding, screaming for news to give to you and the world.

Publicity? Oh yes, indeed—the brutal, ferocious publicity that lets nothing be hid.

I could see those poor harried human beings, the reporters on one side, trying to hold their jobs, the tragic people who had adored

Jean, her mother and Bill and all the studio workers on the other—that tragic, beautiful woman, Mrs. Bello, to whom always Jean was "Baby," who still signs her letters, "Jean's Mother," just that and nothing else.

That woman, and Bill Powell—sensitive, intelligent Bill, trying to deceive people with his wit and laughter into forgetting what a subtle serious-minded artist he really is, Bill wanting to hide somewhere a while until he could get over his worst grief, and yet even at the grave having photographers' flashlight bulbs popping at him.

Ah yes, that is publicity, the sheer horror of it, and it is the most fearful price that is paid for stardom.

And there, I hope, is where you will understand me when I say that I wish it were all "just publicity." I wish I could, in my job, publish only the pictures the studios want me to run and reproduce only the news items they send me. Over and over again I have wished that I never had to deal in human emotions, that I had not had to ask, as in this case, Mrs. St. Johns to write the story that both of us knew about Jean and the sadness that had shadowed her life. For when you love people and respect them as I definitely love and respect so many stars in Hollywood, you feel very sensitive about telling their emotions to the world. But, for that very reason, I do want to assure you, Corinne Urban, and your doubting friend, that in *Photoplay*, we do try conscientiously and constantly to give you these gallant people as they really are—living, experiencing human beings who, underneath all their glitter and beauty, are very much like you and me.



You've heard the hit  tunes from this great Kern-Hammerstein musical adventure romance on the radio..."Can

I Forget You?" "The Folks Who Live On the Hill."

You've seen stories  about it everywhere.

At two-a-day showings in New York, Los Angeles,

 and London audiences have paid two dollars a ticket. The  N.Y. Times called it...

"The Best Show In Town," topping even the big summer  musicals, the hit plays. Now, "High,

Wide and Handsome" comes to your  home town theatre at popular prices...with all the excite-

ment, the beauty,  the drama of this picture which combines the adventure of "Cimarron" with the charm of "Showboat."  Watch for it.

Irene Dunne

"HIGH, WIDE and HANDSOME"

Randolph Scott

Dorothy Lamour • Akim Tamiroff • Raymond Walburn

Ben Blue • Charles Bickford • William Frawley • A Rouben Mamoulian Production

A Paramount Picture • Directed by Rouben Mamoulian



SILVER GLEAMS ON THE SMART NEW COAT

Divinely becoming . . . because FEDERAL Silver Fox is generously silvered on a pure and lovely black background; because the fur is deep-piled and silky-soft. The name "FEDERAL," sealed to the ear and stamped on the pelt side, insures silver fox of *lasting* beauty.



P R E S E N T I N G

MISS PHOTOPLAY

CREATED BY THE GREAT AMERICAN ARTIST

JOHN LA GATTA

HER CREDO:

She would appreciate a combination of Clark Gable, Gary Cooper and Bill Powell for romance's sake, and she would like a "Thin Man" marriage, and a Shirley Temple daughter

She would love to own Connie Bennett's custom Rolls Royce but would be satisfied with the fast little roadster Luise Rainer drives

She would like her nails to be as long and as perfectly kept as Marlene Dietrich's but if they break off in a badminton game, that's all right too

She's at home in a drawing room and happy in a penthouse and congenial in a shanty. Likes hamburgers and crêpes suzette

She would rather dance with Fred Astaire than have a new dress and he probably would tell her that she was very good which would be true

She wants Claudette Colbert's charm, Myrna Loy's poise, Alice Faye's voice and the indefinable something that Jean Arthur has

She enjoys Bing Crosby, is rapt over Benny Goodman and does a nose dive when Nelson Eddy sings. She laughs well

Above all, she is intelligently honest



SKATING THROUGH LIFE



Today at 24, as at 8, Sonja has but one force that drives her on

*Beginning—the only authorized life story
of Sonja Henie, who at the age of 5 knew
where she was going and how to get there*

BY HOWARD SHARPE





Skiing at 4 (her brother Lief, above, taught her), skating at 8 (a professional was her instructor then), —but Sonja was born with the secret that made for her success in winning world championships at 11

SONJA HENIE was born on a mad April night while the winds applauded and a howling storm painted peaceful Oslo's red-tiled roofs with snow; and all her life has been like that.

The Norwegian spring, in the year 1913, had been late in coming. There had been a few warm rains, a few flowers blooming with a tentative, hesitant air—and then, as a top-per to the long winter, had burst this final magnificent display from the skies, this shrieking white clamor.

Through it, along the drifting sidewalks, with his coat whipped snug and his head down, Wilhelm Henie, the fur merchant, walked quickly home on his way to a belated supper. He was troubled, but not by the storm. If the advance reports he had were true, if Europe even then was polishing its guns and drawing its maps for war, heaven alone could predict what would happen to tariffs and export contracts. He plunged furiously against the wind. Fools. Fools.

At home his good wife Selma awaited with

impatience their second child. The doctors had said that any day now . . . and storms like this one were bad for the nerves at such a time. He tried to walk faster.

At the door of the big, two-story stone house he stamped the snow from his shoes and banged the knocker. Inside, he said, "Madame? She's feeling well?"

"Very well," said the maid. Then she smiled. "And your new little daughter."

YOU know her now, twenty-four years later. You know her from the headlines that have shouted her name: "Sonja Henie Wins!"—like that—so many, many times; from the glimpses you've caught of her through crowds and straining shoulders; from those splendid motion pictures, "One In A Million" and "Thin Ice."

You think of her as small and lovely and incredibly graceful and apple-cheeked and ingenuously childlike. She is all of these, save possibly the latter. There never, for one moment, has been anything ingenuous about Sonja Henie.

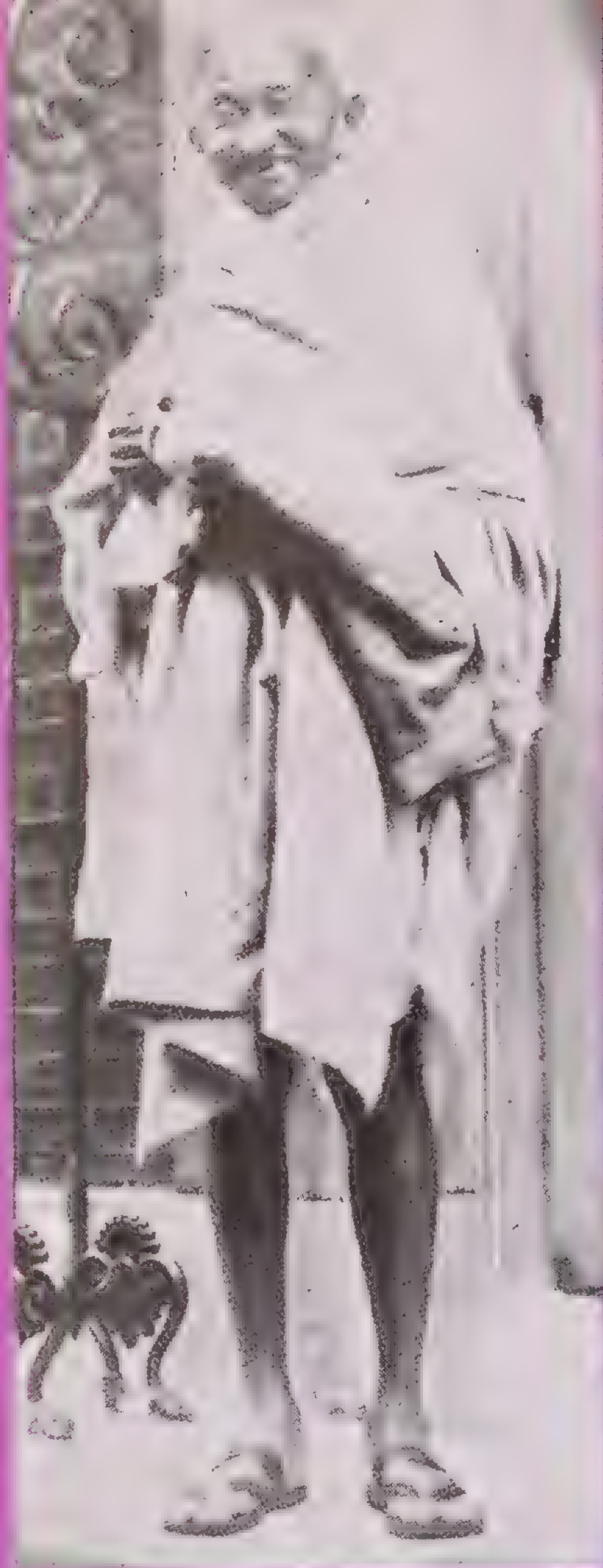
This is her story, from the beginning until the present. As a chronicle it must move swiftly, impatiently fast, since the pace of her existence has always been breathless. I can write no colored trivia of a beautiful child who grew up in poverty and sang and danced and loved her way to transient Broadway fame, whence the movies took her. There has been no poverty, no glittering tuxedoed temptation, no tears, until the recent death of her beloved pal—her father.

There has only been beauty, a magnificent willful determination, years of solid healthy work set to the music of silver skates ringing against ice; to the bellowing, approving roar of crowds and the swift, eternal clamor of applause. There is the story of her brilliant path to glory, during which she won the figure-skating championship at the Olympic Games three times and the World Championship ten times, and more medals, cups, titles, and honors than any other human being, man or woman, in the world today.

Sonja and I talked for an entire afternoon, first in the big studio café and later at a vague somebody's office, while Tyrone Power hovered restlessly about, waiting. Her clear mind analyzed, frankly and honestly, the many processes that guide her, remembered for my benefit the years that have passed and the significance of those years.

Hers is a vital, uncomplicated personality, essentially; and at the same time she is inherently a woman of the world. You must understand that, despite her deceptive appearance. Too many people, having seen her, remark, "She's like a little doll!" Insipid phrase! True, the gilt of her hair was never purchased in a beauty salon, the glowing color of her cheeks comes from no little mirrored tin; these are hers, by right of birth and health. But the thing that marks her is

(Continued on page 80)



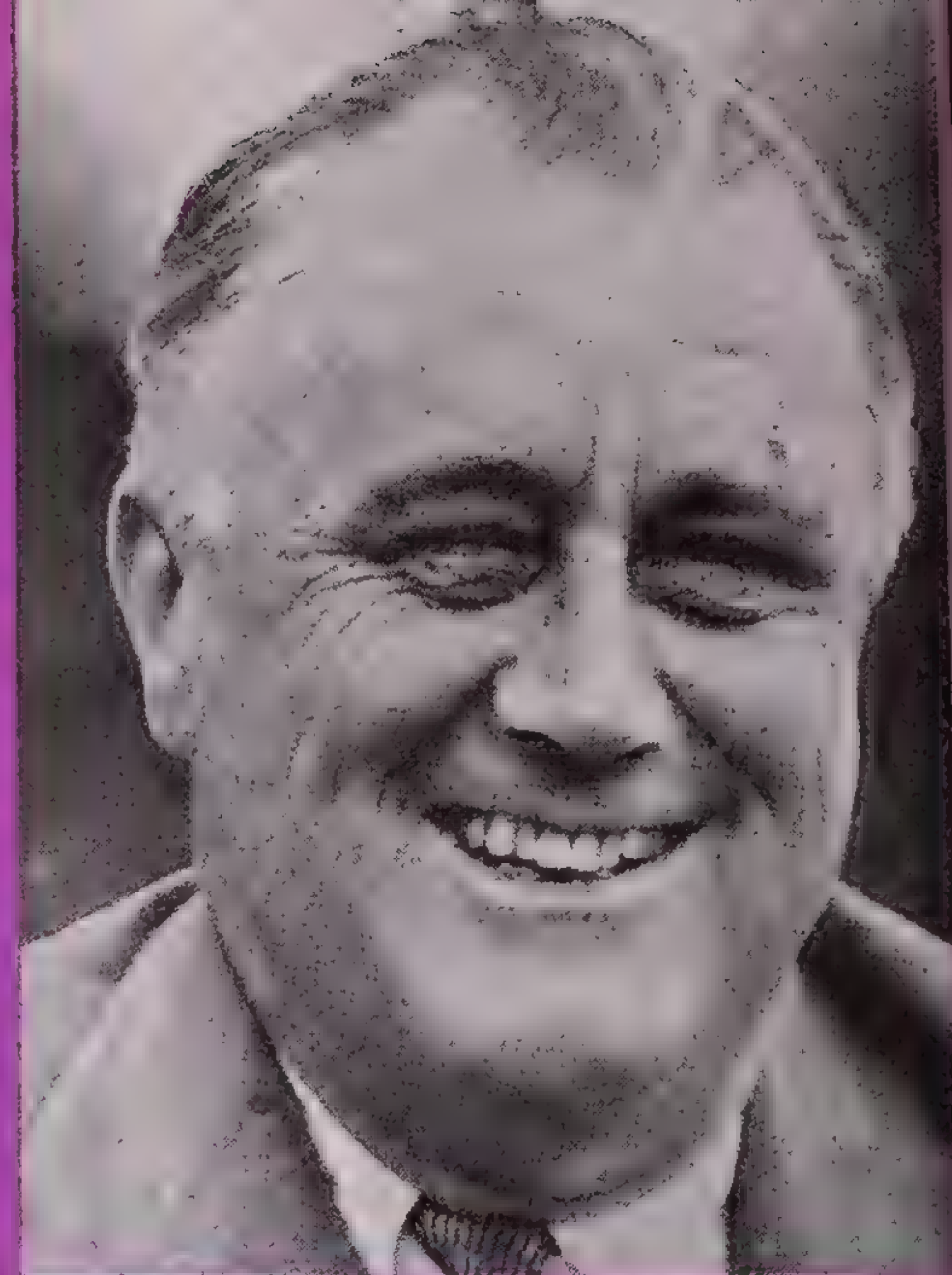
Movies gave him very queer ideas



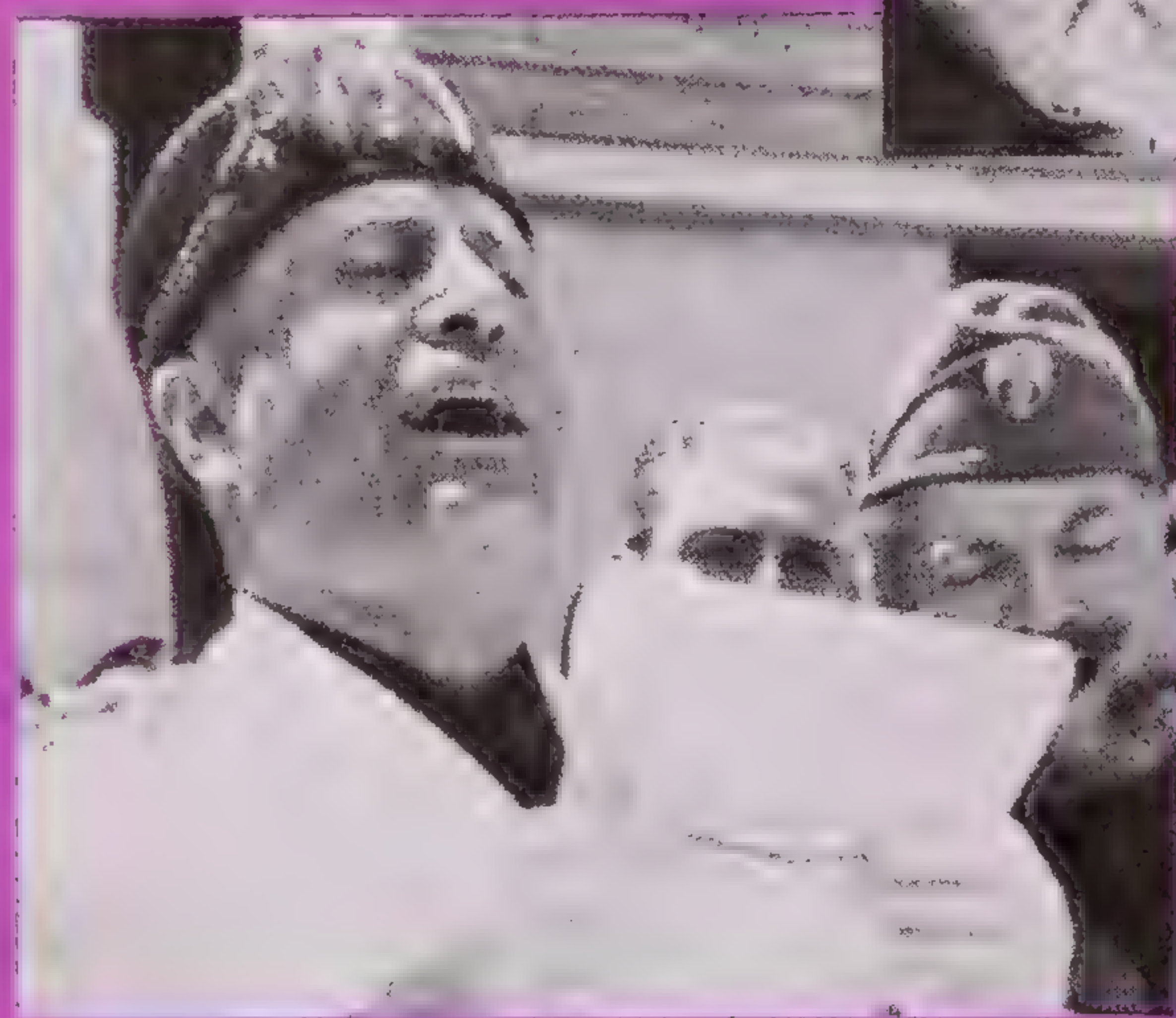
4-a-week Gustaf



Gable and Garbo by proxy



Sly digs at "Gold Diggers"



He speaks—the cinema suffers!



They like films—of certain relatives!

THEY LOVE

Royalty and rulers of the world are movie fans! The cinema tastes of the great are disclosed for the first time in this article

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

"MOVIES are changing the face of the world," is a common line of conversation today. And, take it from one who has rambled about some, it is actually so. No catchpenny phrase is this well-worn expression. To prove it, make a hasty survey, just for fun, of the many big and little shots from sunup to sunset who are making our world go round, and then acquaint yourself with their taste in movies. You'll soon find out that the famous know their films—even as you and I.

Late in the spring of 1937, I visited Herman Rogers at Château Cande, at Monts, near Tours, France. Mr. Rogers, if you re-

member, was the likable chap who acted as sort of major-domo for the Duke of Windsor and Madame Warfield, in the then absence of the Charles Bedaux, and Aunt Bessie Merryman. Hundreds of newspaper men and photographers representing the eyes and ears of the world were constantly stationed outside the château gates. It was physically impossible for any one of the distinguished occupants to leave without being descended upon by a veritable band of literary vultures. So, during all their long confinement, the principals in the world's greatest love story spent half an hour every single evening in a private showing of 16mm films of each other

which they had taken and developed themselves. Thus were they able to see themselves as others saw them. And to try, if they were sufficiently interested, to rectify their faults.

Again, at Castle Wasserleonburg in the Carinthian Mountains of Austria which I also visited at about this time, I found a full-sized motion-picture projector of American manufacture set up in readiness for the royal honeymooners by their lessor and good friend. This chap—a young German—has an American mother and all his life he has been able to go to the movies whenever he felt like it. Thus it was inconceivable to him that Wally and Davy hadn't seen the latest films, which, incidentally, he gave to them as a wedding present. The first film they saw in their honeymoon home was "Kid Galahad"; next, "Captains Courageous."

From their 16mm films of themselves, extra prints were made and rushed to England, where the Duke and Duchess of Kent and other friends and admirers of the exiled ex-king devoured them from time to time. Even George VI and Queen Elizabeth were given a private showing of these very private films, set to the tune of "Small Hotel," which was the former Edward VIII's and his lady's favorite modern melody.

A few days prior to the Coronation I had been asked by friends to attend a private



One picture peeved him greatly



No grunts—no applause



Rulers of warring nations—they have one common bond



A celebration film one night (?)



He was a flea-bitten fan



Their favorite film fare leaked out

MOVIES TOO

showing, given for the Duke and Duchess of Kent, of Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in "Shall We Dance." The distinguished audience of English nobility went wild with excitement over the film—an excitement actually more genuine than most of the thrills of the Coronation. At its termination, one of the Duke's equerries confided to me that little Princess Elizabeth never missed a "Merrie Melody"; but that Margaret Rose preferred "Mickey Mouse"; and that well-censored pictures of both were shown often in the royal nursery in Buckingham Palace. Oh, yes—the English royal family likes their movies, too.

To show you also that even India's great little man has his ideas about motion pictures, here is an amusing incident that happened when I interviewed Gandhi at the outdoor prison at Poona, in southwestern India. To all questions submitted, Gandhi, the Hindu mystic, remained silent. It began to look as if the eighty-five hundred mile trip had been made in vain; then, just as I was about to leave him, the interpreter said that India's great man wanted to ask *me* a question. I listened attentively to the almost inaudible sing-song of his voice. Finally the interpreter spoke forth: "I know little about America, sire," said he, "except from what I see from the occasional motion pictures I

This article reveals the film preferences of these noted people. Reading top row, left to right; bottom row, left to right, they are:

- Gandhi
- Gustaf of Sweden
- Duke and Duchess of Windsor
- President Roosevelt
- Adolf Hitler
- Josef Stalin
- Emperor Hirohito of Japan
- Chiang Kai-shek
- Mussolini
- Duke and Duchess of Kent
- Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard zu Lippe
- General Franco
- Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose

attend. To what class there, sire, do you belong?"

My first impulse was to tell him that, as far as I knew, America had no classes. But instead, I decided to ask him first to clarify his statement.

"Well, sire," came back that even-leveled, age-old voice, "are you a gangster, gentleman, or cowboy?"

Amusing? Yes—and perfectly understandable, too, when you think of the type of film foreign exhibitors choose from our home producers.

And again up at Hsinking, the new and very filthy capital of Manchukuo, which the Japanese were trying to build up, I attended a motion-picture show with the Emperor Pu Yi. The picture was a Warner Oland one and quite amusing; but the audience didn't think it so, and voiced their disapproval audibly. The Emperor became so worried he rose and walked out. Later he confided to me that he hated scenes such as these. He feared that some day they might provoke an international incident.

That American movies influence the customs of nearly all foreign countries cannot be disputed. Any visitor to the Orient—even the out-of-the-way places—will notice almost instantly a difference in the people, in the way they dress and look at life, if American

(Continued on page 68)

GIVE ROBERT TAYLOR



The adulation of a million fans has put him on the spot. Now square yourself, American public!

WE Americans used to enjoy the reputation of being pretty good sports. You could usually rely on us to give the other fellow a square deal. We loved a fighter, and cheered him whether he won or lost. We liked to extend a helping hand to the boy climbing up. And we used to say "more power to him," when somebody passed us on the ascent.

We didn't pick on anyone who didn't deserve to be picked on. We never sniped at anybody who couldn't fight back. And it was comparatively seldom that we hanged a man before we gave him a fair trial.

"Everybody in this country is entitled to a break," we used to say, "whether he earns it or not."

The case of Robert Taylor, however, makes one wonder if we have outgrown our

reputation, or whether all these years we've just been kidding ourselves about how big and square and noble we are, for we certainly haven't given Taylor a break.

For no good reason, we've tried to sneer him out of pictures. We've made him a shining target for ridicule—the kind of ridicule that poisons the victim. We've made him a sort of pariah. We've treated him abominably, and he's done nothing at all to merit it.

Recently he came across the country on his way to London. He flew to New York, to take the first boat sailing. It was purely a business trip.

But, if you read your papers, you probably thought it was a cheap and asinine attempt on Taylor's part to get some publicity for himself. For, wherever the plane landed,

photographers and reporters by the dozen waited to interview and snap him—and scores of women waited to mob him.

It wasn't his fault. He hadn't solicited the attention of the gentlemen of the press. He had not invited the women who thronged to see him—who mobbed him at the air fields, at his hotel in New York, at the pier, and on the liner.

He wasn't looking for publicity, especially. He was in a hurry to get to London. He had a picture to make. Had he sought publicity he would have taken a slow train, "à la political candidate," and made speeches from the back platform at every stop.

Now, don't misunderstand me, Taylor wasn't an object of derision to the women. To them he was an idol, a sort of superman, a living thrill.

A BREAK!

BY EDWARD DOHERTY



Wherever Taylor goes, he is mobbed by fans. But what do those fans really think of him—and why?



"Doc" Brugh's boy and the mother who reared him



A happy date—Irene Hervey and Bob—but Hollywood said "No"

But to the ladies and gentlemen of the press he seemed more or less "an upstart," "a show-off," "a phony," and "a freak."

A girl reporter from a Midwest paper rode part of the way in his plane, kissed him while he was asleep—a goofy assignment if you ask me—and reported she received no particular thrill from the kiss. She also wrote that Taylor slept with his mouth open.

Reporters in New York asked the young

chap if he thought he was an actor, if he thought himself Metro's little gift to American womanhood, if he had hair on his chest, and if he thought he was beautiful.

In every interview printed there was a wry note. Some of the stories were cleverly written. Others were remarkable for their cheap wit and their bad taste. But in nearly every one it was evident the writer took Mr. Taylor lightly, and wanted that fact fully understood.

The grand thing about Taylor was that he stood up against all the interviewers, all the jostling, clamoring, pushing women—and smiled. He never lost his temper. He took everything, cheer and slur, subtle innuendo and boisterous greeting, sarcastic question and fervent plea. He took everything and laughed.

A man who can do that has stamina and breeding.

How would you like to stand up before a gang of sharpshooting reporters and answer questions that inferred it took nine Taylors to make a man—supposing you were Taylor? Could you smile at your tormentors, as he did, joke with them, be as gracious and tolerant and cool as he was? And could you keep your head, when, at the same time you ran that gauntlet of questions, dozens and dozens of wild-eyed women were crying out your name, begging you to smile at them, fighting to get close to you?

How would you like to have some strange girl get a strangle hold on you as you napped in the plane, kiss you—to the merriment of all observers—and then write a story telling the world of her disappointment over the thrill-less kiss?

How would you like it if you never could go anywhere—even across the street to get a package of cigarets—without turning in an alarm that brought seething crowds of women around you, and put columns of ridicule in the newspapers?

The price of fame? Nonsense! Lots of other actors are mobbed now and then by women, yet they are still treated with some sort of dignity by press and public.

Why, then, do reporters keep sniping at Taylor, who can't possibly snipe back, who has to take it and like it, and who doesn't deserve any of it?

Blame the noble old, square old, just American public.

Reporters are agents of the public. They sense the public estimation of every prominent man and woman. Their job is to give the public what it wants, to crystallize public sentiment in print.

If the public hadn't made Robert Taylor fair game, the newspaper men would have been as generous to him as to any other male star.

The whole truth is that the American public resents Taylor's obvious good looks, his genuine charm, his tremendous appeal to women, and his phenomenal success in the movies. That's the truth of the matter. The reporters merely voiced that resentment.

What's the answer? Plain old-fashioned jealousy!

"He's too beautiful," says the American male; yet the same fellow probably spends half an hour or more adjusting the knot in his tie in an attempt to please some femme he has his eye upon, and wouldn't miss a Robert Taylor picture for anything.

What if Taylor is beautiful? He was born
(Continued on page 86)

THE MAN WHO GUIDES NORMA

A YEAR has passed. . . . Twelve months ago, in September of 1936, a lovely woman dressed in black stood beside the bier of the man named Irving Thalberg and said good-by to her great love, to nine years of beauty, to a surpassing personal happiness—and to the father of her children.

Then she went quietly home to begin the colossal task of creating a new future for herself, for her young son and her baby daughter. There could be no looking back; there could be small concession to sorrow and little room in her heart for the bitter-sweet, nostalgic memories of things that were gone.

Here, inexorable and challenging, was the trust she must keep. Toward twilight of that blackest afternoon of her life Norma Shearer stood on the beach before the home Irving Thalberg had built for her, and there, while the late sun set on her past, she made a promise to the present—that no dream of his should be left unfulfilled.

Knowing Norma at all, you know that she determined that the great fortune left her would be well managed, and the charities Irving Thalberg loved and supported would go on being supported by her. But these things had to be secondary to their children. Before she thought of herself or her career, she determined that her son and her daughter would be brought through the most important years of their lives with taste and understanding and intelligent guidance.

A few weeks ago great crowds gathered in front of the Carhay Circle Theater in Hollywood, attracted there by the streamers of light in the sky for the première of "High, Wide and Handsome," and they saw—whether they knew it or not—the symbolic proof that at last she has done these things.

Norma stepped from her car to the sidewalk, smiling; and the dress she wore was white. Her widow's black was discarded for the first time in public since Irving Thalberg's death.

After the première she gave a party—her first—for Helen Hayes and a group of friends at the Troc—and there was music, and there was laughter, and those who saw her said that her eyes could smile again.

THIS, then, is the story of that year that has passed, and of an inspiring courage and—because he was one of the main reasons why Norma wore white the other night or went out at all—of a young man named Kenny Cameron.

Norma could gather about her her friends and go to the première and give her party in perfect freedom, you see, because she knew that in the great house at Santa Monica

*In a young college lad a troubled mother found
the solution to a problem which enabled her
to keep faith with the memory of a true love*

BY BARBARA HAYES



A year ago Norma Shearer made a promise to herself. Now that promise has materialized and Norma can smile happily again

SHEARER'S FATHERLESS CHILDREN

young Irving, Jr., and little Katherine were in capable hands. She knew they were safe and happy, and that any questions they might ask would be answered reasonably and intelligently by affable young Cameron. Knowing these things, she could laugh and be amused, forgetful of time.

Norma Shearer found Kenny Cameron, after ten months of searching, on the beach at Lake Arrowhead, below the lodge—a long, tanned boy in swimming trunks, lounging in a deck chair in the sun but alert, neverthe-

less, for visiting old ladies who might venture too soon after a hearty lunch into the ice-cold blue water. He was the lifeguard.

But these ten months, for Norma a period of inhuman work and of complete readjustment to life without Irving, are part of this story; and they must come first so that you may understand just how important the discovery of Kenny Cameron was to her.

You've not read or heard much of what she has done during that time. One of her first actions was to ask Metro-Goldwyn-

Mayer's publicity department to forget she was a movie star; to put her name away in the portfolio of "No Longer Under Contract" people—although her contract was still good and she practically owned the studio under the terms of the Thalberg will.

Surrounded by a kind of invisible wall made of secrecy she gathered Irving, Jr., and Katherine and a mass of luggage and a governess and a man from the studio, and went off to Arizona—to escape the pace and bril-

(Continued on page 70)

DRAWING BY FREDERICK GRUGER





MR. AND MRS. IS THE NAME

Mary does the talking, Jack does the listening; she's the tempestuous one, he's the calming influence—but their interests they share in common. They work together, play together, laugh together and in their little adopted daughter, Joan, have found the key to complete their happiness.

Their courtship was a crazy bit of business but the Jack Bennys took the count on marriage

BY IDA ZEITLIN

JACK and Mary Livingstone Benny probably lead an existence as ideal as can be achieved in this vale of tears. Mary calls her husband "the nicest man I've ever known." Jack is no talker, but his eyes, when his wife comes within range, speak for him. It is safe to suppose that by now they can thumb their noses at the financial hazard. They share every interest. Jack doesn't have to turn himself inside out in a vain effort to explain to the sheltered little woman the intricacies of his latest business deal. She's in on the deal with him. They work together at work they both enjoy; they play together; and they worship together at the shrine of their three-year-old Joan. Most important of all, perhaps, they laugh together.

What lends special interest to this state of affairs is Mary's declaration that "I wasn't madly in love with Jack when I married him. In fact, I was wearing somebody else's ring." This is not said for effect. Miss Livingstone is crisp and casual as the character

she's developed on the radio. Her life has held drama but, outwardly at least, she plays that drama for high comedy.

"I think it's much better that way than to fall wildly in love and wildly out again. That's been my experience, anyway, which is all I can judge by. I don't know whether Jack felt the same way or not. I never asked him. I married him because I liked him, and because I had more fun with him than with anyone else I'd ever met. The same things tickle us both. Even now we laugh, and nobody knows what we're laughing at. Sometimes we couldn't tell you ourselves. But we never have to explain it to each other.

"Later I learned to love him because he's such a grand person. But there's nothing wild about that. It's just common sense. Sometimes I sit and shudder at the thought that he might have picked somebody else. Makes me feel so good when I come back to earth and remember he didn't.

"I've never known him to lose his temper.

He gets up sweet in the morning, and stays that way all day. I'm the one with the bad disposition. I'm not saying that to throw flowers at Jack or mud at myself. I'm saying it because it's true. I've got a vile temper. Any arguments we've ever had have always been my fault, never Jack's. You can't argue with him. He just shuts up till I'm all through. I stand there yelling and stamping and he looks at me, till we both start laughing and it's all over.

"The only time he gets annoyed with me is at rehearsal. I'm awful at rehearsal. I don't know why and there's nothing I can do about it, but I can't seem to give them anything. He goes over and over it with me and I keep getting worse and worse. Finally, he gets this patient look on his face. 'Let it go,' he says. 'When it comes to the test, she'll probably die for dear old Jello'."

Mary and Jack met when Mary was seventeen. Jack was playing the Orpheum in Los Angeles. Mary's sister, married to a man in show business, knew Jack and suggested they go down to see him.

Mary's lips curve in a reminiscent smile as
(Continued on page 84)

BEHIND

MARTHA

RAYE'S

DIVORCE...

was a mad romance—and
ain two bewildered kids become
tims of a Hollywood bugaboo

EDWARD CHURCHILL

DURING the Decoration Day holidays Martha Raye was the happiest girl in the world. Desperately in love with Milton (Buddy) Westmore, youngest of famous Hollywood make-up men, she had just returned from a wild, sudden and secret elopement to Los Vegas, Nevada. Three months later, almost to the day—September 2, 1937, to be exact—Martha Raye's attorney was filing suit for divorce. Martha, tears streaming down her cheeks—the most unhappy girl in the world—was reading:

"Don't ask me what happened. I don't know. All I know is that I'm sorry it's all over. And it is over—definitely. Nothing can be done about it."

Hiding away from the public and even from her friends, she was a picture of hurt and wilderment.

Hollywood had watched the sudden, night-club love of the twenty-year-old singing, clowning and comic star and the twenty-year-old Buddy Westmore with eyebrows arched and tongue in cheek. It had been a mad affair, startling, beginning with jolting suddenness.

You perhaps recall the circumstances. Martha, her face half made up by Wally Westmore, found herself being introduced to Buddy, Wally's kid brother. When Buddy had left the make-up room, Martha said to Wally:

"That's my man!"

The next night she and Buddy were out making the night clubs. The night after. And the night after that. Until, two and one-half months later, at two o'clock in the morning, at still another night club, Martha said:

"Buddy, let's get married."



Rumors flew while Martha was on tour but this affectionate embrace with which she greeted Buddy on her return threw reporters off the scent



Those who had watched the whirlwind courtship said:

"It can't last. Hollywood won't let it last."

They were only partly right. Hollywood did its share; so did fame; so did money. Put those three ingredients into the scales and balance them against love and you have the answer.

Bear in mind from the beginning that in Martha Raye and Buddy you have two very sweet, very normal people. Very young people. Undoubtedly, had they courted in a sane, quiet manner in a sane, quiet town under everyday circumstances, ninety days would have found them even more in love, planning a conservative future.

But their meeting wasn't sane and sensible, nor was their background. Picture Martha, born in a dressing room, reared on the road, learning more about life—firsthand information—in a month than the average child does in years.

Then there's Buddy, youngest of the five Westmores, baby of the family, fresh out of school, getting his first jobs through his brothers.

It would be hard to imagine a sharper contrast between two people. Types so different could never meet but in Hollywood.

Martha was glamour to Buddy. She said:

"Let's go places."

And they went.

The older Westmores took the romance with detachment. They really didn't worry about it.

"They're just babies," they said.

Peggy Hopper, Martha's mother, was more upset. In fact, when Martha told her that she and Buddy had been married in Los Vegas, after an all-night ride with Dr. Frank Nolan and his wife, the ex-vaudeville trouper, Mrs. Hopper, collapsed. In the three months that followed, there was never entire understanding or entire forgiveness on the part of Peggy Hopper.

MARTHA at the age of nineteen smashed to success in Paramount's "Rhythm on the Range." Before this she'd shared penury with her father and mother, her family.

Then came in rapid succession, Hollywood, fame, money. Too fast. Too giddily. It was more than a girl of twenty could take, when you consider the background of tremendous struggle just to live that was behind her. Shortly after that picture was made, Martha said to me:

"I don't know what Hollywood's all about I can't understand it."

(Continued on page 72)

THE ANSWER TO SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S FUTURE

BY

DIXIE WILLSON



No child before her has carried uninterrupted stardom through the period of growing from little to big. Will this box-office idol, pictured (left) with the author and (right) with her parents, be spared the adolescent jinx?

*The whole world wants to know what lies ahead for Shirley. The answer is here—
in this author's unusually intimate glimpse of the amazing little star's true self*

SHE is the little girl nobody knows. And since it is the best-known little girl in the world of whom we speak, here is a paradox if ever there was one.

Every calorie of her diet, every toy in her nursery, every hour of her day has been written in every language. From lantern-lighted cabins of icebound freighters in the northern seas to the sun-baked forts of the desert's "Lost Legions," you may see the sunny dimpled face of the little girl who, at eight-and-one-half years of age, is the most famous star stage or screen has ever produced. Not since her fifth year has it been possible for Shirley Temple to appear in public, because of the crowds which hysterically, dangerously surround her, anticipating every familiar gesture and smile. But no screen,

no perfection of sound mechanics, no avid world has yet discovered the little girl who is really Shirley Temple, in which cryptic fact lies, without doubt, the answer to the question Hollywood (with an echo from all the world) is asking: "What will be Shirley's future?"

She is now going on nine. No longer is she just a lapful of enchanting baby girl. Very soon she will be that indeterminate young creature, an adolescent. And though once or twice in some specially written rôle, a boy or girl in this indescribable state of arms, legs and dental braces has attracted attention on stage or screen, never has any child headliner carried uninterrupted stardom through the period of growing from little to big.

The world is inevitably and delightfully peopled with a proper proportion of persons between the ages of thirteen and seventeen, but that proportion somehow simply doesn't seem to rate when balanced with results in actual box-office dollars and cents.

But now comes Shirley Temple—Shirley Temple whose unprecedented success is, after all, a case apart, a case which, without doubt, now furnishes the screen its most interesting experiment in many a day.

It will be something closely akin to a family affair as the world of her fans waits from one of Shirley's pictures till the next, to watch her growing tall, to watch her shedding cunning tricks of wide-eyed surprise and spontaneous tears for the more sophisticated mien of poised sedate nine, tall worldly eleven, serious algebra-conscious thirteen . . . and fifteen . . . and seventeen . . . and twenty. It will be something not alone of histrionic interest but of really personal interest to those fans who have loved her, have laughed with her and cried with her through the four continuous years during which she has held the world by its tail. An entirely new screen story is this, for since no child has ever climbed to so sensational a height, never will there be a drop so far if Shirley at nine or ten suddenly ceases to be a star!

But for your information, Hollywood does not expect Shirley Temple's bright star to wane. For, from her first rôle, this little girl went at the serious business of being an actress with a keenly capable little mind. It was a long time before even her father and mother were aware of the seriousness with which, at five, she was taking her "profession." Even now they are constantly amazed at chance remarks which show her real analysis of values. And many an older, more worldly-wise screen star could profit by Shirley's self-imposed rule that she shall completely understand a characterization before she attempts to play it. Never has she been satisfied merely to learn lines and speak them. She insists upon knowing why she is supposed to say those lines and what is supposed to be the beginning and the ending of tears, if she is to shed them.

WHEN first I talked to her about pictures she had just finished "Now and Forever" with Gary Cooper, her big scene a spasm of tears upon the discovery that her adored and trusted young dad is the thief responsible for the disappearance of the fifty-thousand-dollar emerald necklace about which the story centers. Shirley had done a beautiful and convincing scene of heartbreak. I asked her how she had managed such perfect tears, asked what she had made herself think about, in order to produce them.

It is never expected of children, not even of grown actors, that they shall feel the actual emotion they are to play. When scenes require tears, a substitute emotion is built up for camera purposes. But this is not Shirley's idea of the correct way to do a rôle. Before every picture, she demands to hear and know the complete story until she can actually feel the reasons for joy and sorrow,



and from the moment she is given a part to play until the conclusion of the picture she wishes to be called by the name of this new personality. As nearly as possible she adjusts her own small life to fit the required new pattern, and in her own mind, and quite by herself, she reasons out the natural feelings and reactions of whomever she is now to be.

With a sweet lack of total comprehension, her interpretation of emotion oftentimes mis-carries, but the principle is certainly a decidedly sound one, sound enough, at least, to have made a great star—one who we sincerely believe is to be a still greater one.

Naïvely, but with an intelligence far beyond her five years, she explained to me how

she had done those tears I asked about in the scene concerning the necklace. Unable quite to grasp the supposed shock and disappointment of the child of the story, as the author had written it, Shirley, analyzing as best she could the circumstances surrounding the tears which were to be shed, had picked out the only point of the scene which could seem like tragedy to *her*, and, dutifully, and in a workmanlike way, she had built this detail up to seem as heartbreaking as possible.

The necklace, if you remember the picture, was finally to be discovered hidden inside her teddy bear, which, she reasoned, would then have to be ripped open to accomplish the necklace's return.

"To have those pretty green diamonds

lost," she explained to me, "would make anybody almost sad *enough*, but to have a hole ripped in my big white teddy bear was worse, so I cried and cried and cried!"

FROM the first, Shirley has schooled herself in the offering of convincing performances. That she can also dance and sing is additional entertainment value . . . and certainly phenomenal; but in the final judging of Shirley Temple's real ability, these pretty tricks are surprisingly unimportant. That she is growing beautiful as she grows older is incidental also to the fact that she has shown the mind, the instinct, and the genius to be a really great actress.

I say she is "growing" beautiful because (though in the face of her radiant personality you have not been aware of it) she has not *always* been beautiful. A pretty child, yes, but many of the children you meet in the ordinary course of a day are much prettier, as witness the story of a certain gentleman who, without doubt, has been Hollywood's sorriest director during Shirley's coining of several fortunes for Mr. Fox-Twentieth-Century:

Some four years ago the Hal Roach studio, casting a children's picture, sought a leading lady of four or five. Among some nine hundred applicants the decision finally lay between a little miss from London and a curly-haired Californian. And because little Miss London was so much the prettier, it was she who signed on the dotted line . . . while Shirley Temple went home.

Until now the beauty of the Temple family has been Shirley's decidedly beautiful mother. But it appears that dark-haired Gertrude Temple is about to have a run for her money, for Shirley's features, which by actual analysis have heretofore been merely rounded, dimpled and adorable, are maturing into a new and exquisite beauty.

Of all this Shirley herself, however, is totally unaware, for due to this same mother who is wise as well as beautiful, Shirley is in no sense of the word a spoiled child, in spite of the fact that people were already saying when she was five that nothing could possibly save her from it. And the chances of her being spoiled were much more likely, too, than anyone unfamiliar with contributing factors could possibly have imagined. Strangers seeing her on the studio lot, or in those unavoidable moments when she would go from the Temple car into a shop or a restaurant, would cry out with little gasps of ecstasy, would instantly cut off any escape, would grasp her chin and turn her small face up to be stared at and commented upon in extravagant language, which included eulogies also upon her cleverness and charm, her adorable eyes, her wonderful curls!

But always afterward her mother would painstakingly explain that people loved her so much because she was good and obedient and mannerly. Never has Shirley been allowed to suppose that adulation is connected

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As rounded, dimpled features mature into a new and exquisite beauty, Shirley is shedding cute tricks for the more sophisticated mien of an actress going on nine



Telephone calls are the only romantic moments in the marriage of Dorothy Lamour and orchestra leader Herb Kay. The author has a hunch they're having they may be a substitute for getting together.

LONG DISTANCE ROMANCE

BY FAITH BALDWIN

A NUMBER of years ago a very prominent and charming business woman of my acquaintance said to me at a luncheon, "I am thinking of taking a long vacation—several months or so. Of course, my husband can't go with me, but I think people are right when they say that these marital vacations are good for marriage, don't you?" To which I responded flatly, "No." She looked at me in astonishment. At that moment one of the speakers rose to his feet and the room hushed in obedience. Later my friend cornered me outside the luncheon room and demanded, "Just what did you mean by what you said?"

Well, it was a little hard to explain. I hadn't thought much about it really, only vaguely and in general terms. But I tried to explain to her that while now and then you heard of a marriage which succeeded when—perhaps *only* when—its component parts lived under different roofs and met for dinner occasionally, such an arrangement was not suitable for the average man and woman.

In Hollywood there are several marriages

conducted, one might say, by remote control—not, I assume, because the people concerned wish their marriages to be at long distance, but because they must be. An outstanding example is the marriage of Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor. They were, of course, both in pictures originally, but Mr. Pryor, son of the famous bandmaster who was an idol of my girlhood, left picture making for music. His work as orchestra leader took him, of course, out of Hollywood. The result of this is that between his musical engagements, he flies to the Coast so that he can be with Ann—only to have this happen! Ann is so busy on the set, that Roger discovers he has flown 2,600 miles just to watch another man make love to his wife!

Then, too, a girl in Miss Sothern's publicized position, with her beauty, charm and youth, cannot remain with her light hidden under a bushel, as it were. She must go out, be seen,—and a woman in that situation is always open to speculation and gossip. Unfortunately, human nature is so organized that if a Hollywood star, married or unmarried, is seen twice hand running in the com-

pany of the same man—although there may be a dozen other people in the party—rumor starts its snowball building-up.

Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson constitute another case in point. Mr. Nelson has encouraged and assisted Miss Hilliard's career from the very first but did he, I wonder, foresee that Hollywood work would take her to the Coast? He is with her as much as possible, but naturally he is kept in the East a great deal of the time because of his engagements and his radio work.

Another star who married a bandleader is Bette Davis. She and her husband, Harmon Nelson, have been separated a good deal during their married life. But "Ham" has given up his music career and has opened an office which will keep him in Hollywood.

And then, there is Dorothy Lamour, the new singing star, and her orchestra leader husband, Herbert Kay, who is forced, for the most part, to conduct his career outside of Hollywood. This marriage has not been greatly publicized, as the studio build-up for Miss Lamour is of the glamour girl variety. But Miss Lamour herself is more than willing to talk of her marriage, is devoted to her husband and goes out as little as possible, preferring to be alone as long as she cannot be with the person for whom she cares most. So the gossips will not have much chance to link Miss Lamour's name with anyone's, unless it be with that of Charlie McCarthy. (And by the way, I am very envious of Dorothy Lamour, personally, as Charlie is decidedly my big moment.)

Madeleine Carroll's husband is reputedly in a position to give his wife everything she would ever want, materially. But she is ambitious, and her career matters to her and so

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In order to see Roger Pryor at all, Ann Sothern had to meet him on the set in her old clothes, something she would never have let happen if she could have helped it. Is it worth the price?

"WHAT HAVE THEY GOT I HAVEN'T GOT?"

That question is always being asked about important stars and here is an answer that will inspire you



Robert Taylor



Fred Astaire



Jeanette MacDonald

BY JEROME BEATTY

THE other day in New York I met a young man I had known for several years. He was handsome in a nice, Gableish sort of way; he could act—he had proved that in college dramatics and in a small part in a Broadway show which he had handled so well that a motion-picture scout had sent him to Hollywood. We met on Fifth Avenue, not on Broadway where you are most likely to find youngsters who are fighting their way into show business.

"I'm through with pictures," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "They told me in Hollywood I wouldn't do. I learned my lesson. I'm all over being stage-struck. I've gone to work for my father." Then he took a deep breath and asked plaintively, "What have those folks out there got, that I haven't got?"

I told him I was sure I didn't know and said good-by. I hurried away for fear I would break down and tell him the story about Max Baer and W. S. Van Dyke, which would show that I *did* know, and which

would only make him angry without doing a bit of good.

In my opinion Van Dyke is the best director in pictures. In Van is that quality I never have found to be missing in any truly great motion-picture star or director—a tremendous, eager, contagious vitality that reaches out and, seeping into you, stimulates you like a shot in the arm.

Van Dyke left school at sixteen to earn his own living. He called trains in the Seattle railroad station, sold electric vibrators in the door-to-door fashion, worked his way through business college by acting as janitor of the school, bucked logs in a lumber camp, punched cattle, and finally got into pictures as an eighteen-hour-a-day assistant to D. W. Griffith. He's conscientious, fearless, indomitable.

When Van Dyke was directing Max Baer in "The Prize Fighter and the Lady," Maxie became a little temperamental. Van tamed him with sharp words, a cool eye and a threat to knock Baer's block off.

Before the picture was finished, Baer worshiped Van Dyke. Baer told a friend, "I'd hate to meet that guy in a ring."

"Is Van *that* good a fighter?"

"No. The trouble is," Baer answered grimly, "you'd have to kill him before he'd drop."

That was the story I wanted to tell my young friend who had quit the first time they told him he wouldn't do.

Every star, during his fight to the top, was told that same thing a hundred times. Not only was it told to him—it was proved, to the satisfaction of everybody except his own staunch, obstinate self. Look over the careers of the great and you'll find that they won because they stuck through hell and high water and, working furiously night and day, made something fine and desirable out of their scorned hulks. Like the bonefish and the Old Guard, they die, but never surrender.

In this world are thousands of young men and young women who possess everything you'll find in the Norma Shearers, the Claudette Colberts, the Clark Gables and the Joe E. Browns—except the courage to fight on, the wit to keep at it until they learn their trade superbly well.

The girl whose ambition is to become a buyer in a department store, the boy who

(Continued on page 90)

THE

Camera

SPEAKS



Theodora goes wilder when Irene Dunne and Cary Grant go in for a bit of hi-jinks in that delightful domestic comedy, "The Awful Truth"

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY
BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST





IT'S no pose with him—this Gable he-
stuff. Fifteen minutes after the director calls "It's in the can,"
Clark Gable's off on a camping trip. Sometimes it's Kaibab Forest
Arizona, or Utah, or perhaps just the Santa Barbara mountains.
It's always an isolated spot, away from women and those who
treat him like a movie star rather than the regular guy he is. But
whether he's roughing it or not, Clark has the instinctive taste of a
dressed man:—leather breeches, suède jacket, silver-studded belt





Still new enough to fame to enjoy immensely what fame buys, Tyrone Power, long-legged, long-lashed boy wonder of the screen, drives an expensive car, wears expensive clothes, but gives "inexpensive" gifts to the girls he dates, of whom we might add, there are many. Decided six years ago he'd be successful, and chose the Eastern stage as the best route. Prefers milk to Scotch; N. Y. to his native Cincinnati. Confident, candid and charming, he owes his victory to his genuine ability, his Irish grey eyes and his determination never to fail two generations of ancestors.



She's been called a prima donna on roller skates—a Jenny Lind in socks. She has that vocal rarity—a woman's voice in a child's body. She became a star in her first picture—and giggles when she sees herself on the screen. She wasn't surprised at her own success—a "fortune in rhyme" punchboard told her she would rise to movie fame. She hates spinach and algebra; chocolate nut sundaes and Tippy, her dog, are her pet passions. She rates a huge amount of fan mail—China's powerful war lord, Chiang Kai-shek, likes her too. (See page 16.) She's had more than fifty fan mail proposals—despite her fourteen years. She's the girl in "100 Men and a Girl"—petite Deanna Durbin



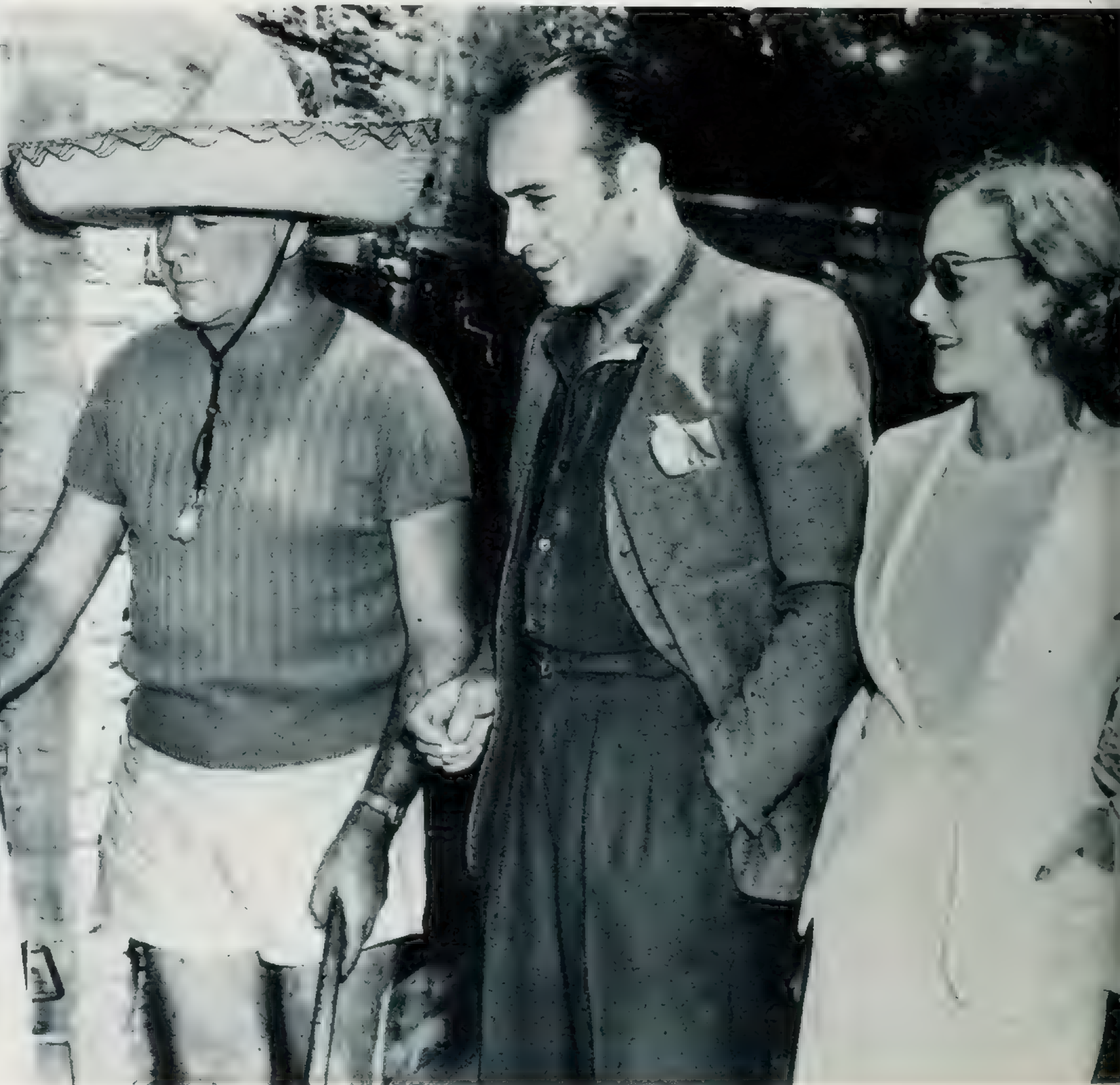
The host, Clarence Brown in sweat shirt and shorts, superintends the preparations of the barbecue while his "Conquest" guests watch



The Browns' new barbecue oven with its electric spit, is the last word



The guest of honor didn't show up but her stand-in, Chris Meeker, amuses George Huston



Whole loaves of crusty French bread are toasted at once by the host while Charles Boyer, with his wife, Pat Paterson, supervise the process



The daughter of the house, Alyce Moore, has fun too! She is the daughter of Tom Moore and Mrs. Brown (Alice Joyce)



Ranching de luxe—the spacious patio of the Brown house which lies in that section of Hollywood called Hidden Valley. Garbo and Clarence Brown have made seven most successful films together

CLASSIC SUPER-SUPER

1 Remember how you gasped with laughter when the alarmed chap perched on the teacart tried to learn how to fly an airplane? The picture was **Going Up**; the star was:—**Johnny Hines, Charles Ray, Douglas MacLean, Edward Horton, T. Roy Barnes**. Do you recall which one of these comedy classics the same actor played in:—**Twin Beds, The Hottentot, Behind the Front, Twenty-Three and a Half Hours' Leave, or Oh! Doctor!**

2 The padre pointing the accusing digit is brighter star today than when he appeared Essanay's **The Primitive Strain**. The name is:—**Frank Morgan, William Farnum, Edward Arnold, Spencer Tracy**. You also saw him in:—**Captains Courageous, Slave Ship Emperor's Candlesticks, Toast of N.**



3 Whoa! Can it be that Walter Long entertains ideas of a fate worse than death for the tragic-eyed queen:—**Louise Glaum, Theda Bara, Beverly Bayne, Dorothy Dalton, Kathlyn Williams**, who was divorced from Lew Cody and remarried:—**Lowell Sherman, Arthur Hammerstein, Florenz Ziegfeld, Bert Lytell, Kenneth Harlan**

4 **Mary Pickford, Mary Miles Minter, Mary Astor, Mary Philbin** would have to have been more robust than she looks here to have recovered from an illness in the appalling bed which looms in this scene from **Stella Maris**, a Universal picture shown in 1926. Incidentally, the man from whom Maurice Chevalier may have got some ideas on how to protrude the lower lip is none other than:—**Thomas Meighan, Elliott Dexter, Conway Tearle, Rod La Rocque, Owen Moore**

COLOSSAL

5 The wide-eyed gal below typified a new idea of sex appeal in the period when F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote *This Side of Paradise* and Percy Marks turned out: *The Plastic Age*, from the picturization of which this photo is taken; her name (this is too easy) is:—**Bessie Love, Anita Page, Sue Carol, Clara Bow, Billie Dove**

6 If you were dining at the Trocadero in Hollywood and saw the man in the photo below, you would probably nudge your companion excitedly and say, "Migawsh, there's:—**Bill Powell, John Barrymore, Monte Blue, William Desmond, Bobby Harron.**" Do you remember seeing him in the picture, *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, in which he played with:—**Madge Bellamy, Marion Davies, Mildred Davis, Edna Purviance, Billie Burke**



more famed as a statuesque siren than rôles such as she took in *Nomads of the North* was:—**Betty Compson, Betty Harte, Marguerite De La Motte, Mimosa, Barbara La Marr**, who also acted in:—**Anthony Adverse, Modern Times, The Gorgeous Hussy, The Country Doctor, The Great Ziegfeld**

8 The Oriental proffering the propo-
sity is here rebuffed by Gypsy Fair,
a rôle taken by:—**Mae Marsh, May McAvoy, Dorothy Gish, Carol Dempster, Anita Stewart**, in the film:—**Broken Blossoms, Dream Street, House of Whispers, The Tong Man, Limehouse Nights**

9 Doubt us if you will but it's a fact that the gent of this lynching act won PHOTOPLAY'S popularity contest in 1913. He was:—**J. Warren Kerrigan, Dustin Farnum, Francis X. Bushman**. The movie was:—**Days of '49, Winning of Barbara Worth, Hearts and Flowers, Girl of the Golden West**

Check the words in *italics* which make correct answers for these stills from films that have passed into movie history. If the face is familiar but you can't quite place the name, turn to page 82 for the correct answers



Impressions of Hollywood au naturel, achieved through the modern magic of artistic photography. Left — Sunlight: a Paramount extra girl, posed against an ordinary set background. Below — Devotion: Mrs. Oakie and son, Jack. Near right — Reverie: Kay Francis, seen through the door of her portable dressing room. Far right — Shadow: Gary Cooper and Mrs. Cooper, and Gary Cooper alone. Right, below — Power: Paul Lucas, as aeronaut



C A M E R A L O O T





STAGE DOOR





Hollywood has proved that it can take a kidding and can even kid itself—but when Margaret Sullavan's New York stage success of last winter hits the screen little more than the name will be intact. After all, a serious drayma that's so obviously a slap in the face at Hollywood—well, that's asking too much. Rumors of bitter feelings between Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers evaporated into thin air when the costars got going on this story of stage-struck girls in a theatrical boardinghouse, with Director Gregory LaCava at the helm; Adolphe Menjou, Constance Collier and Gail Patrick to lend support



THOSE AWFUL

There's where the Stars have to slave!





ACTORIES



Presenting that glorified institution of the Hollywood proletariat—the star's dressing room. Nelson Eddy, in a knotty-pine atmosphere, relaxes on a soft chaise lounge; Lionel Barrymore, at ease with his newspaper, is proud of his ship model (hobby hangover from "Captains Courageous"). The feminine contingent has other ideas of soul-soothing decoration. Jeanette MacDonald chooses an all-white piano to match her all-white room; Ginger Rogers likes old ivory work and peach satin; Ann Sothern goes for blue dots and taffeta upholstery; but Joan Crawford's forte is that big picture of Franchot Tone enthroned on her piano



KAY FRANCIS

IN FIRST LADY

She's an enigma even to Hollywood. Although Kay goes on her way with no spectacular successes to her credit, her average is better than six pictures a year. Now she wants better rôles and is fighting to get them. She makes a huge salary, yet lives quietly in the same unpretentious house she moved into when her salary was small. She's considered the screen's best dressed woman, but her personal wardrobe contains fewer clothes than an extra's. Though she's seldom mentioned in romantic gossip, she's been married three times and currently Delmer Daves, scenario writer, is her constant companion.



Hollywood love in three stages—Virginia Field, beamed by Blake Owen-smith; recently divorced June Lang with Michael Whalen; latest bride, Anne Shirley with groom John Payne

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

*Here's an intimate squint into the doings of those
West Coast adobe dwellers—by the tattler who
tells only that which is worth repeating*

HOLLYWOOD THIS MONTH—

HAS been vegetating quietly, like a turnip someone forgot to yank up . . . everyone who was anyone went off on a vacation and lay in the sun, or fished, or rowed in little boats . . . Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, always humming with activity, sat in a state of torpor with only five productions running . . . all the other studios were on nearly the same basis . . . and nobody cared. . . .

But when things look quiet, especially in this town, then it's time to be suspicious . . . So we were suspicious . . . and as a result discovered that under the general torpor *much* was going on . . . and learned, too, that even in the most dormant of summer periods the glamour and vitality and heartache and laughter and the sentimental human kindness and the brutality that are Hollywood keep going right along at the same pace. . . .

So that one of the most famous marriages in the colony came within a fraction of breaking up, but didn't quite . . . and an equally famous friendship, once a romance, was reportedly blasted for always . . . and a little girl star was bitten by the strangest animal . . . and there was a minor crime

wave . . . and another mother trouble wave with a young man insisting he would—and his mother wishing he wouldn't—marry . . . and a spicy little boudoir tale all about pink ruffles in a bachelor's bedroom . . . and so forth, and on. . . .

ALARUM

OUR special agents came rushing into the office not long ago bursting with the news that Clark Gable, supposedly absent on a hunting expedition, had, without his studio's knowledge, made a hurried—and secret—trip to New York.

"You can guess why!" hissed our informants, portentously.

Well, we couldn't. "Why?" we asked.

"Because Rhea Gable has fallen in love—everybody says so! And that'll make it easier for him to get his divorce, at last."

It sounded interesting. We checked.

There was no authentic news about Rhea except that she was still living quietly in her small house, seeing few people, going out little, biding her time.

Metro admitted readily that Clark had gone to New York, and that they didn't have his address and that they didn't know why

he didn't stay home where he belonged. Yes, his departure had been sudden—they'd had to cancel a dozen interview appointments half an hour before they were due—with no explanation, either. Fine thing.

Whereupon we put our feet back up on the desk. If anything goes on involving any of its stars, M-G-M knows it, make no mistake. And if Gable had been in New York for any reason other than pleasure, the studio would have insisted with its last breath that he was in Wyoming slaughtering coyotes.

Make something of it if you will.

INNOCENT ABROAD

THE journeying of Robert Taylor from Hollywood to London, for the purpose of making "A Yank at Oxford," is, however, a different matter.

Robert stymied his studio's attempt to make a publicity coup out of his departure by leaving too soon, without telling anybody but his mother and Barbara Stanwyck. A great group of photographers and reporters gathered to see him off, waited an hour at the station, and then discovered he'd planed out the evening before.

As for the rumors—nay, the certain declaration—that his romance with Miss Stanwyck is over, and that this trip is the perfect opportunity for them to let the whole thing drift off: Barbara, almost immediately after he left, took her vacation and went eastward to Canada. Thus there could be no

chance that if she went out for an evening with a friend the newspapers would take it up, and Bob would hear of it, and there would be a misunderstanding. Close sources tell us that before Bob left he made a pact with Barbara: if anything serious happened to either, that person would tell the other. Aside from emergency, mutual trust would do.

At any rate, when he comes back to Hollywood for the holidays he's got another surprise—a pleasant one this time—awaiting him. He'd okayed all the plans for his home on the valley ranch, but hadn't given the order to go ahead; right now he expects that when he gets back he must still go through all the troublesome details of building supervision and what not. But Barbara has made arrangements, and when he steps off the plane at Burbank his new home will be completely finished, to the last detail, ready for occupancy. Consider that, scandalmongers!

IN ONE EAR AND OUT THE TYPEWRITER

WE are very touched over how much Jean Harlow's death has affected Bill Powell. We saw him walking down a studio street the other day and hardly recognized him. Pale, tired—he's lost pounds of weight—and almost never smiles anymore, doesn't ever tell his famous stories. Everyone thought he'd start drinking too much, but he hasn't. "Double Wedding," his latest picture with Myrna Loy, was made and finished on a

closed set. Even studio employees were to keep out. Those who managed to sneak in say Bill's been working madly, that the only time he's himself is when he's before the cameras, and that as a result he insists on remaking each scene again and again until it is perfect. The rest of the cast gets awfully tired, and it costs Metro a great deal of money in time, but they humor him—which is kind.

He spent two weeks in a friend's lodge up at Arrowhead, and then began getting ready for a long trip. Has a passport and no plans—he'll just go to Europe and wander about until he's himself again, he says. His bosses are resigned. He's no good in his present state, at all. The only thing that worries us is: suppose he isn't able to make the adjustment he must? Suppose the memory of that bright beauty lost to him is too haunting? Suppose he never returns to the screen?

There has been a lot of argument about who took the last picture of Jean before her death, but we know that it was a full-color photograph made by studio people. It was sent on to a great New York daily before she died, and Powell asked that the original be shipped back to him. He wanted to frame it and keep it.

The picture was duly returned, and one of the publicity boys was detailed to cart it over to Bill's house. The kid put it into his car, remembered something at the last minute, and dashed back into the studio, leaving his roadster—and the photograph—out

in front. When he returned, the package was gone.

Metro doesn't care about catching the person who took it, but they want their picture. If whoever swiped it will send it back, with any old address attached, he can have in return any group of Harlow stills he wants—no questions asked, understand.

NEWS ITEM

NELSON EDDY was dancing at the Coconut Grove the other night with a beautiful blonde. This makes twice we've been obliged to report that Nelson has gone stepping with a girl who wasn't his mother. We couldn't identify the blonde, although she wasn't any employee of his and that makes her interesting, from the romance angle; golly, you don't suppose. . . ?

REGRETS

THAT sorry mess, in which George Brent and Constance Worth are still involved at this writing, has had a deeper effect on George's happiness than the misery of rotten publicity. You'll remember that not long ago Greta Garbo returned from Sweden and began again seeing a lot of this so-called "woman hater." That cooled after a time, but the two remained good friends.

Now, we're told, Garbo isn't even at home to him over the telephone. She's seen about now, from time to time, with Leopold Stokowski, but not even the most optimistic whisperers in Hollywood can get up nerve enough to say she is in love with the famous musician.

We were driving past Miss Garbo's house in Brentwood one sunny afternoon recently, by the way, and suddenly had one of those crazy impulses you get sometimes. We were familiar with the grounds and the building, because Jeanette MacDonald had lived there; and we knew that if we drove down the street in back, and slithered along a dirt lane, and climbed up through a vacant lot, we could peer through the openings in the great canvas curtain that protects the garden from neighbors' opera glasses.

Dignity and conscience put up a good fight, but lost—three minutes later we stood, covered with burrs, by the fence, looking curiously through a slit at the swimming pool and tennis court and stretch of lawn. Yes—there, on a gigantic towel, reclined the Nordic Enigma, eating a cookie and reading a magazine. Pretty soon she put the magazine down, threw the remainder of the cookie away, turned over, yawned, stood up, sat down again—all with a kind of indefinite vagueness like a person who was trying to think of something to do, and couldn't.

It occurred to us suddenly, "This woman's bored. She's bored silly with this garden and this sun and that cookie and that magazine." The temptation to call to her through the fence was strong, but before we could gather the necessary brass she got up once more, picked up the towel by one corner, and dragging it behind her proceeded listlessly to the house.

Later that evening we remembered the look of her shoulders—the utter lassitude they expressed—and wished we had spoken

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Hum-m-med, hum-m-med gossipers when Bart Marshall and Barbara Stanwyck (below) lunched together. A triangle, said some; studio publicity, said others. The fact remains—Bob Taylor, having his birthday cake cut (left), is still the head man



Lee Russell (left) just smiled when she heard those Marshall-Stanwyck rumors, for she's the suave Englishman's real thrill



LILY HITS A NEW HIGH



Mischa Auer may be funny on the screen but he takes music seriously

There is a definite musical clique in Hollywood, led by Mrs. L. A. Irish, President of the Hollywood Bowl Association. This year she awarded Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz a gold bowl trophy when their concert drew a record audience of 29,000



Janet Gaynor, too, with publicist Russell Birdwell, is one of the musical highbrows



The Jean Hersholts always go in for cultural events. Jean's hobby, besides music, is first editions

Naturally you expect other singers to be there to compare notes. Hence Irene Dunne and husband



Grace Moore and husband Valentin Parera, right, never miss a concert. Leelee is one of Grace's best friends



This is no publicity gesture on Robinson's part. He adores symphonies

Little Deanna Durbin, the youngest of the songbirds, listens with rapt attention





Once Gary Cooper nearly gave up his career because of a scene like this one with Sigrid Gurie

WE COVER THE STUDIOS

BY JAMES REID

DON'T look now—but we think we just saw Boom Times return.

We just saw some producers untying studio purse strings that have been knotted for years, reaching down deep, and then, as they say in Shanghai, shooting the works.

But we wonder if you are prepared for the other news that we are about to bring to you? The news that Hollywood is suddenly going modest?

Perhaps you, like us, can remember 'way back to yesterday, when Hollywood was not modest.

A producer, for example, would return from a junket abroad. In his wake would follow a new foreign find with a certain amount of charm. Immediately, before anyone else had a chance to see her, he would announce that she was a sensation. She would back Garbo and Dietrich and Hepburn and Crawford right off the movie map!

It was great ballyhoo. But, somehow, it never worked. It made the public expect too much.

Producers are finally admitting as much, at least to themselves. Today, they are not boasting about their foreign finds. They are hiding them, going into shy silences about them. They are giving the girls a chance to make their own first impressions.

Even Samuel Goldwyn, the Great Goldwyn who once spent a year—and a million dollars—to make one of his foreign finds famous before the public ever saw her, has changed his ways. For nearly a year, he has had a new foreign find under wraps, waiting for the psychological moment to put her into the game. Meanwhile, his publicity staff has had orders *not* to publicize her. Even Sam is trying the experiment of giving the public a surprise. And our hunch is that the public will like the surprise.

Her name is Sigrid Gurie (pronounced *See-grid Goor-ee*). You will see her for the first time, and hear her (which, we promise you, will also be something), in "The Adventures of Marco Polo," starring Gary Cooper. Sam is spending only a million and a half on the picture.

Sigrid is twenty-three, Norwegian, naturally blonde, with eyes of a clear Scandinavian blue. The picture does not make use of her blonde beauty. She plays a slant-eyed Chinese Princess with black lacquered hair. But the picture makes full use of her voice. The Princess' name is Kukachin—"Golden Bells." She is so called because of her voice.

The setting is Thirteenth Century China. There, to the court of mighty Kublai Khan, comes Marco Polo, swashbuckling Venetian adventurer. Promptly, he loses his heart to the Princess Kukachin, and thereafter has a time of it, trying not to lose his head.

TWO months ago we saw the picture start, under the direction of John Cromwell, as a dramatic epic with romantic sidelights. Since then, it has undergone story changes and a change of directors. Archie Mayo is now in charge, and the picture is shaping up as a semi-historical fantasy, exciting, romantic, lavish, but with a light touch.

We watch what promises to be the most difficult scene of the revised version—the first love scene between Polo and the Princess, in a garden of the palace.

The first time Gary was ever called upon to kiss a girl before a camera, he went into hiding and nearly gave up his screen career. In the ten years since then, he has been dodging kissing scenes whenever possible. They still fuss him. And this is Sigrid's first love scene before cameras. This, in fact, is her first picture, either here or abroad.

In the Thirteenth Century, it seems, kissing was unknown in China. Yet, when Marco Polo first meets the Princess Kukachin, and succumbs at first sight to her charms, he obeys that Venetian impulse—and kisses her. Her reactions, in quick succession, are amazement, surprised delight, then indignation. He blandly persuades her that kissing is the Occidental form of greeting. They end in a passionate embrace.

WE talk to Sigrid before the scene. She is unfurried, at least on the surface. We look for the explanation. We come upon this information: Goldwyn has forbidden any, and all, dramatic coaching for her screen career. "It will only make you self-conscious," he has told her. "I signed you as you are. I want you to stay that way—natural." Sigrid is doing her best to obey orders.

Mayo calls for a rehearsal. Gary and Sigrid go through the scene, not once, but several times. We overhear a prop man tell another prop man, watching Gary, "It's nice work, if you can get it." Gary, however, is perspiring. No man was ever more embarrassed. But he's game; he keeps on trying to look natural. Until, finally, Mayo says, "All right, let's shoot it. Let's make history!"

The scene is difficult enough for the bashful Gary. But the really difficult acting in the scene devolves upon the newcomer. Her reactions call for subtle shadings of emotion.

As Mayo calls "Cut!" at the end of the scene, he shakes his head in mock self-amazement, and tells Gary and Sigrid, "We *did* make history!"

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ON THE AIR

BY JIM NEWTON

NEW cold weather clambakes furnish the hot Hollywood radio news this month. If you've been worrying about those long winter evenings, rest easy—there won't be room enough on the air for a snowflake to filter through when the Hollywood winter gold rush gets going. Every star you ever heard of is completely mike-nushy at this point. As for the menu, signed, sealed and all but delivered—have a look:

The new shows: "Silver Theater" (nice name?) will start about the time your big round eyes will read this. It's a variety show tarring a big-time screen star four weeks in a row, according to present plans (CBS network) and from our overstuffed perch it looks as if Rosalind Russell starts the first hitch . . . Then Tyrone Power, Jr., breaks into the big time with his own spot on NBC's blue chain. Ty will give a dramatic sketch every Sunday with Hollywood guestars in support . . . Charlie Butterworth and Lanny Ross salvage Fred Astaire's old Packard show with a new dippy diet . . . Jack Haley goes to town on his own Log Cabin split hour taking that honeyous Virginia Verill and Warren Hull along with him from Show Boat and letting in his movie pals to tizz from time to time . . . We've told you about Jeanette MacDonald's Vick's concerts . . . but did you know that John Barrymore and his Ariel were such a click last summer in Shakespeare that they're set again for a rereading of "Animal Kingdom" and "Accent on Youth"? NBC sustaining, of course . . . George Jessel joins up with your pal, Al, the Jolson . . . and Prez. Jack Dakie cuts classes down to a half-hour, making Benny Goodman walk the other half mile for a Camel . . . Sorry, no Judy Garland—he's too busy at M-G-M, they say, but we understand she's also too high-priced now . . . And—we've been saving this one—Myrna Loy and Bill Powell begin airomping soon in their favorite dramatic dish—you guessed it—a "Thin Man" series! You like?

Of course, the old stand-bys snap out of the summer slump in a big way. Meaning that Bing Crosby is back taking star introduction worries off the frail shoulders of Robin Burns on the comfortable Kraft hour, and that Cecil B. De Mille is clucking together his Lux Radio Theater for another season of the best Hollywood dramatic star-conditions money can buy.

No diminuendo either, in the evergreen hours, although if you ask us, Chase and

Sanborn could do without quite so many stars—five regulars, now that Nelson Eddy punches the clock, and a guest star or two every Sunday! They trip over each other. Incidentally, with all Radio Row holding its breath, the fair-haired boy, Nelson, made his long-delayed debut, and what a pleasant surprise when he turned out to be a regular guy instead of the prima donna we had been led to believe. Of course Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy were laying for him, but Nelson up and fooled them all by grabbing that objectionable young McCarthy gentleman and planting him firmly on one knee. Wendy Barrie guested that Sunday, and before the show, like all the cuties, she had to have a session with Charlie.

"Without a doubt," she told him, "you are the most wonderful man in Hollywood."

"That's what all the girls tell me," piped Charlie in a childish falsetto. Only it was Nelson Eddy, cracking his famous voice, à la Bergen. Charlie didn't get back at him until the next week, but plenty then. It happened like this: Nelson was deep in the throes of a song when the audience began to titter. Well, you don't titter at an Eddy when he lets the song box work, so in mixed

anger and surprise he glared over his cheaters, but the chirrups only swelled. That's right, it was Charlie, giving him the quiet bird with the audience loving it!

HOLLYWOOD is still slightly teched on the subject of Charlie and Bill Fields, who incidentally, is so fully recovered that he says he'll have to start wearing himself down again. Golf does it, Bill told us; he plays indoors, he says, with a cotton ball (can you take it?) and makes up his funny business in between shots. A few weeks ago either the shots or the funny business didn't work, because just three hours before the show Bill didn't have a word to say! He begged off the show but no go, so he thought up his script while shaving—some guy!

Tickets for that show are as rare as Democrats in Vermont, and as for the hired help—not even accidents can keep them away. Alice Brady showed up in a wheel chair with her sprained ankle in a brace, the afternoon she emoted in "Electra" with Don Ameche. They closed down shooting Twentieth Century-Fox's biggest picture, "In Old Chicago," because Alice couldn't hobble around, but

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Imagine McCarthy's surprise when Nelson Eddy took him for a ride—but Charlie had his innings later

★ **THIN ICE**—20th Century-Fox

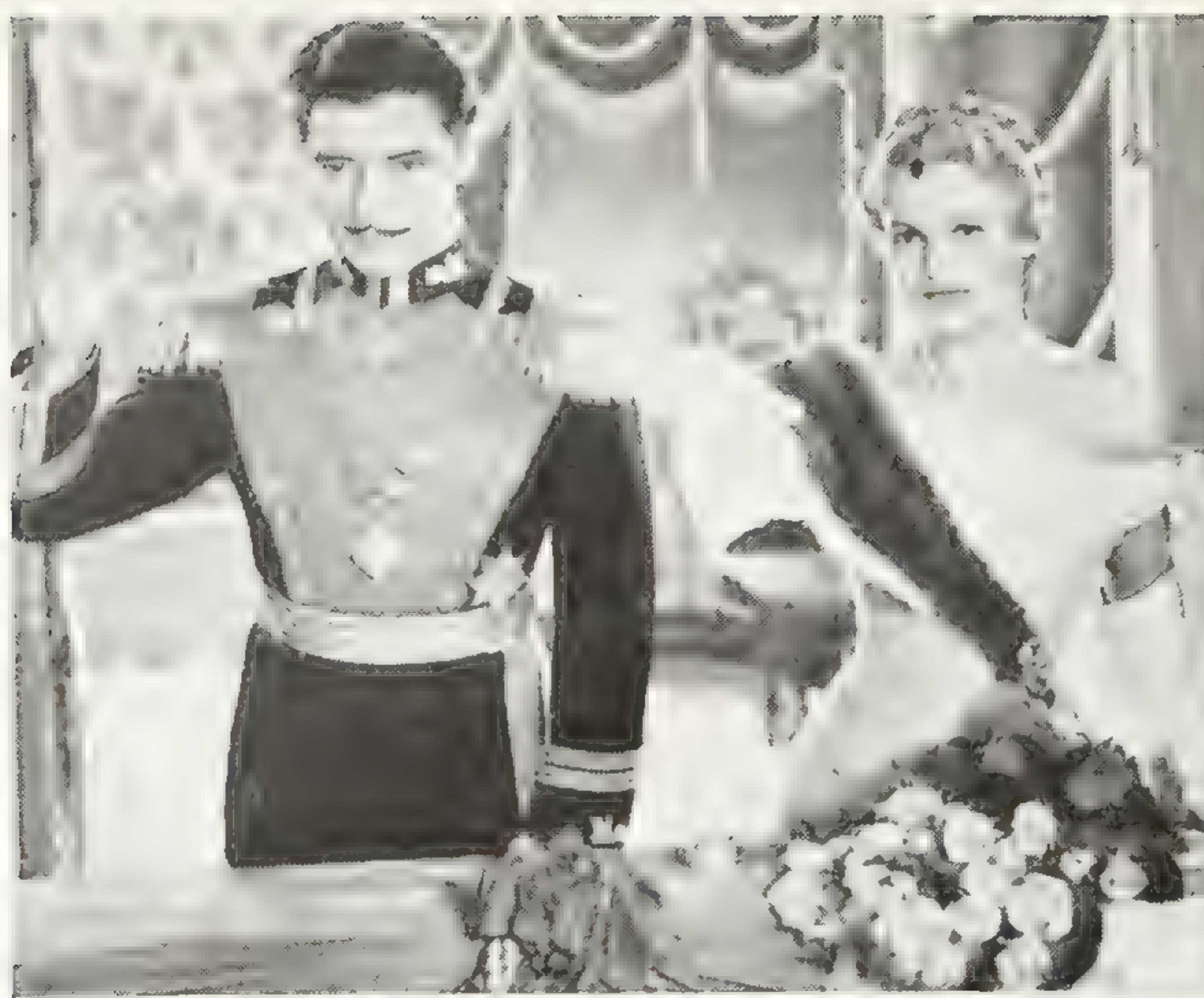
WHILE Robert Taylor's professional status quivers under blows like "Broadway Melody," the man named Zanuck is assuring the success of his new star, Tyrone Power, by making box-office hits suitable to the youngster's talent. This latest happy combination of romance and music, spectacle and comedy, in which Powers costars with Sonja Henie, is—to understate—a knockout of a show.

The lovely little skating lady, in her second screening, proves again her innate showmanship and her really fine ability. Here is no flash in the cinema pan; she plays her rôle with assured artistry, her accent is more understandable but still adorable, her routines are varied. No need to detail the story—these Cinderella, mistaken-identity yarns are entertaining without analysis. Power is a prince in disguise, Sonja's the resort skating teacher. They meet while skiing, fall in love, get tangled in the international intrigue their romance has engendered.

As an example of pure film technique, of almost perfect production, this should stand as a lesson to other studios. No story, however good, however well acted, is convincing if the sequences are jerky and badly cut. Photography is of standard excellence and the pace of action is adjusted so that no single scene is allowed to drag. You'll appreciate Arthur Treacher as the Prince's aide-de-camp, Raymond Walburn as Sonja's rascally uncle, and Joan Davis as the orchestra leader. There are four magnificent skating dances, to a Strauss-like score.

**BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938**—M-G-M

AGAIN Bob Taylor and Eleanor Powell are teamed in the annual Metro musical, this time a follow-up to the last highly successful "Broadway Melody." The picture is a typical kind of thing, well mounted, stuffed with much of Hollywood's best talent at its best. But Taylor's rôle, meant as the lead, is lost somewhere in the melee. George Murphy, given his due at last, is a brighter personality; Bob can only do his best, which is handsome enough. He plays a producer who discovers Eleanor Powell, a horse-lover who also tap-dances. When his show needs money, she enters her nag in a prize race. Buddy Ebsen, Judy Garland (a new and potentially great star!), Sophie Tucker and many others contribute highly entertaining features.

★ **THE PRISONER OF ZENDA**—Selznick-United Artists

IF, not too long ago, you were a devotee of the kind of romantic adventure as typified by Douglas Fairbanks—with fair ladies in distress and swagging heroes and swishing swords and castle dungeons—you will find great nostalgic pleasure in this. Produced with all the 1937 technique that a modern studio and a million dollars can achieve, this nevertheless is frankly melodrama. That it succeeds in being one of the most entertaining pictures of the year is a compliment to John Cromwell's fine direction and Ronald Colman's believable portrayal.

You probably remember Anthony Hope's famous story: *Rudolf Rassendyll*, handsome Britisher, comes to an obscure Balkan kingdom and is immediately entangled in political intrigue. He is a distant cousin of, and resembles perfectly, the young king whose evil brother *Black Michael*, plots to snatch the throne. When the drunken monarch is drugged and abducted on coronation eve, *Rassendyll* takes his place—is king for a time, during which he falls in love with the kidnapped prince's fiancée.

Colman, in his dual rôle as *Rassendyll* and the King, is superbly cast. Lovely Madeleine Carroll plays the Princess and helps make the various love scenes beautiful in the extreme. You'll like Mary Astor as *Black Michael's* conniving mistress; Raymond Massey, as heavy, is positively Machiavellian. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., however, is cast as a rascally adventurer and is just too rascally for words. Aside from this one fault, it's blood-stirring cinema.

**BIG CITY**—M-G-M

THIS is hardly susceptible of classification. It is not an epic of a taxi war nor a drama of an immigrant's problem nor altogether a slapstick comedy; yet it partakes liberally of all three. Admittedly it's a clever production, a combination of "Thin Man" romance and the fight of New York chauffeurs for freedom. Luise Rainer plays the foreign wife of a caddy, Spencer Tracy; when a garage is bombed, officials pin the crime on her and try to deport her. She hides, and the chase is on. The story doesn't do justice to Tracy's talent nor Miss Rainer's charm; she is coy and he is a little ponderous. Others in the cast are generally convincing although everyone overacts a little. You will just have to overenthusiasm the finale, in which Luise has a baby in an ambulance while famous fighters (Jack Dempsey and others) tangle with an army of cab drivers.

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures

★ **ANGEL**—Paramount

MARLENE DIETRICH is more than usually gorgeous in this superbly produced cinema. Those who first hailed her as a great actress in "The Blue Angel" will not be disappointed in her latest picture. Fragile and lovely, like a fine old portrait, she plays the wife of a titled British statesman who, despite his deep love for her, is more interested in politics.

Herbert Marshall is most urbane as the preoccupied husband, and you probably will like Melvyn Douglas as the romantic lover.

The story centers itself around the eternal triangle but is set to sparkling dialogue, moves against a background of beautiful photography and there are many new situations. Miss Dietrich flies to Paris under an assumed name and accidentally meets Douglas, another visitor, at the Salon of the *Grand Duchess Anna*. They dine together and he falls in love with the mysterious stranger, whom he calls *Angel*, since he does not know her real name.

Coincidentally, Marshall and Douglas were friends in war days, so that when they unexpectedly meet, Marshall invites his old friend to dine at his home and introduces him to his wife. Thereafter you must watch reel after reel of suspicion, of subterfuge, of Miss Dietrich's pale mask trying not to betray pain but succeeding too well. One must confess that portions of the picture are ponderous, and that the theme is dated in the modern conception; these objections, however, are standard in almost any of Marlene's vehicles, and seem to be overlooked by her great audience.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Angel Back in Circulation
 Big City Broadway Melody of 1938
 First Lady 100 Men and a Girl
 Stage Door The Prisoner of Zenda
 Thin Ice Wife, Doctor and Nurse

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

George Murphy in "Broadway Melody of 1938"
 Judy Garland in "Broadway Melody of 1938"
 Kay Francis in "First Lady"
 Verree Teasdale in "First Lady"
 Deanna Durbin in "100 Men and a Girl"
 Leopold Stokowski in "100 Men and a Girl"
 The Hundred Men in "100 Men and a Girl"
 Ronald Colman in "The Prisoner of Zenda"
 Madeleine Carroll in "The Prisoner of Zenda"
 Katharine Hepburn in "Stage Door"
 Andrea Leeds in "Stage Door"
 Loretta Young in "Wife, Doctor and Nurse"
 Virginia Bruce in "Wife, Doctor and Nurse"



★ **STAGE DOOR**—RKO-Radio

FROM the hullabaloo of a theatrical boarding house comes this genuinely great story of young actresses who battle Broadway for minor fame and a scant living.

Although the fine stage play has been tampered with, it is to screen advantage. Brilliantly directed by Gregory La Cava, the almost completely feminine cast handled their funny, sometimes bitter, dialogue and their frequent dramatics with exquisite finesse. Amazingly, here is a magnificently entertaining picture without a love story.

Quickest at repartee of all the seldom working wisecracking young ladies is Ginger Rogers, who after years of being Mr. Astaire's dancing partner gives an excellent account of herself in a purely dramatic rôle. Ginger's roommate is Katharine Hepburn, well-dressed and pretty swank, who in reality is an heiress out to make a name for herself before the footlights. Her disapproving father angles a play and has her cast in the lead hoping she'll make a fool of herself and come home. Andrea Leeds, desperately in need of work, covets the same rôle. It is through this pathetic girl's climatic action that Hepburn discovers the right thing to do.

That's all there is to the story, but it is played against the background of a greater theme: that of a group of desperate girls who take refuge from failure in a humor of their own creation. Miss Hepburn does her usually fine work, but in some scenes resembles her caricatures. Miss Leeds' performance has great power and Adolphe Menjou as the philandering producer is highly amusing.



★ **WIFE, DOCTOR and NURSE**—20th Century-Fox

ALTHOUGH Director Walter Lang when he began this picture apparently meant to create an hour of pure entertainment only, he has in any analysis done more than that. Perhaps because he found in his script the elements of a sophistication seldom brought to the screen and a wealth of human drama of passionate emotion against a background to be played with restraint, he couldn't resist turning his production into pretty great cinema anyway.

It is a portrait of today's cultured lives lived furiously with a kind of rollicking humor in the face of a troubled decade. You will find it the first hospital picture ever to be completely convincing, perhaps because there is no insistence on melodramatic situations. The scene is simply a newer and a less bitter "Design for Living." Warner Baxter is a good successful surgeon who has grown to depend very much on his assistant, Virginia Bruce. He gets Loretta Young as a patient when she falls from a horse, and she is very charming and he marries her. Both women then are in love with Baxter, and both are supremely necessary to his happiness—Loretta in a physical capacity, Virginia professionally. This situation is worked out for you with such simplicity, with such lack of dramatics, with such humor that you believe implicitly in the truth of every single scene.

Loretta is completely charming; Miss Bruce handles ably a tough assignment, and Baxter although at times a bit fatigued, does a convincing job.



BACK IN CIRCULATION—Warners

AGAIN this studio makes cinema material that is pointed at natural audience sympathy for those who are about to die. Less dramatic and artistic than "They Won't Forget," this picture deals again with the part newspaper people play in railroading innocent persons to death.

Remarkably good as the woman reporter is wise-cracking Joan Blondell, who helps tabloid editor Pat O'Brien build up a maze of circumstantial evidence against show girl Margaret Lindsay, unjustly accused of murdering her husband. After the damage is done, Joan is convinced of the girl's innocence, works hard to save her.

There is good production work in the opening train crash and suspense throughout is well paced.



FIRST LADY—Warners

HERE is one of your favorite stage plays nicely translated to celluloid. For those of you who have no interest in politics this brutal satire on Washington folk and their machinations will hold little fascination. The cat chat between the women, however, should hold universal appeal. Kay Francis, multi-gowned as usual, does a brilliant job as the ambitious wife of Preston Foster, Secretary of State. She wants the Presidency for him, but her intrigue goes awry and she almost nominates Walter Connolly, pedantic old court justice.

Verree Teasdale, as Connolly's philandering wife, gives the most outstanding performance of her career. Louise Fazenda is a photograph of the typical clubwoman and each supporting player is good.



★ **100 MEN AND A GIRL**—Universal

IN her second picture, charming Deanna Durbin keeps faith with the many friends she won by her screen debut in "Three Smart Girls." Much is demanded of the young actress in the way of both acting and singing, but she comes through with flying colors.

As Patsy Cardwell, daughter of an unemployed trombone player, Adolphe Menjou, she is an engaging Mary-Mixup in her efforts to organize an orchestra composed of her father and ninety-nine other jobless musicians. The men's only chance to get wealthy Eugene Pallette to act as their sponsor depends on persuading Leopold Stokowski to direct them in a concert-hall appearance. So Miss Deanna goes to work, using her ingenuity and her lovely young voice, to obtain the renowned Philadelphia symphony leader's consent, and finally, by a clever trick, obtains a hearing for her protégés.

The picture is a natural for all lovers of fine music. It is a rare treat to listen to the country's finest symphony orchestra play such a classic as Liszt's "Second Hungarian Rhapsody," and to hear Deanna Durbin sing Mozart's "Alleluja" with full orchestral accompaniment. And while the director, Henry Koster, allows us this privilege, he has by no means neglected the story, for the music and singing are carefully blended into the plot development.

Leopold Stokowski again gives a satisfactory close-up of how a famous conductor looks and acts both on and off the concert stage. It's perfect.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY



SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT—Grand National



MAKE A WISH—RKO-Radio



ANNAPOLIS SALUTE—RKO-Radio

JAMES CAGNEY'S newest picture is built on the "Star is Born" theme, presenting him as a New York hooper gone Hollywood. Evelyn Daw (a graceful new singer) is his charming bride, Mona Barrie the actress-temptress, and Gene Lockhart the stubborn producer who brings Jimmy fame. You'll enjoy Cagney's natural portrayal, the generally fine production, the nice direction. Well recommended.

ONE of the weaker Bobby Breen vehicles, this takes the singing boy to a Maine camp where his silvery voice inspires Basil Rathbone, Broadway composer, to finish an operetta. The rest concerns itself with the friendship between the two and the return to glory on the stage of Bobby's mother, Marion Claire. It's a human little story and you'll find the music easy to hum.

HERE is a worthwhile, simply presented story of rival middies at Annapolis. James Ellison and Van Heflin, classmates, are in love with Marsha Hunt. Harry Carey, Ellison's father, objects to his son marrying, but when Jimmy accidentally involves Marsha in a scandal, both father and rival leap to his aid. Background flavor is refreshingly genuine, since the picture was made on the Academy campus.



ALL OVER TOWN—Republic



LIFE OF THE PARTY—RKO-Radio



LOVE IS ON THE AIR—Warners

OLSEN AND JOHNSON fans will love this bit of bright hysteria wrapped around two "angels" who attempt to back a Broadway show only to find themselves with a murder mystery on their hands. There in neither rhyme nor reason to any of it, but it's fun just the same. Franklin Pangborn is a panic as a swish designer. The boys themselves are twin riots, and there are some nice musical interludes.

JOE PENNER'S juvenile whimsy, Gene Raymond's blond hair and a half-dozen famous comedians are high lighted in this rather good musical. Harriet Hilliard, a socialite in search of a career, runs away from rich-boy Raymond. That's the thread of story which holds together a hodgepodge of specialty acts by Billy Gilbert, Parkyakarkus and Helen Broderick. Many laughs and some good songs.

MORE important than the story itself is the work of Ronald Reagan, who makes his screen bow in this tale of radio. Ronald, as the "Uncle Andy" of the kiddies' hour, finds himself plunged into a gangster's murder mystery. His fearless exposé of their schemes lands him the job of radio commentator. June Travis is attractive as the girl. Excellent cast throughout. (Continued on page 79)



BAD GUY—M-G-M

"BAD GUY" equals bad picture. Bruce Cabot, in real life much reformed, plays an unholy fellow who, after getting into scrape after scrape, comes to aid Cabot, and reaps his reward in the love of pretty Virginia Grey. Somehow you like Bruce better, though you know you shouldn't. Our advice is that you don't give any of it another thought.

PHOTOPLAY *Fashions* BY GWENN WALTERS

Claudette Colbert's gown, designed by Travis Banton, stresses a new circular silhouette with backless draped bodice. The skirt accents the importance of slimness in repose, dramatic fullness in motion



COOL BEAUTY

Orry Kelly shows how charming the lowered waistline can be in this gown, designed for Anita Louise in "First Lady." The white velveteen bodice, with short sleeves and high round neck, is quilted in gold thread and the skirt is a cloud of white chiffon. Flat mother-of-pearl buttons are inspirational ornaments



Over a simple beige frock Anita wears a wide-shouldered white fox cape which has been treated to resemble lynx. A brown pillbox, brown gloves and brown shoes add contrast to this chic ensemble



TAKEN BY STORME



This season fur achieves upmost importance when combined with fabric. For Sandra Storme, Paramount newcomer, to wear in "Sophie Lang Goes West," Edith Head designed a spectator sport or street ensemble of leopard and Kelly green nubbed wool. The sleeveless jacket with front of leopard is held snugly at the waist by a stitched belt of the dress fabric. A calot, on the back of Sandra's blonde tresses, has the casual chic of youth



This hat is worn back on June's head and juts daringly into the air. Fashioned of alternating stripes of velvet and felt, it is trimmed with a stiff double bow of the contrasting fabrics



June Lang, who lends feminine charm to Eddie Cantor's 20th Century-Fox musical, "Ali Baba Goes to Town," selects black styled with youthful chic for that dressy, informal frock so important in fall wardrobes. Short-sleeved, its simple lines are relieved by a deep white vestee of ruffled satin and a large clip of brilliants. On the left is a close-up of the smart hat which completes a perfect autumn costume



June's extravagantly veiled turret-shaped hat of black felt with accent of Irish green grosgrain ribbon carries out the new trend toward high, brimless hats, veiled for day or night, and combining two or more colors



Simplicity is the keyword of smart fashion for the career girl or student. Fabric should be selected for durability and trim should assure chic contrast. Helen Taylor created two such practical costumes for Joan Blondell to wear in "Stand-In." Joan's rust sheer wool with sand crepe collar, front panel and underlay pockets, is suitable for office wear

Her two-piece pajamas are neatly tailored of printed challis vibrant with coloring of red and green to assure cheer at home when the outside world is bleak and cold. The revers and sleeve bandings are of red



PHOTOPLAY'S

FASHION PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MONTH

BECAUSE

—this three-piece ensemble of homespun with its well-chosen accessories steps smartly into the wardrobe of any climate and any part of it may easily combine with other costumes to reappear with equal chic

—two colors interwoven are smarter than one and Virginia Bruce's two-piece tailored frock carries both copper and cinnamon tones. The collarless swagger coat is striped in copper, tangerine and rust

—embroidery on hats is a new fashion note and Virginia carries an emblem of tangerine and gilt on the front of her brown felt toque from John-Fredericks. The large bag and tie oxfords are of brown suède. Virginia is currently appearing in M-G-M's "Bad Man of Brimstone"



Tailored street frocks of woolen declare a new note of formality with their trims of glitter and their demand for hats shadowed by veils. Right, silver kidskin is appliquéd on double pockets to brighten Virginia's black wool frock neatly tailored with a Peter Pan collar and five-eighth length sleeves. Silver dots spot the veil of her black antelope hat which is trimmed in front with silver kidskin



Gold kidskin combines with brown wool, left, to fashion another daytime costume. The frock, which boasts front skirt fullness, long tight sleeves, simple blouse and tiny roll collar, is belted in gold kidskin studded with multicolor jewels. The lovely Bruce's brown antelope hat from John-Frederics hides beneath a veil dotted with gold to match the tiny kidskin bow which trims the hat



The tunic, sheath and bouffant silhouettes share equal honors for gala evening fashion. Travis Banton created a tunic gown of midnight blue taffeta shot with threads of silver for Carole Lombard to wear in "Nothing Sacred." Tiny straps hold the fitted bodice. The sheath underskirt is slit in front to allow graceful movement. Carole's clips, bracelet and ring of blood rubies give exquisite color accent to the gown



Gwen Wakeling sprinkled the skirt of this short-sleeved bouffant gown of white tulle, worn by Loretta Young in "Wife, Doctor and Nurse," with myriads of tiny mirrors, silver beads and brilliants, and clustered a flexible corsage of them at the deep V-décolletage. The skirt, six layers deep, falls over a petticoat of horsehair braid

PHOTOPLAY'S FASHION CLUB STYLES

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on Page 88



FOR SPORTS Mary Carlisle, playing in Paramount's "Hold 'Em Navy," wears a frock of light-brown wool crepe with draped, shirred bodice, sleeves shirred at seams and belt of material to accent back. Corded ties have very amusing cork ornaments

FOR LUNCHEON, or afternoon, this short-sleeved black satin-back crepe dress is sure to fill the bill. Important detail is supplied by an interesting tucked bodice treatment, as well as a belt of crepe embroidered in gold and studded with colorful stones

BLACK CREPE and velvet combine in this "date" dress (upper right). High neckline, widened long sleeves and panel drapery in front are important. A metal clasp studded with rhinestones serves to highlight the bodice

FOR STADIUM, for classroom, or for fall street wear, this taupe shirtmaker frock of homespun is perfect. Tiny jeweled studs and narrow rows of fringed selvage add interest to the front. Calfskin belt matches dress





an Parker, star of "The Bar-
," chooses her fall hats



This tag identifies an original
Photoplay Hollywood Fashion

PHOTOPLAY PRESENTS A PRE-VUE OF HOLLYWOOD HAT FASHIONS

Especially becoming to Jean's Juliet type of hairdress is the off-the-face black felt turban with embroidered stitching and two colored whips (above). A new version of the pillbox is this brown felt tricorné with gold buckles adding a smart metal accent. The crown is shallow and stitching again adds subtle detail on tabs of the felt across the front and right side (above, right). Brown felt with swagger lines is just right for sportswear. Air tucking adds the detail and a silver buckle fastens the band of brown belting ribbon around the crown



ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS PRESENTS JOAN CRAWFORD STARRING IN THE DRAMATIC RISE OF A SELF-MADE STAR

PART TWO

THE Joan Crawford of today is familiar to all the world—the elegant and glamorous lady whose name spells millions a year at the box office, who is surrounded by the aura of fame, who has become a great and finished artist to whom all doors are open.

But it wasn't always so.

A short twelve years ago—ten years ago when the drums rolled and the saxophones moaned and the floor cleared, there was a redheaded girl, chewing gum, who used to do the Charleston. Sometimes you thought she never stopped doing it. Even at lunch at the Montmartre, when the band played, she danced—her skirts above her knees, her red hair flying. Strangers watched and marveled at her grace and vitality, but those of us who lived in the movie capital, looked, sometimes shrugged, and went on talking. We had seen Joan Crawford doing the Charleston before. I remember once going to a very large party where the guest of honor was an English earl of great wealth and prestige. Someone had brought Joan Crawford and she did the Charleston and he was simply entranced and begged to know who she was. Only ten years ago.

The hey-hey girl. The jazz baby. "I used to be pretty harum-scarum in those days," Joan said later, very gently. Yes, she was harum-scarum. Madcap Joan Crawford.

Remember a dance called the Black Bottom? Joan was one of its first great exponents. She illustrated it with pictures so other people would know how. Hands on hips, knees bent, one foot on the floor, she begins.

Joan Crawford had twenty-seven silver cups on the shelf in her dressing room at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. When she gave up the Charleston for the Lindy Hop in 1927, it was news. Winner of fourteen Charleston contests in a row was her record. The Santa Monica Beach Club offered a membership to the winner of its Charleston contest, and the movie stars stood around and applauded while an extra-girl bit player named Joan Crawford, dressed all in black, her red hair flying, won it from hundreds of eager girls.

The New York chorus girl called Lucille LeSueur, formerly little Billie Cassin of Kansas City, who had been, as she said herself, almost a slavey, was making Hollywood sit up and take notice. But it wasn't exactly the right kind of notice.

Today Joan Crawford is the patroness of the Philharmonic Orchestra in Los Angeles. Her home in Brentwood is the favorite spot of the stars of the musical world. She has her box at the Hollywood Bowl and when she walks down to it—lovely, poised, gracious—a little ripple runs through the vast audience.

But through her life, right up to this present moment, runs a mad strain of the music that is nearer to the pulse of the people. Joan loves swing music, today, as she loved jazz in its day. Dance music seems to bind her incredible life story together with a sort of thread.

A few weeks ago, Joan sat alone one night in a little cabin where she was on location for her latest picture, "The Bride Wore Red." The snow was piled up to the window sills. The wind whistled outside. Inside, there was

*Only. Life could write the
dramatic scenes of heartbreak,
glamour, chance that changed
a madcap girl into a star*

a small iron stove and beside it sat Joan Crawford, wrapped in furs, with her bare feet right up against it. For hours, in that cold, still night, the phonograph played on—the latest swing music.

When she works, one man is employed to do nothing but keep the phonograph going every moment she isn't actually before the camera. Bill Gargan told me that when they were making "Rain"—on location at Catalina Island—she played Bing Crosby records all day and all night, until he almost went crazy.

Only when the tears must flow, the music changes—to something deep and magnificent, Wagner or Beethoven or Chopin.

She must have music wherever she goes. It's never failed her. It's almost part of her.

WATCH now, the unfolding of this perfect story of Hollywood. Watch the dramatic scenes that are the perfection of their kind, the casting of the other characters, the play of heartbreak and tragedy, of glamour and

chance, that lead to the great Joan Crawford of today.

A New York night club.

By way of Chicago—where, as you remember, she had landed with two dollars in her purse, alone and friendless, and procured a job in a cheap little night spot called, I think, the Friars.

New York and the Winter Garden and the Club Richman. The Winter Garden three afternoons and six nights a week—Harry Richman's famous night spot from midnight until seven in the morning.

It's funny, but I hardly ever watch the floor show in a New York night club today without thinking of Joan Crawford, wondering if there is any girl in that line-up who might reach as great heights from such a beginning, wondering if an all-seeing eye could spot such a girl through all the noise and lights and artificial good times.

As an all-seeing eye spotted Joan back in 1924.

One night a quiet little man with silver hair sat at a ringside table. His name was Harry Rapf and he was and is one of Hollywood's great producers, one of the men who make Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer what it is.

And the great producer saw that one particular chorus girl, separate from all the others. A break for her, sure. But she must have had something that made her stand out from the rest of the girls who were doing just what she was doing, dancing, kidding the customers, turning on a dazzling smile, turning on the old pep.

She wasn't, believe me, the sleek and glamorous Joan of today. A little overweight, crude, terribly young, still Middle Western. When Joan Crawford comes to New York today, it's a sensation. She has suites at the exclusive Waldorf, the Walter Chryslers give glorified parties for the Creation of Society in her honor, her name shows on front pages and twinkles over Broadway. But then she was just a lonely, homesick kid from Kansas City, doing her best to make a living in the Big Town, without backing or pull or much opportunity. Catching distant glimpses of the celebrities and stars peeking into the windows of the big, rich stores, walking breathlessly along Park Avenue, one of the crowd, and going home to her hall bedroom to make herself dresses out of the cheap materials she bought in bargain basements.

What did Harry Rapf see in the girl that made him give her a movie contract as a stock extra girl?

I asked him once and he told me that two

things struck him, two things made Joan Crawford stand out. That brilliant, vibrating vitality—the joy of living that animated her and made her so terrifically *alive*; and the real structural beauty of her face and body, a thing much more lasting, much more sure than any mere prettiness of the flesh.

Later, when Joan was Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and had been admitted to the sacred portals of Pickfair, Mary Pickford, who knows as much about movies as anyone alive, mentioned that same structural beauty to me. We were sitting beside the swim-

ming pool at Fairford, the beach home of Doug and Mary, watching Joan sun herself. And Mary said, "You know, Joan has the most perfect bone structure I have ever seen. That's what makes her camera perfect." That, I suppose, was what made her the modern Venus whose measurements were to be compared so often with those of the immortal Greek statues.

So Joan Crawford went to Hollywood as an extra girl. Went through the big gates as just one of the mob—the very same gates

that today swing wide to Metro's ranking star, the darling of the box office and the pet of the powers that be, Miss Joan Crawford. In the newspapers of 1925-26 you will find pictures of a girl in a Christmas costume climbing down a chimney, of a girl being blown up by Fourth of July fireworks. If you look carefully, down in the corner in small type will find the words, "Posed by Joan Crawford of M-G-M." And lots of pictures of Joan doing the Black Bottom, the Charleston, the Lindy Hop.

(Continued on page 75)

This dancing daughter who loved life and lived it defiantly, grew up when she fell in love with young Doug Fairbanks



A new note of barbaric glitter is found in the natural oak wood necklace studded with jewels and gold to dramatize the sports frock designed by Kalloch for Luli Deste to wear in "I Married an Artist"

gold kidskin; or trim a tweed with jeweled pockets?

The tailored suit and untrimmed frock of wool do not "bow out" with the advent of glittering fashion. Rather do they triumph as perfect "background" costumes for important accessories which have never before been so gala.

Handbags claim the spotlight. They are as large as overnight cosmetic cases and almost as complete in their elaborate fittings. Some of these bags are styled of leathers to match your shoes and others duplicate the fabrics of your hats.

Howard Shoup accents a black, grey and French blue tweed suit designed for Jane Wyman to wear in "Larger Than Life" with an "eighteen inch" oval bag of black lizard plus suit buttons and four-eyelet oxfords of the same leather.

Sweaters in contrast colors have smartly replaced blouses as complement for sport suits. The collarless, single-breasted jacket of Jane's suit mentioned above conceals a cashmere sweater of French blue to match the thread of the tweed.

Novelty tailleurs are rare indeed, but here's one that sounds like a grand college fashion. Eleanor Powell is stepping smartly about town in a West Point cadet suit of blue with gold buttons and braid, telling everyone she "swiped" the idea from Dolly Tree who designed the identical suit for Eleanor to wear in "Rosalie."

NO need to worry this season if your wardrobe budget does not include new furs, for cloth coats and suits with cuffs, yokes, bands, ascots and panels of fur win top favor.

For Simone Simon to wear in "Love and Hisses," Royer does a full-length coat of beige woolen in combination with Safari brown Alaska sealskin. The sealskin, carefully tumbled so that it closely resembles the suppleness of velvet, is moulded into a deep circular back yoke, softly gathered three-quarter length cape sleeves and full-length front panels. The coat has skirt fullness and is squeezed in at the waist with a matching fabric belt.

Casual coats of gay, striped woolen are bound to bring cheer into dull winter days.

Orry Kelly selected white and yellow stripes on a grey background for a full-length, unfurred sport coat he designed for Kay Francis to wear in "Return From Limbo." And what a clothes picture that will be! Kay wears twenty-eight striking costumes.

With a season full of dazzlingly fashions be mindful lest you fail to heed the "stop and look" warning as you plan your wardrobe.

Large waistlines should not be girdled in glistening belts of jewels; frocks that are moulded below the waistline with gathers, drapes or shirings are only for those who have thirty-six inch hips or less; short skirts are not becoming when legs are not shapely, and all-over plaids in coats, dresses and skirts give added weight.



LETTER

BY GWENN WALTERS

THERE'S glitter and sparkle in the clothes that the stars are wearing in Hollywood's parade of first winter fashion.

Somber black, so uninviting and yet so important to chic, has taken on new life as it is glorified this season with trims of jewels, gold and silver kidskin and metallics. Appliqué work, embroideries and belts of these glistening mediums distinguish daytime and sports frocks as well as gowns for afternoon and evening.

Gwen Wakeling embroiders epaulets and yoke motif of gold lamé with heavy gold braid and adds encrustations of varicolored

stones to accent a black velvet dinner gown she designed for Loretta Young to wear in "Wife, Doctor and Nurse."

Kalloch introduces this note of gilt and glitter in a collar and bracelet of natural wood studded with jewels and gold to give lively interest to an amber tweed frock designed for Luli Deste, Columbia's exotic foreign star, who will appear opposite John Boles in "I Married An Arist."

Why not captivate Hollywood's "brilliant" idea and embroider a motif on one of your plain frocks using jewel-tone metallic thread centers to replace encrustations of jewels; appliqué and girdle a dark wool with

HOLLYWOOD'S JUNIOR LEGION

A CHILDREN'S PAGE
 Edited from Hollywood by
MARIANNE



Marianne, editor of this page, is a favorite author for children all over the country and has a total of twelve thousand children readers

The Junior Movie Colony invites the young readers of PHOTOPLAY to share their thrill in meeting and having tea with a beautiful young starlet

WE of the Junior Legion love special occasions, so it was extremely extra special to Sybil Jason, Cora Sue Collins and myself when we had the privilege of having our tea in Anita Louise's back yard. Tea in someone else's back yard is always better than in your own, anyway, but in Anita Louise's it's—well, extra, extra special.

Sybil helped Anita pour tea for Cora Sue and me. We were really the honor guests. We had talked it over and decided it was no more than right that we should be, and you'll agree when I tell you how it was. I was feeling sorry for myself because I had written a new book in which there were lots and lots of pictures of Anita Louise and Sybil Jason. You see what happened, don't you? You're perfectly right! Nobody ever reads my book, they just look at the pictures. Bobby Breen even said to me, "Why should we look at just plain words when Miss Louise and Sybil are so beautiful?" I hope Bobby was only trying to tease me, but he might not have been, so I was very glad to have the extra special tea.

We all went in costume. Sybil looked sweet in her Scotch Highland togs. Anita was dressed as Titania, the fairy queen, while Cora Sue was a little Colonial girl. I wore my Chasseur Alpine soldier suit. We read fortunes, as usual, from the teacups, and Cora Sue and I presented Sybil and Anita with their very first Junior Legion Albums, autographed and inscribed by all the Legionnaires. After that we took snapshots of each other. See what I have to say about those snapshots at the close of this article.

THE Junior Legion does love Anita Louise. She is not yet old enough to be sophisticated, but just the right age to seem gloriously grown-up to very little girls like Cora Sue and Sybil. Descended from one of the old royal families of Alsace-Lorraine, she has been brought up in an atmosphere of culture and old-world tradition. Unlike most young girls of today, she is nearly always accompanied wherever she goes, by a chaperone or her mother, and she still has that shy sweet smile and charming manner which I hope she will never lose. Anita has a great talent for playing the harp and is considered the finest of the young artists. She



It was for a gala occasion that Sybil Jason donned special Highland togs

delighted us with the most entrancing music imaginable and as she sat there with the sunlight on her golden hair and in her sparkling blue eyes, I thought that she must certainly be someone from an old-fashioned fairy tale, and not a real girl at all. I'm very much afraid that I, as well as Cora Sue and Sybil, have joined the Anita Louise worshipers.

SYBIL JASON is amusement enough for any party. I can't help laughing at her; she has such an entertaining way of saying, "My word!" and "Ripping!" and "I love Mr. Pat O'Brien and Mr. Dick Powell." I happen to know which of the two gentlemen she likes best, but I promised faithfully I wouldn't tell, and I won't either, not, anyway, so long as Sybil keeps on being as nice to me as she has been so far. I'd hate to get Mr. Powell and Mr. O'Brien all upset.

One day, Mr. Powell visited Sybil on the set where she was working with Pat O'Brien. Was he ever given a royal welcome! Mr. O'Brien didn't say anything but he did look hurt, very hurt. Finally the caller left and Sybil walked over to Pat. "You said you'd be my girl," he accused, gloomily, "and now you say you're his girl."

"My word, Mr. O'Brien," said Sybil plaintively, "you just can't tell when I'm fooling, can you?"

Sybil has never acquired the rude habit of addressing older persons by their given names. Everyone is Mister or Miss and, while she is very friendly, she manages to keep thoroughly intact that British dignity of hers. When she pays a call she stays forty minutes and leaves on the dot. She doesn't talk much, but her funny little crooked smile and quaint ways make you just wish you could keep her.

One day, as luck would have it, during a ball game with some of the children, the ball went sailing straight through an irate neighbor's window. The other youngsters ran, but Sybil didn't. After a while the lady went back into her house and brought out a big red apple and handed it to her.

"What did you say to her?" chorused the children when she returned to them.

"I didn't say much of anything," replied Sybil. "I just stood still and acted polite, then she gave me this apple."

Sybil lives with her Uncle Harry in a big house in Hollywood, set away back on a sloping lawn. She is taught by a private tutor and looked after by a soft-voiced colored girl, who takes great pride in caring for her nursery and tiny frocks. Sybil's dresses are mostly plain and tailored and she wears black patent leather slippers and white socks. Sometimes, when she shops, she is allowed to choose her dresses for herself, but she is never allowed to argue or be naughty if her choice isn't approved of by her Uncle Harry. British children must always be obedient.

All British children do have so much admiration for their parents and guardians. Sybil made one remark that made me see
 (Continued on page 94)

They Love Movies, Too

(Continued from page 17)

movies have had a widespread showing. Some travelers tell me that American movie publicity abroad has caused a loosening up of morals. Others believe it's been responsible for a spreading of the doctrine of world friendship and peace. These latter argue that people who live in constant dread of their neighbors a scant hundred miles away forget their fear (a cause of war) when they see how freely we live in America. Of course, many of our pictures give an exaggerated idea of the typical American to the desperately poor and undernourished of the world who see them, the result being that in each American he visualizes a millionaire. He cannot differentiate, because every American picture he has ever seen has illustrated us thus.

It is quite evident in Russia that no one knows anything about America except what Russia's leaders want him to know. Although Russians do have movies, so few people go to them (except to their local newsreels) that the average Russian will actually stop an American on the street, even in some of the large interior cities, and examine him from head to foot like some new animal. If they attended foreign movies more regularly, their opinion of us would no doubt be more accurate, and their attitude a more natural one.

The many times I have interviewed Stalin, I have never found him changed much, insofar as his attitude toward American films is concerned. Twice I have sat alongside him while he watched some American-made films, and never heard him even grunt one way or the other. One of the films I saw with him was "Private Lives." When he was asked for his opinion of it afterwards, he refused it. The picture was, as usual, "rejected."

Charlie Chaplin's "Modern Times," which I saw Charlie make more than a year ago in Hollywood and San Pedro, was the only American picture I ever remember having seen in Moscow. This film packed the theater and was shown twenty-four hours a day. On the other hand, right across the Russian border in Finland, President Svinhufvud told me he permitted almost all American films to be shown in his little country; and that throughout the winter they have a wide picture value. For in winter there are but three or four hours of daylight in the middle of the day, so that picture shows are extremely well patronized. I don't think there is a nation in Europe today that attends American movies as thoroughly as do the Finns, nor one whose towns and ways of life are so wholesomely American.

Much of the guerilla warfare in Spain I blame personally on American movies. A broad statement, and yet one which I feel sure other American correspondents who saw what I did there in 1936-37 will uphold. Class hatreds in Latin nations are more fiery and prone to be aroused than they are elsewhere. For months before the wholesale murder in terrified Spain broke out, the countryside fairly seethed with gangster films.

One night in Burgos, Rebel headquarters, in August, 1936, I sat in a filthy flea-bitten movie house and saw Generals Mola and Franco, two of the Fascist supreme command, watch one of the most bloodcurdling gang-moll American films I ever remember seeing. Outside, I could fairly hear the rat-a-tat of machine guns mowing down the prisoners, none of whom was ever set free.

Years before, I had watched a showing of "Henry the VIII" in the gorgeous Imperial Palace in Madrid when Alfonso was King. Exactly one year later to the day, I sat with Zamora, Spain's first president; a few hours after he had overthrown Alfonso, and in the very same room of the palace saw on the screen this time a film depicting the most proper of Hollywood society problem plays; later I listened to the new president tell me how he proposed to reorganize Spain, in order that she, too, might live life as Americans did. Again the movies had played an important part in a drama of foreign affairs.

Many Mexican presidents from Calles down the line had been filling my ears with sweet film nothings for many, many years. When Ortiz Rubio was shot I happened to be within twenty feet of the shooting. Somehow I managed to wedge my way back to his house with him. From that incident developed a friendship which was for a time most propitious, journalistically speaking. From him I learned the Mexican reaction to films. It was interesting to know that they laughed at "Pancho

proudly told the "journalists" present that she expected another heir to the Royal Family very, very soon. That evening she and her popular husband took the Queen Mother to see "Turn Off the Moon!"

And a few days before this up in Copenhagen the beloved King of Denmark had astonished half his court by attending a Laurel and Hardy comedy at a neighborhood beach theater, when his country was celebrating his silver jubilee! But I wasn't surprised, for back in July, 1936, we'd been seatmates in a Copenhagen city theater at a widely advertised comedy, "A Gentleman Goes to the City," which, when I returned to America, I learned was none other than Gary Cooper's simply swell "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town!"

SOME years before, down in Athens, Greece, I had had a near pugilistic encounter with Premier Tsaldaris, the then leader of his nation, who swore that American social themes in movies were "so overdone as to be nauseating to ordinarily decent people." Yet a few years later the reinstated king of Greece,

lon, where I once interviewed the Grand High Priest and Keeper of Buddha's Tooth, I was nearly knocked over backwards to have him ask me if I like to see Shirley Temple in a picture. We were miles from civilization, but sooner had he announced his plans than natives appeared from everywhere, and we were watching little Shirley act and talk just as if I'd been at my old friend Rob Wagner's, in Beverly Hills, and Shirley and her sweet parents had just walked into the room.

Travel where I might in the past two or three years, I found Shirley's popularity ever gaining. She is the only film star about whom there is no argument, though, in foreign popularity, Deanna Durbin, little star of 1936, isn't faring badly either. Last year in China, I went one afternoon to a very American looking motion-picture theater. After the film, I was invited to the home of T. V. Soong, China's J. P. Morgan. There I recognized my next-seat neighbor of the afternoon as China's most powerful war lord, Chiang Kai-shek. We'd both been watching Deanna Durbin in "Three Smart Girls."

THE Emperor of Japan is more like Stalin in his public ways, but I'm told by members of the diplomatic corps in Tokio that he and his Empress and his official concubines often see the best major American productions. The American pictures that are shown in Japan have a special interpreter for the Japanese audience.

Having been in France over a long period of years, I have discovered these habits among the movie fans there: Lebrun, president of the Republic, cannot attend frequently, but American movies are shown every Friday evening at the Elysée (White House); France's foreign minister, Delbos, is a Shirley Temple admirer; Herriot, many times past-premier and recently president of the French Senate, swears by Charlie Chaplin, whom, like the rest of the French, he calls "Charlot."

No story would be complete without the mention of Mussolini's name. American films are, he thinks, for the most part, outrageously disturbing; and only a few inoffensive and innocuous ones are permitted to enter Italy.

But up in the lands of the midnight sun, Norway and Sweden, two very popular kings pass on practically every single film that bears the American censor's mark. Gustaf of Sweden sees an average of four American-made movies a week; and Haakon of Norway goes him one better and sometimes squeezes in, what with matinees and things of that sort, eight American pictures a week, during the long cold dark winter days.

While in our own United States, President Roosevelt frequently entertains dinner guests by special showings of popular films. Nor does his sense of humor desert him when it comes to selecting the proper film for the evening's entertainment, as witness his choice of "Gold Diggers"—with which to entertain the ambassadors of Great Britain, France, Italy, and Germany. Shortly before, these nations had once again defaulted on their debt payment!

But the wily Chief Executive plays no favorites. Mrs. Roosevelt, however, bows like the rest of the world to the charm of Miss Temple and even mentioned her twice in her column, "My Day," for her work in "Wee Willie Winkie."

NEXT MONTH!

BABIES RAISE HELL ON THE SET

It's a hilarious revelation, magnificent fun—this yarn by Lupton Wilkinson, explaining those "little bundles from heaven" and their not so heavenly antics when frantic directors place them on the set and shout, "Coo . . ."

Villa," the film which everyone in America thought great.

FEW people knew that the late King of the Belgians was an inveterate moviegoer whenever American mystery films appeared. He worshipped at the shrine of Bill Powell and is said to have seen "The Thin Man" eleven times.

Hitler often goes into the censorship booth with Goering, presumably to watch the latest antics of non-Aryan American actors. I'm told, though I have no proof for this statement, that the Marx Brothers are his favorites; however, his national policy allows him to pass upon only a very few, very dull American pictures. It might interest you to know that five years ago he expelled me from Germany for making a film which showed interiors of concentration camps.

Ever since his abdication from the German throne the Kaiser has had a regular biweekly ration of American films. As far back as 1927 I well remember chronicling the American-made projection machine in the golden drawing room of Huis Doorne in Holland. Here every Wednesday and Saturday nights for the past nineteen years, the man who broke up the world's equilibrium in 1914 watches patiently and eagerly the most excellent American or British films of the week. I was back there again this summer, but the Kaiser was out in the farmyard of his 120 acre estate gathering the royal eggs from atop a haystack, and didn't have anything to say. So there!

But the Princess Juliana and her Consort at the Hague were being photographed on the same day, and she had

an ardent Walt Disney admirer, told me the reverse. So whom can we believe?

Turkey, of all the nations in Europe today, with the possible exception of Russia, is making the fastest rise to American standards of modernity. This is due primarily to Kemal Pasha's attitude on foreign affairs. Istanbul and Ankara are rapidly being rebuilt into up-to-date Americanized cities. I know of no capital city in the whole world today as clean and modern as Ankara, save Nanking, China, and Washington, D. C. Turkey wants the American movie, while Russia does not. Everywhere you go throughout the old Ottoman Empire, you'll see little Turkish girls wearing the same hairdress and clothes as the girls featured in American films.

In 1930, after a perilous flight over the Sahara Desert from a point not far from Cairo, I dropped out of the heavens in a French Army plane upon a marvelous tented city. More than 100,000 Bedouins were said to live here. Their chieftain, I was told, was king of the many roving North African tribes. He granted me a regal interview, and later invited me to a twenty-three course banquet. After it was over he fell asleep in a sheltered little open place between many carpeted tents. As he awoke a squeaky noise that sounded like an old-fashioned phonograph awoke me too, and there, before our eyes, was unfolded one of the earliest Charlie Chaplin films I ever remembered having seen. And, three years later, down at Suez, one of the world's most heathen spots, I ran into the king of Transjordan, laughing himself silly at Charlie's antics.

Even on the wondrous island of Cey-

The Answer to Shirley Temple's Future

(Continued from page 26)

way with her work in pictures. "Everybody loves all good children," she told, from the first, and grew to that this extravagance of attention was merely an expected development of a very good child's childhood.

Eight, after all, a very great age, past five, and one impression still retains is the simple one of a child who tries to be good, and mannerly, will be loved. A simple and understandable one, that because people see her in that they are curious to see her though this curiosity she does, feel is a "bit thick."

Last summer's circus was in London, for instance, the problem of how she might be taken to

er," she said, "don't you think people will just know how much I see the circus and let me alone to see it?"

Optimism proved to be prophecy, only with the aid of a police. Although Shirley's own interpretation credited the police with guaranteeing the people, safety from the rather than to Shirley Temple, from the people.

First playtime with Shirley was after "Little Miss Marker" had her an overnight sensation of four. Already her nursery room and wardrobe were run over with priceless gifts from admirers and manufacturers: frocks of various chiffon, of velvet and lace, of sheerest handmade linen; toys with actual motors; life-size dolls to walk, talk and cry. Already her mail was some four hundred per day.

Her outdoor playhouse (two rooms, a porch and complete miniature) she was absorbed, the day I saw her, in the contents of one of her father's four hundred letters, a pencil-drawn doll made of ordi- nary paper with six crayon col- ors. The little girl who sent the Shirley is four years older now. I received no answer, for Shirley's letters have always been too overwhelming. But, little girl, whoever you are, Shirley loved that pencil-made doll very much. She named it Anna- and it lived in her playhouse and she had her naps, her mealtimes and her hours for many a day.

For the three of us, Shir- abelle and myself, she arranged a tea party with her Mickey Mouse dishes, the menu consisting actu- ally of nothing at all, although she urged me to help myself to as much as I

please," she said, "don't use the fork. It takes so long to get it back and the fork is a ring."

Marked that her playhouse was the best I had ever seen.

"I suppose you'd think so," she said, "compared to Gloria and Peggy because their faucets turn on water. But I like my house best, because all my children live

in my picture taking had become a bore only with fortitude. Dur- ing teatime she saw a studio man arriving for stills.

"Dear," she sighed, "we'll just have to let him take 'em. It doesn't do any harm to shut the door and pretend we're home. I tried it yesterday."

Evidently, capably, graciously, she

sat, stood, played, smiled, for half a hun- dred pictures, an almost daily routine which already she took as much for granted as ordinary children do the bor- ing business of ear and elbow washing.

She told me, that day, about another tiny house which belongs to her; the bungalow which had just been built for her at the studio, a house of four rooms and bath all just a size or two smaller than your house or mine would be. A white bungalow it is, with rose-covered gables, a latticed gate, bird houses above, a rope swing on a daisy-specked lawn, a bunny house, a Persian kitten pen, a high white picket fence surround- ing the half acre of additional play- ground. And one day later, as she proudly showed me the details of this, her own personal estate, she took me

she was as responsive to the brightness and fun of it, and as gracious in her thanks, as for the diamond bracelet charms and the electrically lighted doll houses to which she is quite accustomed.

But her life, after all, is a simple one: morning bath and breakfast, a little play with big brother George, or the nurse, or Ching, her Pekinese puppy, then les- sons (at the studio if she is working, and at home if she is not), more play, a swim before dinner in her blue swim- ming pool at the end of the rock garden at home; dinner and tag, hopscotch or tennis with her dad, then an hour of reading, curled in his lap... until eight o'clock bedtime.

Little aware is this quiet, busy child of what the name and fame of Shirley Temple means; little conscious of a

star since all her best friends are also stars.

I asked her once how it seemed to see herself walking, talking—*alive* upon the screen.

"Well," she said, after a moment's thought, "maybe I can get you a part in a picture and then you'll *know* how it seems."

Actually, there is but one abnormal detail in the life of the child who holds the unique position of being the world's Number One Box-Office attraction, this detail of mob adulation which precludes her ever being allowed just the ordi- nary fun of going ordinary places. Though, of course, since she knows nothing whatever about such plebeian joys as browsing past toy shop coun- ters, or romping down the block to sit on a high stool in the corner drugstore for that thrill of thrills, a pineapple soda, she doesn't actually miss these things or know that other children have them. And no doubt you think you would be quite willing to trade what you have that Shirley misses, for what you miss that Shirley has.

SHIRLEY is unusually spiritual. Long before she played her first rôle in pic- tures she knew and loved the Lord's Prayer. Her favorite stories have ever been those of her Bible book, the story especially of David who slew Goliath, because, she explains, the ending is such a good surprise.

She is a thoughtful child, sympathetic and tender; greatly concerned, just now, about the homeless children in Spain. Repeatedly she has seen to it that some of her money is sent to them.

Her very favorite color, she says, is blue and red and yellow and purple... and also green, she adds.

But she is a mischievous imp too, as mischievous as she is serious, forever scheming jokes to play on her dad dur- ing their evening hour together.

Shirley has never considered whether or not she will go on being an actress, probably because it has never occurred to her that her life could be planned without her profession. But she loves the studio, the friends she makes there, the fun of wearing costumes and of act- ing, and if decision ever rests with Shir- ley herself, it is most unlikely that her choice will be to give up the screen.

Which brings us back to our premise: will Shirley Temple be the first child star ever to have carried success through sweet thirteen, fourteen, fifteen?

If she were dependent upon the dim- ples and tears of her baby fame, the answer would undoubtedly be "No." But the Shirley Temple whom nobody knows is the Shirley we *are* to know, for under the tumbling curls of the world's littlest big star is a rare under- standing, an indescribable something which, in the final analysis, leaves mere prettiness far, far behind.

What is this something, you say? What then, does the exquisite and in- comparable Maude Adams possess? How did Eugene Field put together the immortal words of "Little Boy Blue?"

For that there is no answer. But if you're interested in our guess as to what the future holds for this tiny ce- lebrity, we'll gamble dollars to dough- nuts that we'll be looking backward with Shirley at eighteen on a career which has only begun, as we look back- ward with Shirley at eight—on a career which indeed will have set a new pace for all little stars who, by destiny, have to grow up.



Tiny Franciska Gaal, Hungarian screen star, gets her first American break opposite Fredric March in "The Buccaneer." "A youthful combination of Helen Hayes, Mary Pickford and Elisabeth Bergner," says De Mille about this newcomer

also for a walk around the studio park, the small central block of beauty in that eighty acre city of sound stages, offices, and laboratories. We stopped to look into the pool where a bevy of wind- blown magnolia leaves drifted on the water.

"Look," she said, after a minute, "the ocean is as big as this big pool, and the ships are as little as the leaves, and God can watch all of them just the way we are watching them now."

We followed a roundabout path back to the bungalow, came out of the park along the far end of the half acre of white fence.

"Well look," she exclaimed in sur- prise, "here's my little house still going on!"

MORE of the miracle of Shirley is that her surplus of extravagant thrills has robbed her of none of the usual eight-year-old's delight in gay trinkets. When, not so long ago, I took her a bouncing balloon from the ten cent store,

world of children who envy and idealize her, and who all over the world are buying Shirley Temple socks, Shirley Temple hairbows, Shirley Temple breakfast food, adding fame to her fame, money to her money, and success to her success; little aware that in a Los Angeles office, Mr. Loyd Wright, one of her several personal attorneys, is occupied all of every business day doing nothing at all but reading, investigating and an- swering requests from merchants, de- signers, creators and manufacturers of every country, to use Shirley Temple's name and photograph on still other products.

To Shirley herself it is no novelty that she is Shirley Temple. True she has had every toy, every gift, every luxury a child could possess. But other wealthy children have the same. She has a private governess, but so have other children. She sees every Shirley Temple picture, but so do many chil- dren, and to her it is neither event nor novelty that she appears in them as the

The Man Who Guides Norma Shearer's Fatherless Children

(Continued from page 21)

liance of Hollywood, to plan the course she must take in rebuilding her life. Predictions were made about her: that she would sell the Santa Monica house because the associations which pervaded its walls were unbearable; that she would never make another picture; that she would go to Europe and live quietly; that she would exercise the enormous power her stock holdings in Loew's, Inc., gave her; that she would do this and that and any incredible number of other dramatic—but impracticable—things.

She considered them all. The house she would keep for the reason it was said she would sell it: namely, its associations—the memory of years well lived; the faint medley of many songs, mutually liked, that must linger somewhere there; the sound of the surf they had heard together—these were dear to her. And, too, it was the home in which her children remembered living with their father.

Her career in motion pictures, she decided, could wait for a while, but not for long. Norma Shearer was too young, too lovely, too vital a being to live idly. Besides Irving had had plans for her and she knew he would want her to carry them out. Nevertheless, that could wait.

THERE were other things, more important. There was the great fortune he had left, first: a fortune reportedly estimated at more than five millions of dollars, mostly in common stocks. She had to make her decision at once. If she left it in that form she would hold a controlling interest in a great production plant; she would necessarily be forced to fill her husband's chair on the board of directors. "There could be no freedom then, no time to be with the children and make up to them the inestimable loss the death of their father had meant.

Discreet newspaper paragraphs recorded her eventual return from Arizona to Hollywood, guessed vaguely at her activities while she stayed in California, grew a little excited—to the extent of adding another stick of type—when she went to New York suddenly. Then the story broke: Norma Shearer had liquidated the entire Thalberg estate, had sold her interests in Metro to Louis B. Mayer.

She was clear, at last. Now she could breathe again, now again she could concentrate on the problem of making the perfect arrangements for Irving, Jr., and Katherine, so that when finally she was ready to put on make-up and once more face the camera, she need have no worry about their well-being.

She thought, "There's the governess. And if I could find a young man to guard my children, to be a companion to them, to teach them the little ways of living and answer for them the questions Irving would have answered—if I could only do that."

These were her major activities, her primary considerations during the ten seemingly interminable months. These, and under them always the thread of her grief which only she could harbor and know, until it resolved itself into simple memory. The nights she must have felt, inexplicably, a quick fierce fury at fate for the thing it had done; the other nights and days when, without bitterness, she must have caught from the shadows the echo of his personality—this undefined emotion, and the more clearly etched nostalgia of

places and music and laughter they had shared; and the singleness of things—one train ticket instead of two, one theater seat, one place at a table, one cigarette crushed out in an ashtray; and the weeks becoming months, and "Since Madame is alone perhaps she would prefer our special service," and advertising circulars addressed to him from firms that didn't read the papers, and this new spring, and the year nearly over, and the hurt a little less. . . .

LAKE ARROWHEAD is a bright big puddle caught and held by the mile-high pines of the Sierra range, and along its edge the rich of California have built lodges such as you see in the movies. The water itself is liquid ice and the air is sharp, impossibly clear, and smells like expensive hand lotion; it's at once

stared as we idled in. "They are. They're the Thalberg children! Norma Shearer must be up here. . . ."

She was right. The lean seven-year-old, with his freckles and his sandy hair and his strangely mature expression, was Irving Thalberg, Jr., and that vibrant little creature with the curly brown hair and the enormous dark eyes was Katherine.

"That one's awful nice," said the girl next to me, critically.

"Yes," I agreed. "One of the most beautiful she-kids I've ever seen."

The girl shook her head. "I meant the man," she said simply.

"Norma must have a lot of faith in him," I muttered, "to trust him alone with the children. I don't even see the governess anywhere."

My friend was still staring. "O boy!"



Arizona's famed marrying judge had a couple more customers over Labor Day week end when Alice Faye and Tony Martin flew to Yuma to say "I do." Co-starred in "You Can't Have Everything," Alice and Tony think there's something wrong about that title

a restful and an exhilarating place, so that both the tired and the young go there. Dowagers and businessmen and college students and overworked actors and the busy junior socialites—and occasionally a writer with dead-line fever, like myself—go to Arrowhead to sit or to aquaplane or to dash around the lake in small speedboats.

The latter you rent from the hotel, the huge and very swank main Lodge, on the south shore. Here the dowagers and those movie stars who don't own cottages may come and find comparative privacy. On an afternoon last month the noisy little boat my party had chartered came swerving around the point and slowed down to enter the inlet; even so, the wash it made set a rowboat near the beach to rocking violently.

There were two children in it, and a young man; and the kids held onto the edges, laughing excitedly, and the fellow grinned. He held his oars out for balance and said something to the little boy, who nodded and hitched over in his seat. The other child was a girl in a brief sun-suit, hardly more than a baby.

"Those kids look familiar," one of the girls in my boat said. She stood up and

she said now.

"Hey!" objected the man she was with, plaintively.

I watched them all afternoon, the two thoroughly happy children and their companion. "Kenny Cameron," the boatman at the pier had answered, when I asked for the fellow's name. "He's up here for the summer from USC and"—enviously—"do I wish I was him! What a spot he's got!"

Cameron apparently was having fun. He brought the rowboat in and lifted his two charges out; he spent half an hour showing little Irving, Jr., a new stroke, just offshore; he restrained the enthusiastic Katherine from thrashing out into deep water; he lay on the hard beach and chatted earnestly with them about something for a long time. Later, when the sharp breeze coming through the trees grew cool, he took them up the steps to the Lodge.

LEARNED Kenny's success story—and with it the true tale of how Norma Shearer had found the answer to her greatest problem—from sundry Lodge employees.

You would know this young man if you saw him: there are a few of him in every college as big as the Univer-

sity of Southern California. He's tall, dark-haired boy whom every ternity rushes, whose way from dorm room to classroom is a series of 1 and stops and halts to talk with determined young females who like way his nose tilts. He's got a worth in all relationships—business personal—twenty points of any tackled intellectual's superior I. Q. It will get him farther.

He looks, as a matter of fact, a like Robert Montgomery. That should be studying law, and serious is a little hard to reconcile with his pearance. But it was this combination of sheer charm with intelligent action that finally convinced Norma Shearer.

He was at Arrowhead when she came there. The job of lifeguard for the Lodge was a pleasant way of spending a summer vacation and still make money, and he was well along with tan when the Thalberg children were brought down to his beach by governess.

They liked him instinctively, and informants smiled at this point of narrative) so did the governess. He was courteous and gentle with little Irving and Katherine. By his friendly interest in them, he made the governess' responsibility much less burdensome. She told Madame Thalberg about him, almost once.

There had been difficulties. The bodyguard Norma had hired had found it necessary to leave; then, at Arrowhead, she had asked the Lodge management to look for someone among employees to take his place. One from the desk, had qualified—and stayed on for a few days—and then gone suddenly East to attend a ternity convention.

So Norma watched young Cameron . . . saw the patience with which he answered the children's innumerable questions, saw the care with which he guarded them in the water, heard their carefree laughter and saw their trust in him. And he was doing all this because he wanted to, because he liked them . . . Norma waited no longer.

She hired him, so they tell, at a salary of one hundred a month and his keep plus ten dollars a month for the children's private pocket money. His instructions were that from the time the children got up in the morning until they went to bed at night, he was to leave them for an instant.

He understood her instructions. He liked the responsibility.

THEN, very suddenly, Norma Shearer began the return to normalcy and business of being—once again—the lady of the screen. Telephone calls from her suite to the studio lasted an hour and a half; great black limousines carrying her into the motor court of the Lodge and from them piled producers and officials, laden with scripts, for conferences.

Her first picture, Metro admits cautiously, will be "Marie Antoinette," which her late husband wanted her to make; which she started once and never finished, because she wanted to have a second child. After that may come "Pride and Prejudice."

And so a year has passed. I think with it has gone the shock of grief from Norma's mind, and that it has brought the promise of a future that will be must be—a brilliant, glowing thing for her. She has kept her promise.



DON'T RISK **COSMETIC SKIN**—DULLNESS, TINY BLEMISHES, ENLARGED PORES. **LUX TOILET SOAP** GUARDS AGAINST IT

LORETTA YOUNG
20TH CENTURY-FOX STAR



BETTE DAVIS
WARNER BROS. STAR

OF COURSE I USE COSMETICS, BUT **LUX TOILET SOAP** REMOVES THEM THOROUGHLY



I GUARD AGAINST **COSMETIC SKIN** THIS EASY WAY—BY REMOVING EVERY TRACE OF MAKE-UP WITH **LUX TOILET SOAP**

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9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it to guard Million-Dollar Complexions



LUX TOILET SOAP HAS **ACTIVE LATHER** THAT PREVENTS CHOKED PORES I'M DELIGHTED WITH THE WAY IT KEEPS MY SKIN SO SMOOTH

JOAN BLONDELL
WARNER BROS. STAR



✓IT'S MILD ✓IT'S PURE ✓IT HAS ACTIVE LATHER

Behind Martha Raye's Divorce . . .

(Continued from page 23)

Picture the kaleidoscope of her life in the town: singing in a night club, a contract, a flood of fan mail, several successful pictures, a new contract—calling for more money in a week than she at times had seen in a year—radio and personal appearances, so much work she lost as much as seventeen pounds in two short weeks.

Beaux?

Plenty of them, Robert Florey, her director. Jerry Hopper, of the studio music department. Leon Janney, the erstwhile child star. David Robel, who danced with her in "Mountain Music." Many others. A merry, mad round of play after a very nerve-wracking, driving series of days that brought her new fame and new rewards.

Then, at last, what she thought was love.

Martha said, very seriously:

"I wanted marriage; I wanted a home. I wanted to settle down and have children."

When Martha said that, she thought she could have everything she wanted. Today, she has found out that she can't. It's a cruel lesson for a girl of twenty to learn.

Consider the money angle of the marriage. In a small town Buddy Westmore would be considered the outstanding young man of the community. He makes, when he works—and he works most of the time—one hundred and twenty-five dollars every week. There are few lads outside of Hollywood who command salaries of that kind.

But Hollywood is screwy.

Martha is generous, is carefree. When she started to click, she began spending money.

She bought a white limousine of expensive make; hired a chauffeur; engaged a secretary. She bought fur coats, fur scarves, jewels and gowns. She went everywhere and did everything. She was openhanded with her family.

Martha, with her radio, stage and screen contracts, was making just about twenty-five times as much as Buddy when they were married, yet Martha's thoughts on love were quite normal, just like any young bride's.

"We'll buy a little place in the San Fernando Valley and settle down," she told Buddy. This was the natural expression of a girl of twenty who yearned for comfort, security, and a home of her own. She and Buddy chose the house, made the down payment and everything was arranged so that he could make the monthly payments, as he wanted to do. Joyously thrilled, Buddy and Martha bought the furniture for that house, planned their future.

That home has never been lived in.

Instead, Martha, in demand throughout the nation, was summoned to New York City for personal appearances. A storming, exciting, mob-cheering, autograph-signing, five-shows-a-day grind. Buddy acted very admirably. He had a job to do. So he stayed in Hollywood, lonesome, out of the milling and the shouting and the acclaim.

That is, until long-distance call after long-distance call resulted in his mad rush East by plane to be with his bride. Time together?

There wasn't any such thing. Not

with interviews, so many shows, radio engagements, life on crowded Broadway with thousands who wanted to get to Martha, praise her, wheedle her, and say:

"I knew you had it in you, kid."

The place? Clanging, crashing, driving—terrific!

beginning to get a vague perspective on this love that career, excitement and speed wouldn't allow to jell. Just at the time when that small-town bride would be learning how to make biscuits that didn't crack plates and the husband would be swinging in at the gate, whistling, come dinnertime, she was realiz-

Chicago because she wanted to think things out for herself. Hollywood was gossiping, but she didn't care what the celluloid city said. Martha, more mature by many years than Buddy, mentally, was weighing the cases of two people—herself and Buddy.

When she finally arrived, Buddy met her at the train.

For reporters, who had come armed with rumors and bearing spear-like questions, they kissed. It was strictly a defensive embrace—an embrace to keep the inquisitive gentlemen of the press from hurling those spears. Later, there was a conference.

"I think we'd better call it quits, Buddy," she said. "It just won't work out."

Buddy thought that over. He was deeply hurt, just as Martha was hurt. The whole thing had a nightmarish quality to it.

He temporized.

"But, darling—let's just separate. For six months. Maybe—"

Martha didn't tell Buddy that she had put the case into the hands of her attorney when they had their last date together. That night they went to the midget auto races and later to the Seven Seas Club. They looked and acted very affectionate but Martha, at that very time, was going ahead with the divorce. It was during an altercation between himself and a friend of Peggy Hopper's, Pete Baumann, that Buddy found that out. He was a very sad, very unhappy young man.

But even when he discovered that Martha had started a divorce suit, Buddy did not give up. He determined to fight the suit—for the sake of the girl he loves. Whether he actually does so or not remains problematical.

DID Peggy Hopper, Martha's mother, have anything to do with the separation?

I think not.

Martha is financially independent, can do as she pleases as far as matrimony or anything else is concerned. Was there another man, or another woman or any jealousy involved? There was none of that, either.

It was just a tragedy of career.

Today, Martha is very sadly disillusioned—a little bitter at Hollywood, at fame and at money. The three villains of the piece.

She herself says:

"I think, in any other place, under normal circumstances, we could have made a go of it. But not in Hollywood."

"It just didn't work out. I'm back, and I'm going to work. I have a career, and when you have a career there doesn't seem to be anything else—much. I'm going to work harder than ever and just forget about all this."

"I will say, definitely, that there won't be any more marriage—for quite a while."

Something seems to have gone out of Martha when she says these things. Normal, healthy, happy, she is entitled for all her work, to the things she craves. Home. Husband. Children. A feeling of security as she looks into the future.

Perhaps some day these things will be given to her.



Leif Erikson and Betty Grable receive their first copy of the beautiful new PHOTOPLAY



Akim Tamiroff tries to get a peep but Freddie March and De Mille have their hands on it first

A Western Union boy invades Cafe Vendome to deliver a copy to Orry Kelly and Helen Vinson



Mary Carlisle is presented with one while lunching in the Paramount commissary

Finally, Buddy said:

"I think I'll go home, Martha."

She told him:

"I'll be back with you in another week."

But she didn't mean that. She was

ing that a dream was being crushed beneath inequality of money and importance.

She didn't come back to Hollywood in a week.

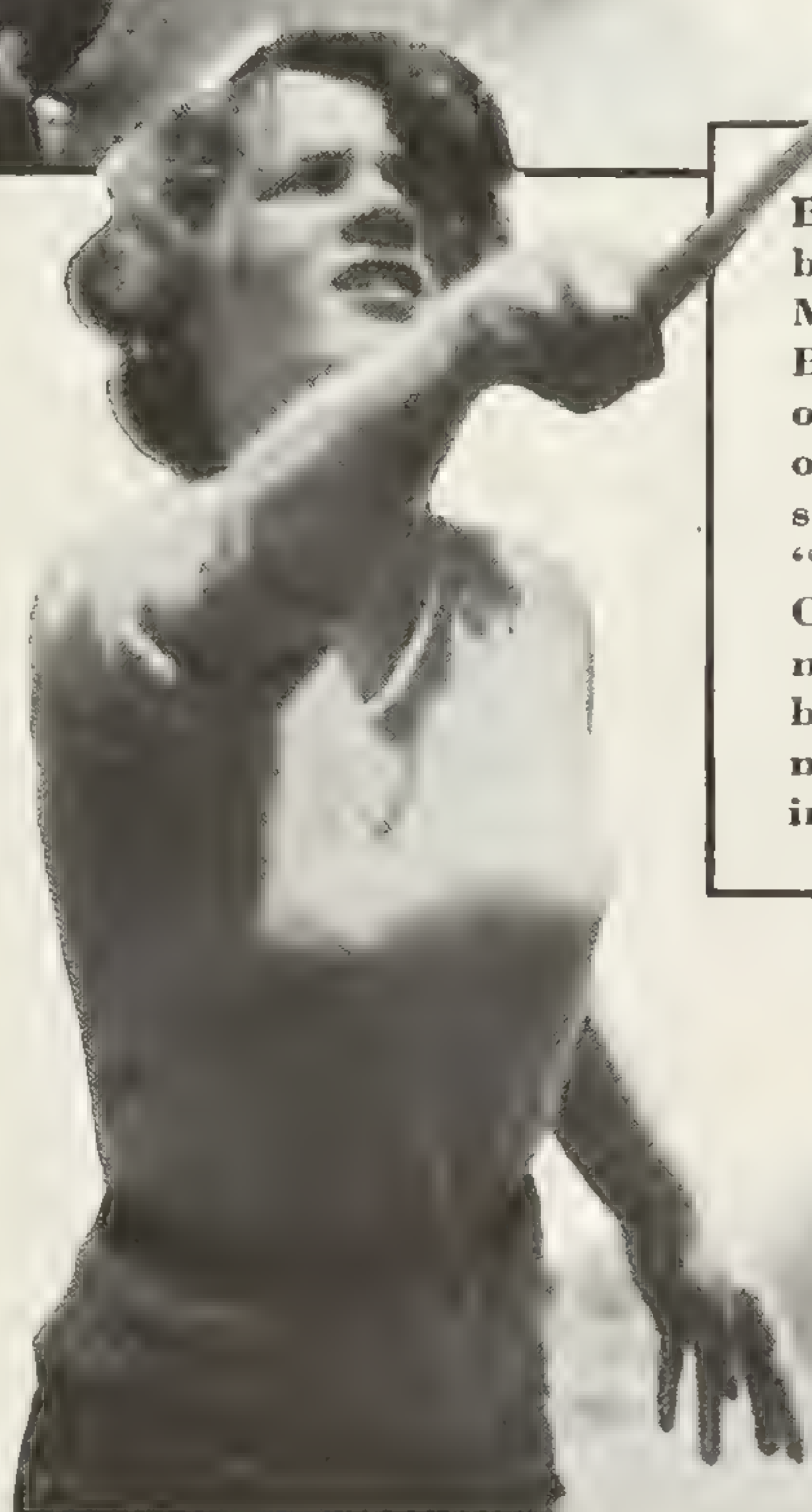
She deliberately spent three weeks in

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this special Vitamin helps
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Mrs. C. Henry Mellon, Jr. was one of the first women to use Pond’s new “skin-vitamin” Cold Cream. “It’s wonderful,” she says. “My skin is so much brighter—and finer textured. The new cream is even better than before. Congratulations to Pond’s—and to all women.”



Badminton and horse-back riding are Mrs. Mellon’s favorite sports. Both of them mean the out-of-doors. And the out-of-doors dries your skin. Mrs. Mellon says: “The new Pond’s Cold Cream with ‘skin-vitamin’ in it keeps my skin better than ever. It’s never dry or rough now, in spite of sports.”

THIS NEW CREAM does more for the skin than ever before!

It contains a certain vitamin found in many foods—the “skin-vitamin.”

When you eat foods containing this vitamin, its special functions is to help keep skin healthy. But when this vitamin is applied to skin, it aids the skin more directly.

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But now this famous cream is better than ever for the skin. Women who have tried this new cream say its use makes their pores less noticeable,

softens lines; best of all, seems to give a livelier, more glowing look to their skin!

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Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 46)

to her, after all. The incident might have diverted her a little.

BUSINESSMAN

ARTHUR TREACHER bought a lot in Encino, sight unseen. He decided to build on it at once, as an investment. He went out to look at it. It was covered with a peach orchard. He decided to wait a few months before building. There might be a crop.

PSYCHOLOGY

THE story behind that unusually fine performance of Marlene Dietrich's in her English-made picture, "Knight Without Armor," has just seeped back to Hollywood, and should be of interest to all her future directors.

It seems director Jacques Feyder had known Marlene for many years and was completely unimpressed with her Hollywood glamour, beauty and wealth. After each scene the director would shrug and say, "Well, I guess that's about as good as you can do, anyhow, so we'll print it. Go on, go on, let me prepare the next scene."

Dietrich, astounded, would hesitate. "But I can do better."

"No, no, go away," the director would insist, "go away somewhere and rest."

In the end, it was Dietrich who was begging the director for another chance at each scene, instead of the director coaxing Marlene.

GAG

CONSIDER Director Gregory La Cava's rarest of all parties, given at the completion of "Stage Door." Instead of the usual cake and ice cream jamborée, La Cava had a loud speaker hooked up to a victrola record which he himself had recorded—and entertained his cast, including Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou, with a broadcast on the set.

The record began by saying Fred Astaire had really offered La Cava five hundred dollars to take Ginger Rogers off his feet, and that after a week of shooting La Cava had offered Fred one thousand dollars if he would take her back. Fred, he claimed, refused.

Hepburn was next. La Cava congratulated Katie on her constant imitations of Hepburn and her inability to forget she had once plucked a wild flower in a meadow.

The record went on to say the director had always associated romance with youth but he supposed as long as Menjou continued to wear baggy pants and keep his collars clean, he'd be the romantic screen idol.

By this time producer Pandro Berman was doubled up with laughter. Then over the speaker came the statement that he, La Cava, had never understood how that baby-faced Berman ever got into movies in the first place and what did he think he was doing around there, anyway?

When we used to play this game at school parties, it was called "Truth," and no one ever spoke to any of the others present again.

SINGER IN THE SHOWER

VALENTIN PARERA has been bitten by the trailer bug and with his famous wife, Grace Moore, tucked inside, spends half his time trailering up and down the highways of California.

A certain spot near the beach finally lured Parera into permanent residency. In fact, he liked the place so well he built a small fence all around his trailer home. And what's more, he rigged up an outdoor shower that is the envy of all his trailer neighbors. But Mr. Parera refuses to be selfish.

He permits his neighbors to use the shower for ten cents a bath. Miss Moore enjoys the privilege free.

CAPRICE

KAY FRANCIS is building herself a home in California. When several of her neighbors, also in the process of building houses, discovered their new address was actually "Gopher Gulch," Beverly Hills, they speedily got out a petition and ran to Kay with it.

To their astonishment, Kay refused to sign. "But I think it's a swell name," she insisted. "I want it to stay that way."

MOUTHFUL

JANE WITHERS now is able to exhibit, with some pride, the teeth marks of a chimpanzee that bit her during the making of her recent picture.

"You see," Jane explains, "he had never been trained for movies. Even I might bite someone in a movie if I didn't know what he was doing. People do awful screwy things in movies sometimes."

A monkey has been substituted for the chimpanzee.

UNDER THE MICROSCOPE

AN authentic source tells us George Raft will marry Virginia Pine just as soon as his new house is finished. The former Mrs. Raft, we understand, got the \$100,000, or some part of it, which has been in the National City Bank for weeks awaiting the revision of a few minor clauses in the agreement. . . . Question: what famous star of stage, screen and radio is married to his own aunt? What beautiful actress is now having to fight the rumor that she recently adopted her own child?

Add to the list of Hollywood mothers who don't want their star children to marry: Mrs. Coogan, whose son Jackie—now adult—intends to marry Betty Grable this December. (Betty has already picked out the church.) What we didn't know before is that the fortune Jackie made when he was a kid is solely in his mother's care until he reaches the age of thirty, which makes her opinion a weighty one. Understand, she has nothing against Miss Grable personally; just doesn't want her son to marry for a while yet. We'll let you know who wins. . . .

Mae West (you remember, she made some picture or other once called "She Done Him Wrong" or something) found a little restaurant out in the valley, liked its steaks, and became a patron. One day she heard a rumpus in the kitchen, investigated, discovered the owner being evicted for nonpayment of rent. So Mae bought the place, gave the proprietress six months' rental free, told her to get out of the red quick-like. . . .

The Jack Barrymores up to date: he's being a good boy, she's sticking close, and they've changed the Beverly Hills mansion for a modest apartment in Hollywood. . . . Bel Air citizens have fun these days watching rotund W. C.

Fields speeding about on his now motor bike. He yells "Clang Clang Clang!" when taking corners on high. . . . Mickey Rooney, having yearned all his life to talk into a microphone at a bi-primière, was called to say a few words at the opening of "The Firefly." He said, "I'm sure 'Rosalie' will be a good picture"

Gary Cooper, after the robbery at his house in which thousands of dollars worth of jewelry was stolen, decided to turn detective and find the culprit himself. Says he's got a lot of good clues. Meanwhile a watchman armed with a shotgun has been added to his pay roll. . . . Myrna Loy, several years ago, hurt her knee when she was dancing. Now it's bothering her again. Husband Arthur Hornblow took her to Mexico, where she'll bake in the sun for a while. . . . The Virginia Bruce-David Niven romance is over—she's interested now in a young architect; wonder she'll ever find another Jack Gilbert. She tells us she'd like to, very much. . . .

Jimmy Stewart doesn't have so many dates with Virginia as he used to, the way. He's well enough again—his ailment was arthritis—to work in pictures, but has to diet and go to bed very early. While he was gone his roommates, Josh Logan and John Swartz, took a new furnished house and left him the room that had been the female owner's boudoir. "A kidney-shaped dressing table!" Jimmy complained to us, sternly, "and ruffled hangings—French blue and pink, and a dainty little bed, and millions of lace pillows and mirrors all over". . . .

POINT-BLANK ANSWER

WE know most of you are pretty discouraged with Mr. David Selznick for being such a long time about starting his "Gone With the Wind" movie. The general consensus is that if he waits much longer nobody'll care any more. We thought there must be some good reason for the delay, because, after all, Mr. Selznick's pretty smart and sure wouldn't let a little matter like casting stand in his way.

A point-blank question got a point blank answer: whereas the sale of the book in America has reached its peak and is sloping off now, people in Norway and European countries generally are just getting the Scarlett habit. And whether you like it or not, at least half of the picture-take must be from abroad. A good publicity campaign will reawaken American interest in the film when it's ready at last.

NEWCOMER GETS CHANCE

(From a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer publicity release)

AFTER playing Ibsen, Chekhov, and such dramatic material with Eva L. Gallienne in New York, pretty Josephine Hutchinson 'crashed' a long-term screen contract via radio. She was yesterday signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer after an executive had heard her play Hildy Johnson's fiancée in Walter Winchell's broadcast of "The Front Page."

"She recently came to Hollywood, and between radio engagements played in 'Oil for the Lamps of China,' 'The Story of Louis Pasteur,' and others, but has made radio her principal work . . ."

Why Mr. Warner! And where have you been?



Jessie MATTHEWS

Dancing divinely . . .
singing sentimentally
. . . laughing, loving,
and luring
new admir-
ers in her
greatest
picture . . .

"GANGWAY"
with **NAT PENDLETON**
NOEL MADISON
(Hollywood's goofiest gagsters)
BARRY MACKAY

New song hits by
LERNER, GOODHART and HOFFMAN
"Lord and Lady Whoozis"
"Moon or No Moon" • "When
You Gotta Sing" • "Gangway"

A Production

Joan Crawford—The Dramatic Rise of a Self-Made Star

(Continued from page 65)

Today everyone in Hollywood fights invitations to Joan Crawford's exclusive parties. They are exclusive because Joan doesn't like crowds. When you dine there, you seldom find more than six people. Joan believes, with her set, well-bred, cultured husband, Franchot Tone, that conversation is the most interesting thing in the world and more than six people usually spoil conversation.

In the early days, no party was too small for Joan and there was no time for conversation. The Hollywood society was now clamoring at her door turned a cold shoulder upon the hey-hey and her Charleston cups. Even though in 1926 she was a Wampas Baby, even though in small bits in "The Dancer" and "The Understanding Girl" she was beginning to be noticed, the new "Society" of the film capital frigidly glared at the jazz baby through frosted lorgnettes. The Society dominated and utterly controlled then, now, by Mary Pickford—but that becomes very important later in the story. One of the reasons was Mike Cudahy. Heir to the Cudahy packing millions. A younger son with an allowance of \$100 a month, a roaring roadster, a life for night life, a family background was sensational, Mike Cudahy, seventeen years old, black-haired, black-eyed, and startlingly handsome. In Hollywood to go into pictures but actually to have a big time in the exciting, glamorous picture colony.

The millionaire playboy and the extra they were a couple, on the dance floor, to knock your eye out, as the say-goes. Joan wore black a lot in those days, with big picture hats, and with too much make-up. Scarlet lips, painted lashes, flaming hair,—hard, bright, pitifully defiant. Substituting sentiment for happiness, drama for entertainment, and laughing just a little loudly in the face of Hollywood's approval.

They were going to be married. But up in the glorified Italian chateau on the Hollywood foothills sat a black-eyed, bejeweled lady—Mike Cudahy's mother. And Mrs. Cudahy wasn't having any Joan Crawford, a movie siren, out of the extra ranks, as a daughter-in-law. And Mike wasn't of age. His \$1,600 a month would vanish at the touch of Mama's hand.

But now, must, now, seem far away and long to Joan Crawford. Not that Joan gets. No one has ever been so loyal to old friends, no one has kept so many old friends from the past. Harry Rapf, who discovered her, is still on her list of twelve "best friends." So is Katherine Albert, a slim, dark pretty girl who worked in the publicity department those days. So is Douglas Fairbanks, and Ray Sterling, from Kansas City. But I think there is, to Joan, an uncertainty about the past, and that is why she doesn't appreciate how much dearer makes her to us, how much more we value her for what she's done and that she's made of herself out of the clay that has come through the fire of gold. Her emotion is like a bright light and she can't see beyond it into shadows. She is, for instance, so seriously and completely Mrs. Franchot that the girl who wept bitter tears in a determined mother stepped between her and Mike Cudahy, the girl who swore she'd wait until Mike was of

age and then marry him, must seem like a different person altogether. Perhaps she is right.

BUT even from Mike Cudahy, even in her violent and undisciplined youth, Joan Crawford learned much. When she became "Our Dancing Daughter" and "Our Modern Maiden" of those mad, hectic days before the depression she took with her all that she had learned with Mike Cudahy on the floor of the Pom-Pom, the Cocoanut Grove, the Montmartre. She knew the glitter and the merry-go-round pace, knew it to its smallest detail.

Oh yes, she was Our Dancing Daughter of 1928-1929—the "younger generation" that caused so much concern, as younger generations always do.

Mama Cudahy dragged them apart—and Joan tasted a broken heart. Kid in-fatuations like that hurt a lot, even if they aren't the real thing.

Front pages, headlines, and Joan Crawford more defiant than ever, burning the candle at both ends. Making friends, close friends, because somehow you couldn't help loving her. Working hard. Playing harder.

On her birthday, March 23, 1927, Joan Crawford gave a luncheon at the Montmartre, then Hollywood's most popular café. I wasn't at the luncheon, but I saw the gay, flowered table across the room and as I remember it, Joan's guests were Sally O'Neil, Priscilla Dean, Claire Windsor, Dorothy Dwan, Pauline Starke, Helen Ferguson, Anita Stewart, Evelyn Brent and Joan's greatest pal, Dorothy Sebastian.

Today the only one of that group—and all of them were famous then—who is still on the screen as far as I know is Joan Crawford.

Yet that day I should have said the betting was a hundred to one that in two years she'd be out of the picture. It looked like the oldest story in show business. The merry-go-round. The girl men were crazy about, the lonely girl trying to warm her hands at the bright lights, sliding down the swift and easy primrose path into—outer darkness.

Thousands of girls get as far as Joan Crawford was then—perhaps farther—and fall like skyrockets after a brief flare. It's hard sometimes to tell the difference between a star and a skyrocket when you gaze into the sky.

I THINK we are judged in life by the measure of our temptations. That's why I have more respect for Joan Crawford than any other woman on the screen. She was the exception. She was the girl who kept on going up and up and by her own efforts making of herself a great lady, a cultured woman, a real movie star.

What changed her suddenly? What settled her down at exactly the right moment so that when her real opportunities came she was ready for them?

She once told a friend of mine that she missed out on her first chance at a really big part because—well, because the studio didn't think she was serious enough, didn't think her hey-hey reputation would help any. I don't think that alone would have wrought one of those sudden changes in Joan, making her a new and completely different person.

The greatest dramatist in the world, whose name is Life, must have become

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COMPLETE RANGE OF
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*A Lovely New Pattern..All the pieces
you've always longed for, now..at a special low price*

A gorgeous new pattern, pierced in the latest mode. A high quality of plate, reinforced at wear points by extra heavy plating. A big complete set for eight persons composed of all the staples and many of the extra occasional pieces you've wanted so long!

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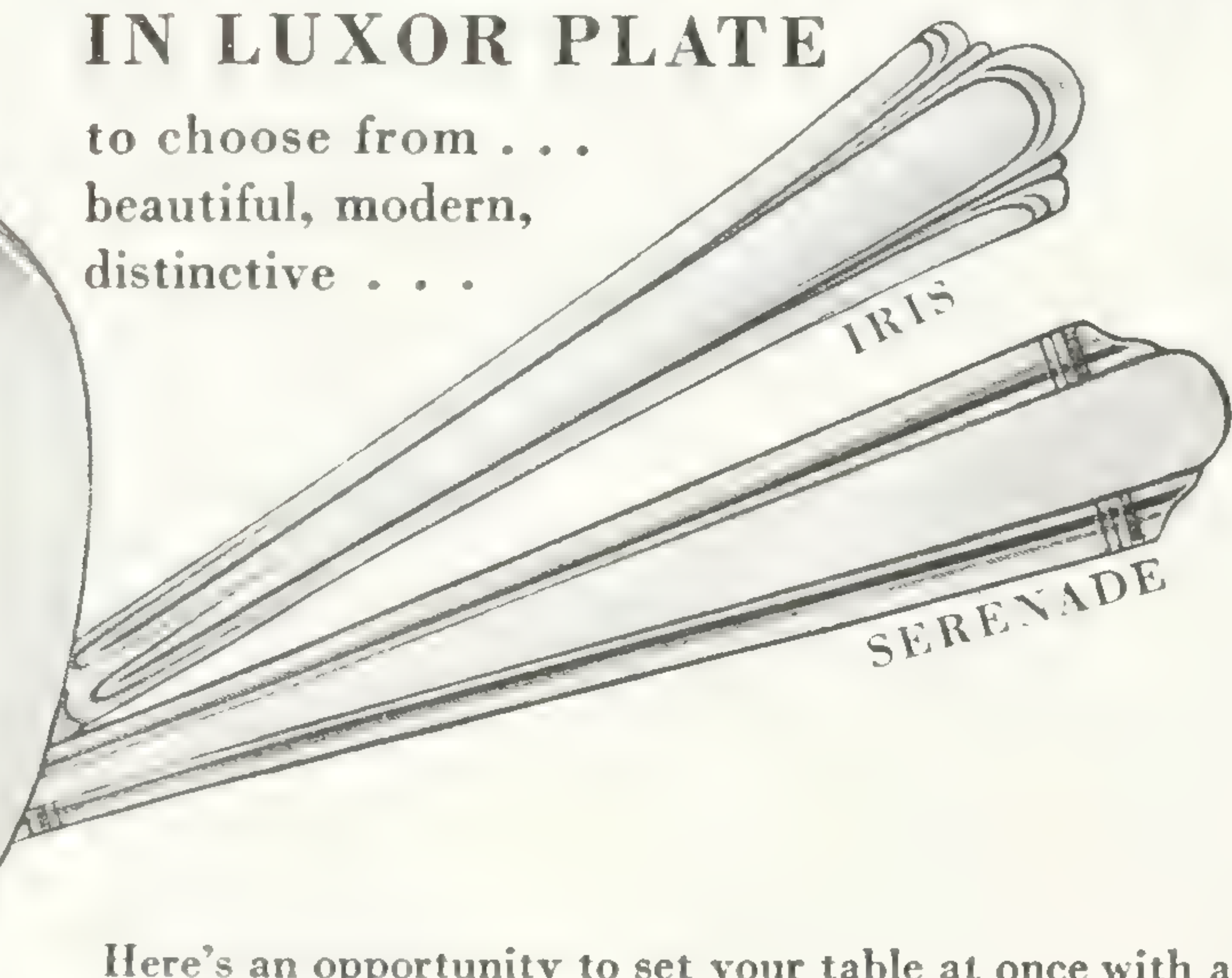
IN A BEAUTIFUL CHEST

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The open stock value of
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TWO MORE LOVELY PATTERNS IN LUXOR PLATE

to choose from . . .
beautiful, modern,
distinctive . . .



Here's an opportunity to set your table at once with all the pieces you've always wanted so much but thought you couldn't afford. A beautiful new pattern, of pierced design, the very latest and most modish silverware. In Luxor Plate, by Wallace Silversmiths, a high quality that's reinforced at points of wear by heavy extra silver plating, and at a bargain price!

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WALLINGFORD, CONN.

intrigued with the character of Joan Crawford and the story up to that installment. The next sequence was the kind we poor creators of fiction don't dare to put on paper. Only Life dares do things like that.

The little slavey who had actually, on her own statement, been dragged down stairs by her hair and beaten with a broom by an irate schoolmistress because she didn't work hard enough. The frightened girl, possessor of only two dollars, landing in the roaring maze of Chicago. The chorus girl dancing in New York night clubs and being seen by the Great Producer. Hollywood—the hey-hey girl—dancing furiously, and the millionaire playboy and the haughty mother crashing into the big romance.

Joan Crawford stood then at the crossroads. She had a new contract and she was getting better and better parts. One way led up; one led down. But she was a favorite heroine of Life. She loved Life and she lived it, defiantly, joyously, bitterly—but always she loved it and Life in return loved her.

So upon a certain night Joan sent a telegram. I think it was the greatest event of her life, that telegram. I think it weighed the scales more than any other one thing, though it may be that Joan being Joan the end was inevitable.

She went to a Hollywood theater and saw a stage play called "Young Woodley." The star was young Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. After the performance, Joan sent a wire to congratulate him upon his performance.

ENTER, then, Prince Charming. Young, blond, handsome, and—a Fairbanks.

Ten years ago. Ten years ago Pickfair was Buckingham Palace. To be received there was exactly like being presented at court. Doug and Mary were still King and Queen of Hollywood. For years, Mary had been America's Sweetheart. But she was more than that. She was to Hollywood itself an idol and an ideal. For years before she married Doug she had been an almost mythical figure. After their marriage, they lived in seclusion—with Charlie Chaplin as their own close friend. They were never seen in public, only half a dozen people were invited to Pickfair.

At last, because Doug, Sr. grew restless, the doors were thrown open—to the most select group. Kings and princes, visiting dignitaries and celebrities went to Pickfair. The great Hollywood stars went to Pickfair. Mary was Social Dictator—a small, glorified, gracious figure, formal, and with an all-pervading influence in the motion-picture industry. Doug and Mary—there was something about them and their great romance that no one else has ever even approximated. You probably remember.

And young Douglas was the Crown Prince of Hollywood.

"It was love at first sight, as far as I was concerned," Doug told me, not so very long ago, "and there never was and never will be a finer girl on this earth."

It was love at first sight with Joan, too; young love, with all its romance and beauty and fragrance; young love that was sweet and overpowering and that changed the face of the universe; young love that needed no props, no night clubs, no synthetic stimulation. Once to every woman—that particular love, that first love.

BUT the course of true love didn't run smoothly.

Doug, Sr. and Mary have always denied that they had any real objection to Joan Crawford as young Doug's wife. At the time, his father simply com-

mented, "Well, the boy's eighteen." T young, of course, for marriage.

But it can certainly be told now, a I think without fear of contradiction that Joan wasn't the girl Doug and Mary would have selected for their daughter-in-law. Of course the boy was young. But the idea of the girl who danced the Black Bottom, who won Charleston contests in public cafés, who had been on the front pages with young Mike Cudahy, as the daughter of the serene and formal Pickfair, of so shy, but regal Mary Pickford, whose steel hand was so well hidden by the most beautiful and scented of velvet gloves, was a little bit appalling.

Joan grew up then, I think. Defiant was in her still, but this time she moved softly.

SHE settled down. A new, serious fine young Joan Crawford appeared through the glamour, the lure, the vividness of her. For two years the world watched the young lovers—the older lovers. Doug and Mary. Doug and Joan. Two years while Joan really working now, beginning to find herself, became "Our Dancing Daughter" and "Our Modern Maiden."

Soared upward until her name, on the screen, far outshone the dimming star of America's sweetheart. But in that time not once did the doors of Pickfair open to young Douglas' sweetheart. It cut deep, but Joan met it with courage, with dignity. You can't blame Mary—nor young Doug's father. They were thinking of the boy's happiness of his future. He was so very young. They didn't perhaps realize that young Doug, who started his screen career with a heartbreaking failure when he was thirteen, was older then, than many other boys at twenty-five. And, being human themselves, perhaps subconsciously they fought against the young lovers, Doug and Joan, who would shine now as brightly as Doug and Mary and who must, in some wise, take from them a little of their romantic and shining glory.

But this time Joan did wait. Waited and worked. And grew and learned.

On October 8, 1928, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Joan Crawford announced their engagement.

On November 21, 1928, Joan Crawford was made a star officially by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

In June of 1929, young Doug and Joan made a hurried trip to New York to visit Doug's mother, the former Beth Sully, and with his mother beside them they were married in St. Malachy's Church, by Father Leonard.

"In about two years, when my contract is up," Joan said, "I'm going to retire from the screen and be just a wife. No, more than a wife, because we want children—several children."

It didn't work out that way. Joan was the wrong heroine for that kind of an ending and Life never makes dramatic mistakes.

Eight months went by before the new Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. went to Pickfair. And that was one of the greatest dramatic scenes ever played, as you will see.

WHAT separated Doug and Joan, who were so desperately, madly, completely in love that they couldn't bear to be out of each other's sight?

In the concluding installment of the amazing story of Joan Crawford, you meet a new character—Joan, the wife. The author tells, for the first time, the real truth about the breaking up of Joan's first marriage and the intimate details of her subsequent marriage to Franchot Tone, exactly as it all happened.

HOW A WRINKLE UPSET A UNIVERSITY DOCTOR

and made a woman beautiful



"CAN'T YOU HELP ME, DOCTOR," she pleaded. The noted Boston specialist examined her skin minutely. There were the premature lines . . . dryness . . . characteristic pores . . . possibly indicating need of Vitamin D, as in many such cases.



TYPICAL OF TESTS are these microphotographs, taken at medical university. ABOVE — skin before using Vita-Ray Cream. BELOW — 28 days later. Reduction in pores and lines is even more vivid in full size, as seen by magazine editors, with no blurs due to printing. Gladly sent to you on request.



BUT HOW TO REPLACE VITAMIN D through the skin? . . . "Suppose," he reasoned, "I combine Vitamin D with *cholesterin* — one element skin can absorb. Perhaps life-giving Vitamin D will be *absorbed with it* . . . to revitalize the tissues."



HIS THEORY WORKED! Lines faded . . . enlarged pores were reduced...dryness disappeared. On the 28th day of vitamin cream treatment she stood before him...radiantly happy . . . her skin clear and smooth — actually appearing younger each week!



WOMEN BEGGED TREATMENT! Magazines and newspapers praised his discovery. It was honored in the famous Hall of Science. And now . . . as Vita-Ray Vitamin Cream . . . it has been *tested and approved for you* by Good Housekeeping Bureau.



Why this doctor's discovery makes your skin look noticeably younger in 28 days

Just a way has been found to feed Vitamin D directly through the pores of the skin . . . with Vita-Ray Cream. The results have astonished doctors who tested this vitamin cream on "normal" skins, "dry" skins—skins of every type. Improvement showed from the first day. Pores became smaller, closed back to normal size. The skin lost its dryness. Even the exacting tests of photomicrographs revealed an outstanding change. The skin actually appeared to be *growing young again!*

**Praised by Beauty Editors,
Honored in Hall of Science**

Beauty editors of leading women's magazines were invited to view these experiments. They, too, voiced the amazing records of this scientific beauty-aid. Good Housekeeping tested and approved Vita-Ray Cream, authorized the use of its coveted seal. And now a crowning triumph! Vita-Ray, because of outstanding scientific research, was invited to sponsor the vitamin exhibit in the Hall of Science. To the eye, Vita-Ray is just a delightful white cream. So delicately fragrant, smooth to the touch. The great difference is that Vita-Ray contains 1250 A.D.M.A. Vitamin D units . . . to make your skin look fresh, young, healthier than you ever dreamed possible.

If you use just one jar of Vita-Ray Cream, feeding the wonderful sunshine Vitamin D right through to the tiny capillaries which carry the blood that nourishes the skin, your skin will look noticeably younger. Lines and wrinkles will begin to grow dim and become smoothed out.

Soon any enlarged pores you have will become smaller. Your complexion will take on a new soft freshness. If your skin has a tendency to dryness, it will appear firm and fresh and young again.

Vita-Ray also contains special *cleansing ingredients* which penetrate deeper down into the pores and remove from them every trace of make-up and dirt.

Just use Vita-Ray as you would any other cream. After your pores are thoroughly cleansed, apply another thin film of Vita-Ray Cream and leave it on as a powder base. Thousands of women have found that Vita-Ray is one *all-purpose* cream for day and night. And it is one cream that can actually make the skin look young again.

**Seeing is Believing—Try Vita-Ray
Under This Inviting Offer!**

Only a few outstanding stores have been appointed to sell Vita-Ray Cream. If your favorite store hasn't yet been selected—send \$1.10 direct to us for a jar containing 5 to 6 weeks supply. Use it daily—following instructions carefully. Unless you begin immediately to find the freshness and beauty which Vita-Ray gives, we will refund your money without question or delay.

Vita-Ray also offers Vitamin D in preparations designed for especially difficult skin conditions. If unable to consult Vita-Ray representative in leading stores—write us direct.



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Sirs: Please send me a jar of Vita-Ray Cream containing 6 weeks supply, for which I will pay postman \$1.10 on delivery.

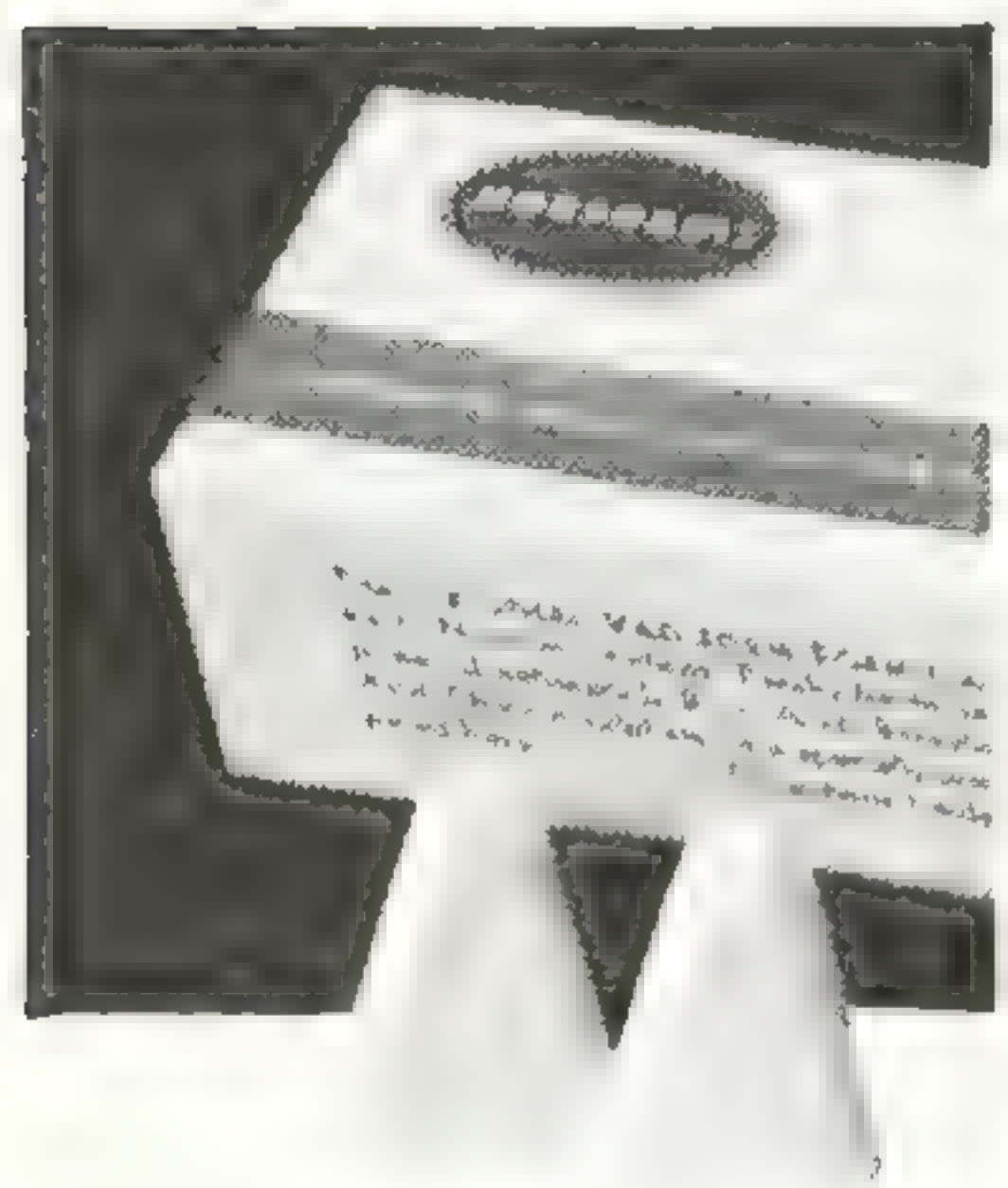
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P-117



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EVERY DAY, more and more women are adopting Norforms as the most modern, convenient and satisfactory form of feminine hygiene.

Norforms are easy-to-use antiseptic suppositories that melt at internal body temperature, and spread a protective, soothing film over delicate internal membranes—an antiseptic film that remains in effective contact for many hours.

A distinctive and exclusive feature of Norforms is their concentrated content of *Parahydrecin*—a powerful and positive antiseptic developed by Norwich, makers of *Unguentine*. *Parahydrecin* kills germs, yet Norforms are non-irritating—actually soothing. There is no danger of an “overdose” or “burn.”

MILLIONS USED EVERY YEAR

Send for the Norforms booklet, “*The New Way*.” It gives further facts about modernized feminine hygiene. Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist’s today. 12 in a package, with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York, makers of *Unguentine*.

NORFORMS

Known to Physicians as “Vagiforms”

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We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 48)

GOLDWYN may be taking an unusual way to introduce a new Viking Venus to the world. But, going on to Paramount, we discover he has no monopoly on novel introductions.

There Sam’s onetime cohort, Cecil B. De Mille, is unleashing the purse strings and spending a million or more on a picture called “The Buccaneer,” in which he introduces a new Viennese find, as a little Dutch peasant girl.

Her name is Franciska Gaal (pronounced Fran-ches-ka Gahl). She is in her early twenties, and is tiny—no taller than five feet one or two. She has corn-gold hair and eloquent brown eyes. A year ago, when she arrived, practically without fanfare, she did not speak a word of English. Now she has only a trace, an intriguing trace, of foreign accent. But, she tells us apologetically, she still is “having difficuttee *thinking* in English.”

LEAVING Paramount, we cross Melrose Avenue to the B. P. Schulberg Studios, to see the man most responsible for the rise of Early American screen epics. We mean Edward Arnold. And what do you suppose we find him doing at the moment? Playing in a mad musical entitled “Blossoms on Broadway.” Moreover, he sings in it.

We fall to talking with Frank Lesser, who wrote the lyrics for the Manning Sherwin’s melodies in “Blossoms on Broadway.” We ask him how movie songs are born. He tells us:

“When we’re working, we can’t bear the sight of each other. We collaborate by telephone.”

Mulling over that formula of How to Succeed Though Partners, we squeeze our car into the last sliver of space on the RKO-Radio parking lot, and go in to see “A Damsel in Distress,” the big RKO-Radio news of the moment. It is Fred Astaire’s first picture without Ginger Rogers.

Contrary to rumors, this doesn’t signal the end of the Astaire-Rogers teaming. They are scheduled to be together again in the late fall, probably in color.

This first solo picture of Fred’s was delayed for weeks by a search for a feminine costar. She had to have a reputation for glamour, yet be capable of comedy. She wouldn’t have to dance, but it would be a matter of thanksgiving if she could. The rôle finally fell—after the preview of “Music for Madame”—to Joan Fontaine.

The story is a comedy of misunderstandings by that mastermind of frothy humor, P. G. Wodehouse, with music by the late George Gershwin. We see one of the misunderstandings in the making.

The setting is the interior of an English country house, rented by the Yankee Fred. There is a knock on the door. Joan, who has walked over from the near-by manor house, wants to apologize for slapping Fred the night before when he kissed her in the dark. It was all a misunderstanding on her part. But her explanation brings on a misunderstanding on Fred’s part.

Here again we see a seasoned troupier with the jitters, and a novice at ease.

Fred nervously loses a line somewhere in one “take,” and in another he misses his “toe-mark” in front of the camera. Joan is letter-perfect and action-perfect.

“But wait until we start dancing. If we do. Or, rather, if I do,” says Joan, after the scene. “Oh, if only Pavlova were alive, and could double for me!”

COLUMBIA is next on our list. There we come upon another scene of understanding. And there, for the time this month, we find a foreigner making her first American picture—without benefit of ballyhoo.

Luli Deste is her name. The name of the picture is “I Married an Artist,” star, on the billboards, will be Boles. But the story was written especially for Luli. And it is an unusual beginning for a foreign exotic. It is comedy.

We watch a rehearsal for a domestic quarrel between John and Luli and his model (Frances Drake).

Director Marion Gering rehearses scene over and over, until we know lines as well as John and Luli do. It seems, is too dramatic in the scene. We see her follow Gering’s instructions to a T, and she still looks dramatic. Maybe she can’t help herself.

We step next door to see Grace making a scene for “I’ll Take Romance” with Melvyn Douglas.

The setting is the interior of a stateroom on a ship. As the scene opens they enter—Grace in a black fur coat, a glistening black dress, a black corset-shaped hat, and Melvyn in a topcoat hat in his hand. A moment later, assistant director off-stage calls out, “ashore who are going ashore!” Melvyn starts to leave. Grace says she can’t let him go like this. He kisses her quickly, again starts to leave. She tells him to write (kissing him) and tell everything he’s doing (another kiss) what he’s eating (kiss), whom he’s kissing (kiss)—every little detail (kiss) finally gets away. She leans against closed door, ecstatically. “Cut,” says Director E. H. Griffith.

He thinks there was “some confusion on the kisses.” Grace feigns indignation, particularly when she sights her husband, Valentin Parera, on the lines. For his benefit (he has a sense of humor), Grace says, “Confusion! Why, I knew what I was doing every second!”

WE hop from Columbia to Universal City to catch New Universal’s “Me and the Go Round of 1938.” The principal players are Mischa Auer, Alice Brady, Louise Fazenda, John King, Joy Hodges—three Broadway comedians new to movie audiences—Bert Lahr, Jimmy Fawcett and Billy House.

We catch a love scene, if you can imagine such a thing, between Alice Brady and Bert Lahr, on a bench in a gigantic garden. In the scene, Bert has Alice believing he is an old boyhood sweetheart of hers. She reminisces fondly the old days. She tells him, with a Brady giggle, “You were always headstrong!” He raises his mobile eyebrows, and tells her, confidentially, “—strong all over.”

Director Irving Cummings forgives where he is and laughs. There has to be a retake. Afterward he tells us, “It’s just a fall guy for comedians. But it’s gradually going insane on this set. Every one of them is buzzing around me, giving me ideas about how to make things funnier.”

Alice says, “You can’t accuse me of ever giving you ideas!”

“No,” he says, “you just come out with them in front of the camera!”

On a 20th Century-Fox set, we see the greatest spectacle of the month—the fire scene from “In Old Chicago,” another Early American epic, costing well over a million, with a cast topped

Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, Alice Faye, Brian Donlevy, Tom Brown and others.

The colorful story is part fiction and part fact, centering around the four O'Leary brothers, fictional sons of a woman whose cow kicked over a lantern that started the burning of a wooden city. We watch one of the brothers when the refugees are driven from the waters of Lake Michigan by the force of the fire at their backs.

Hundreds of extras in the garb of a mill about in the scene, in the foreground of which Tyrone—bleeding, clutching for Don—stumbles upon Tom Brown and June Storey. Prominent in Tyrone's lap is a baby. The real thing, a doll.

The infant must sense that June has never been a mother. He squirms and wriggles until Director Henry King is fit to be tied. A baby this young can be photographed only a few minutes a day. Instantly, they can show a city going up in flames. But they need three "takes" and infinite patience to show a small baby exhausted.

Coming to M-G-M, we encounter a surprise. Between pictures just finished and pictures about to start, only one film is in production on this big lot. This is "Madame X," with Gladys George, John Beal and Warren William. Also, we come upon the climactic scene—Gladys' trial for murder.

The magic of make-up has transformed her into a wan old woman, dispirited. The effect is so realistic that it is startling to see her smile when "takes." She sits with bowed head, directly behind John Beal in black, as the young lawyer makes an impassioned plea in her defense, not knowing that she is his mother.

Talking with Beal, we ask him if the film has been changed much in its 1937 presentation. "Modernized a little—just a little," he says. "If you're going to 'Madame X,' you might as well get the whole hog, and get every tear out of it."

He tells us what has affected him the

most. "The set is full of extras who once played my rôle on some stage, somewhere, maybe twenty years ago. It makes me wonder if, twenty years from now, I'll be watching someone else play the rôle, and having my turn of wondering if I wasn't better."

It's things like this that—sometimes—keep people from going Hollywood.

The month would not be complete without a glimpse of the newest color picture, "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," at Selznick-International.

Here we see some behind-the-scenes drama that tops anything they are filming today.

When Tommy Kelly, late of The Bronx, was first brought to Hollywood by his father, who used to be on WPA relief and now is a studio cop, the studio insisted on Tommy's living with a dramatic coach—to lose that Bronx accent. The separation was hard for Mike Kelly and his boy; but they both had to think of Tommy's future. Mike knew, however, how Mrs. Kelly, back East with their other children, would feel if she heard about it. He never told her.

Finally, Mrs. Kelly could bear her own separation from Tommy no longer. With her little girl, June Marie, five, (who will have a bit in the picture, by the way), she has arrived in Hollywood only this morning. Mike has brought her directly to the set, without telling Tommy that she would be coming. He has only promised him "a big surprise."

We see the family reunion. Director Norman Taurog engages Tommy's attention. Meanwhile, Mike, Mrs. Kelly and June Marie tiptoe up behind Tommy. Finally, they are very near, Taurog asks him to turn around.

He turns, and is so surprised that, for a moment, he can do nothing but shake from head to foot. Then, his arms are around his mother's neck. They are hugging each other. "Mom—Gee, Mom!" he says, and in his voice is all the pent-up emotion of a small boy's loneliness in new surroundings. People can't watch. It is too affecting. Even Taurog turns away.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 52)

ADVENTUROUS BLONDE—Warners

PREVIEWED with a breezy edition of *Torchy Blane* series with newspaper woman Linda Farrell out to get her man. He's son MacLane, a police lieutenant who is very busy most of the time trying to catch a murderer. You'll enjoy Linda's forthright methods but the story is rather like an adventurous comic strip. Anne Nagel and William Hopper are in at the chase.

THE MAN WHO CRIED WOLF—Universal

WEADED with the iron weight of faulty story construction this "who dunnit" mystery sinks to the bottom and stays there. Lewis Stone becomes a professional murder confessor in order to free himself of suspicion from a crime he didn't do. When his son, Tom Brown, is accused of the father's offense, Stone's confession is naturally discounted. It's a melodramatic, patchy, and uninspired.

SHE ASKED FOR IT—Paramount

ALTHOUGH as cinema this is good hash, at least there is a refreshingly new angle to the murder mystery genre. William Gargan is the playboy brother of blood thrillers who has marital troubles, gets himself involved in the actual murders and solves every-

thing. New Orien Heyward is pretty as the wife, but by no means another Duse.

SOPHIE LANG GOES WEST—Paramount

THERE is almost nothing good (except possibly that blonde Gertrude Michael looks very beautiful) that can be said for this jumbled, confused, dull, utterly uninteresting picture. In it Miss Michael again plays a reformed jewel thief accused of stealing a Rajah's diamond; you don't care whether she did or not.

THE WOMEN MEN MARRY—M-G-M

PROVOCATIVE story theme and George Murphy's nice work make this hurried little picture worth-while. Reporter Murphy's wife, Claire Dodd, has an affair with editor Sidney Blackmer, who melodramatically sends George off on a dangerous assignment. Josephine Hutchinson, good as always, plays the other woman.

MY DEAR MISS ALDRICH—M-G-M

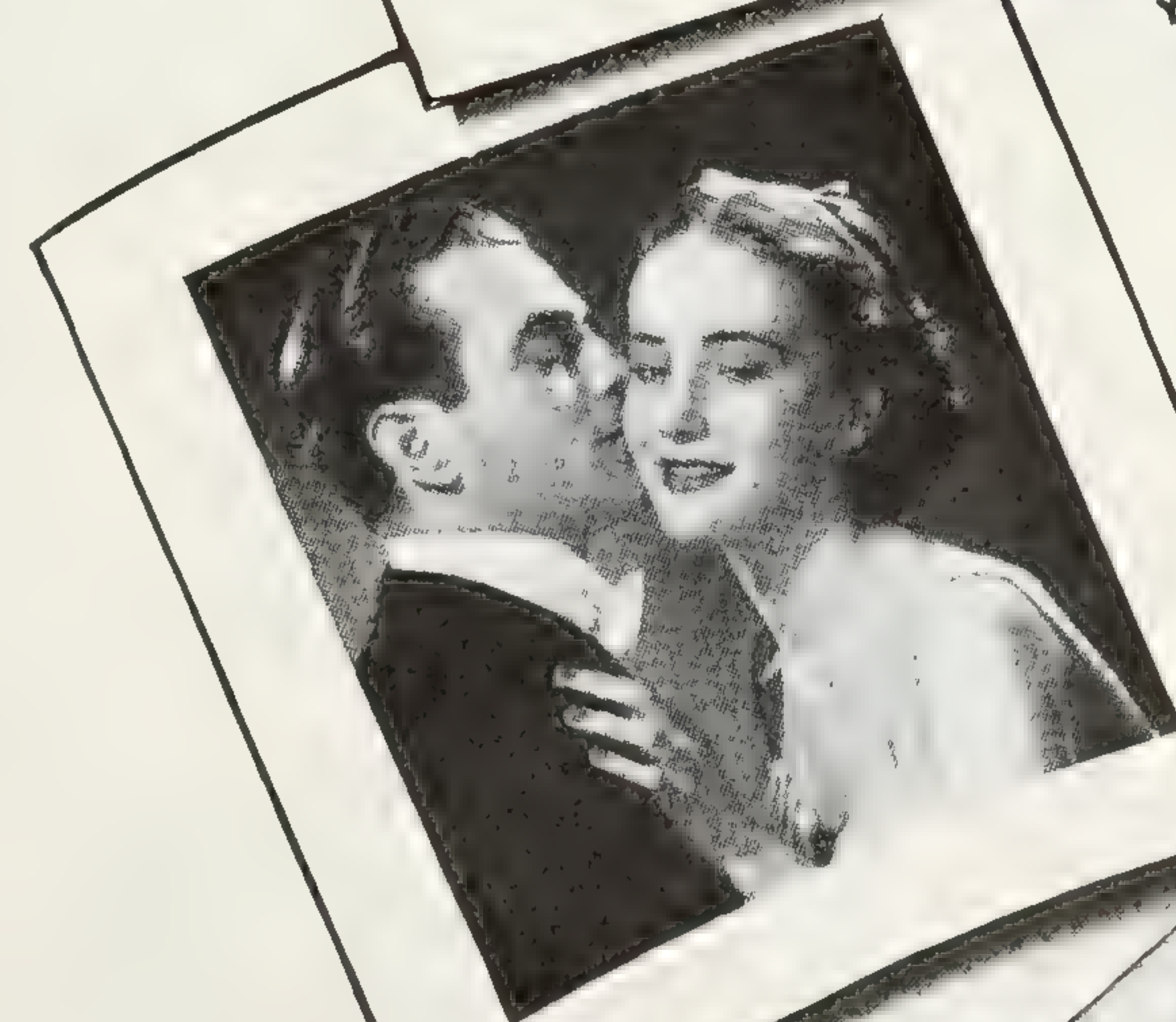
DON'T see this unless you are in a tolerant mood. It's a very minor newspaper picture in which Maureen O'Sullivan inherits the "Globe," falls in love with editor Walter Pidgeon. Edna May Oliver provides the only vitality.

Back in his heart again!

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Skating Through Life

(Continued from page 15)

that above everything else, she is a showwoman. Showmanship is the secret of her great success and the persuasive force behind everything she does. She has possessed it from the time she could talk, or understand anything.

Sonja Henie is completely incredible, anyway. At twenty-four she is the friend of kings and the companion of the world's most famous people; she has the appeal of a Garbo without the anemia, the grace of a Pavlova without the melodrama, a peculiar beauty comparable to no other's beauty. At twenty-four she is beginning a great career (greater than anything most women get in a lifetime) merely because she could go no further in another just as great.

OSLO is a peaceful town, lounging under the mighty mountains along the Christiana Fjord. While the rest of the anxious world shot itself to pieces in the World War the stolid Norwegian folk pursued a quiet bent, attending to business, building their fires against the fierce long winters. In the big stone house of the wealthy Henies little was changed.

Sonja's first memories are of big open rooms, of enormous fireplaces and the smell of burning pine, of polished staircases and great tables laden each day with steaming food. She remembers the high-back sleighs with the crunching sound of the cutters and the feel of the fur rug which covered her, the horses trotting fast and breathing frosted plumes.

In autumn, before the snows, Wilhelm Henie sent men to cut huge logs from his own woods on the mountain slopes, and to this end dispatched two-wheeled carts called stolkjaerres which clattered along behind sturdy ponies. On the stolkjaerres tiny Sonja rode gleefully, banging on the wooden sides with a stick, and screaming.

When she was only three the family discovered how mobile was her mind, how adventurous her small spirit. That was the afternoon when she glimpsed a neighbor's kitten from a window and went toddling forth, without permission, to see what this engaging furry thing was like at close hand.

Mrs. Henie had left her playing by one of the cavernous fireplaces and when she found the child gone drew immediate, hysterical conclusion.

The frantic woman aroused the neighborhood and, between fainting spells, wept to her husband over the telephone that their daughter had been cremated alive. In the midst of the flurry someone found heart and time to investigate a piteous mewing from behind a fence. There was found the indignant kitten, with Sonja pulling its tail.

So they gave her a kitten and installed screens before all the fireplaces.

Her childhood, until she was seven, was the particularly sheltered casual existence that apparently is the birthright of every Norwegian girl of good family. It wasn't very exciting.

She was spoiled fatuously by friends and parents, who exclaimed at frequent intervals over her fresh baby beauty and could only repeat, at each of her minor escapades, "How cute! How sweet!" Naturally it affected her ego.

You may say to her today: "You are beautiful." And she smiles a little, and is a little bored. Oh, not consciously, of course. But she is used to adulation.

A major portion of her personality and basic attitude is built on the knowledge that when she appears anywhere, any time, people will stare and people will applaud.

They always have—and with cause. Sonja's enormous poise is synthesized from that knowledge, and her casual acceptance of fame and publicity. You see from the time she could understand what the grown-up world was saying she knew she was lovelier than other little girls, knew that she had a more special gift. Visitors to Oslo, glimpsing her, said to the Henie governess, "Do you mind?"—and brought out their cameras and took pictures of her.

In time she learned to stand very still, put her head slightly and amusingly to one side, smile engagingly, and thank the nice people for being interested in her. The need for applause seeped into her young mind early, was nurtured there by applause, and by applause became a living, splendid force which has driven her to do the things she has done better than anyone else, better than she knew how.

WILHELM sent her to a dancing school when she was four, and this represented first opportunity. With a sense of rhythm inherent in her pretty little legs she tapped and swayed and whirled so exquisitely that her teachers were wont to throw up their hands and whisper among themselves with delight. From the corners of her eyes Sonja saw them, and with little difficulty interpreted their antics as a milder, but nonetheless sincere form of hand clapping.

"So in the evenings at home, when there were guests," she told me grinning, "I used to switch a brightly colored tablecloth off a table, and I would wind this cloth around me and come out and do a little dance for the people."

From the other side of the room boy friend Tyrone snorted, amused.

"What a horrible little brat you must have been," he said. "People must have always been saying, 'I'd like to go over to the Henies' tonight but if we do that kid'll come in with her tablecloth and do her dance. So let's just sit home and read the paper.'"

Sonja grimaced at him. "I was horrible," she agreed, "but they went to the Henies' anyway."

She did all the other things little girls do. She had a playhouse on the grounds with a real stove in it and here, with a neighbor's child named Lellei Neilson, she prepared and ate numerous soggy messes which she proclaimed as pancakes. Lellei was made to eat them too, and since she hadn't Sonja's incredible constitution was often bed-bound with the stomach-ache.

There were rolling hills nearby, deep with waving grasses and pocketed with holes. One of the first memories Sonja cherishes is of standing on the top of one of the hills under the summer sky, with the steep slope before her. With the wind in her face she would run to the bottom breathlessly, dodging the punchboard of holes. She might have snapped her ankle, but she never did—and of course, the practice gave her early an excellent physical awareness.

It was her brother, Lief, two years older than she and offensively proud of it, who taught her to ski. High in the mountains behind Oslo, hidden in a tall cluster of pines, squatted the rambling, white logged hunting lodge that for

many years had belonged to the Henie family. Here, during the clear days of winter, the two children raced and played over the crisp snow. Sonja in six months had learned every trick her brother knew about the long treacherous runners, and had begun to make up a few of her own. It wasn't long before she had what she wanted: people from near-by lodges came wandering over, and stood looking, and eventually remarked, for her expectant ears, that that Henie child already was skiing better than anyone in the community.

Then, when she was five, the family took her to Grenen, in Denmark, for the swimming season—and she entered a foot race sponsored by the resort hotel. She won it, along with a little copper medal. This was first, magnificent, utterly thrilling triumph. The little crowd of guests had shrieked her name; the judges had patted her head and smiled; for a time she was the absolute center of a glittering, fascinating limelight.

And it was the beginning. She knew then that acclaim to her was food and drink and air to breathe. She knew that she must always have it, no matter the cost—

Up to this point she'd never been allowed to skate because hard, frozen ice represents a tangible danger to young, thin bones. This was gall to her spirit, since Lief had his own skates and made a point of doing difficult figures on the frozen pond near the house. Some of this was for her benefit, but mainly Lief was concerned with showing off before a certain, and hateful, little Miss of the neighborhood.

Sonja did what a girl could. She crept silently downstairs on the nights when she knew Lief was planning to go skating the next day, and with a common brick rasped the fine edge of the runners into nicked dullness. Then, in the mornings, she would follow him to the pond, watch with a certain glee the awkward spills he took before the scornful eyes of his affinity.

But this in no wise made up for the fact that she possessed no skates of her own. On her seventh Christmas she opened each package with hopeful fingers, tossed the contents away in disappointment, and reached for the next. When, finally, she had gone through the lot she burst into wailing tears, plopped her plump little self on the floor and started up such a sincere tantrum that her parents feared for her health. Wilhelm, alarmed, ran to the house of a neighbor who owned a sports shop, lugged him down to his store, and returned at top speed with a pair of silvered skates.

And changed Sonja's whole destiny, along with that of his wife and himself. The child dried her eyes, made gasping noises of gratitude, and clutching her new treasure trotted happily down to the pond. Lief good-humoredly showed her how to adjust the straps, led her out onto the ice, went swinging away while she tottered unsteadily, alone.

FROM then on, she was in her element. Each fall she took, without fury and without sound, taught her shrewd young mind a lesson; already she had developed a sense of timing incomprehensible to the unathletic mind. Each morning after that she followed her brother to the ice, listened attentively to the rudiments of the art as he explained them, practiced knee bending exercises, skated and skated and skated.

Until finally one day, less than a year later, she heard about the competition which any junior girl of Oslo might enter. Without asking permission of her family, she put in her own name. It takes enterprise, superb self-confidence to do a thing like that when you're only eight years old; but Sonja had it. She

had all the other requisites for success, too.

She won that contest hands down.

She got a sterling silver paper knife with a mother-of-pearl handle, and her picture in the local paper; and for her great private pleasure she saw the look of enormous pride in the eyes of Wilhelm and Selma Henie. After that, the course of her young life was inextricably associated with the work of winning—tournaments and exhibitions and contests—anything, so long as it could be done on skates, and so long as the public was there.

Extraneous from this obsession, the days passed with normal but heightening tempo. She went to a private school, exchanged pictures of movie stars (Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Jeanne Eagels) with classmates, stole fruit in ebullient forays on neighbors' orchards, danced in ballets given by respectable instructors before respectable, attentive audiences, ate and slept and laughed.

She shot grouse with her father and brother, using a 16 gauge double-barreled gun and scoring an impossible ratio of hits—and this was fun. The short, crowded weeks spent at the lodge were interludes, separate from the supreme activity which had become her life.

From tutors and private masters she learned much of history, of mathematics, of languages, of literature, of fine arts; nothing of love, and little of the world. Yet she *knew* Humanity and the knowledge of it was a science integrated with her primary emotions at her birth, and neither tutors nor schools were needed to teach her that.

When she was nine years old she was mature enough to enter the senior girls' figure-skating contest at Oslo. And she did, streaking skillfully through the most exacting routines, buoyed up by breakers of applause. And won it. Of course.

When she was ten they held the national Norwegian fancy-skating contest—for the championship—at Oslo. And she entered. And won.

And the applause grew louder.

The Henies owned another house several miles out of town, a towering building perched atop a hill beside the blue Christiana Fjord; and here they moved, the next winter, at Sonja's earnest request, so that she might practice on wider fields. She came home from skating, one afternoon, white-lipped with excitement—tossed her skates in a corner, ran up the long stairway, found her mother reading in the sunroom.

Casually, kneeling beside Selma Henie's chair, she said: "They have decided to have the world's championship in Oslo this year. Everyone will come, from every country. The King and Queen and all the Royal Family will be there." Sonja paused breathless. "I—we can go?"

Her mother sat looking at the tense child for a long time. Then she smiled, touched the bright head with her fingers. "You had better ask Papa before you enter this one," she whispered.

Like a minor tornado Sonja rushed for the stairs, bound for Wilhelm's study. But at the bottom she paused, suddenly. Papa, she recalled, had been very concentrated and somewhat irritable for the past few days—something connected with business. Perhaps—

"I will wait," thought Sonja, "until a better time."

The time came three nights later when Wilhelm came home from a short trip bringing with him a sales contract and a broad grin; she caught him after his mighty supper of smörgasbord, salmon, roast reindeer, potatoes and pudding, as he sat smoking by the fire.

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He answered heavily, "If it will please you, Little One. Enter, by all means."

Thence the days to little Sonja were a white mist during which she practiced old routines and invented new ones, perfected style, exercised and skated from early morning until late afternoon. Nights were periods first of wide-eyed worry and later of exhausted, troubled sleep.

She and her mother worked furiously on a costume; and one by one, Sonja discarded patterns, colors, styles. Finally, one afternoon, came inspiration: she would wear all white, with a wide circular skirt that would whirl as she turned! Showmanship!

When the day of the great meet came at last, "I discovered I was the youngest entry ever to compete for the world's championship," she told me. "And I was frightened to death."

But the costume helped. No one else had dared such stark, dramatic simplicity; and no one else had managed to combine, with such effortless skill, the graceful rhythm of ballet dancing with

the more difficult finesse of skating. At a peak of nervous energy built up through the waiting weeks, she flashed over that special rink before the delighted crowds like Beauty incarnate.

When, at the end, she stood motionless on the tips of her skates and heard the great arena explode into detonating sound, saw the great mass of people rise involuntarily as one, she knew the honors were hers. She knew that now, incontestably, she was the best skater of all the skaters in all the world. At eleven years, she stood and knew such triumph as few men or women dream of.

And it was not enough. She determined she would find other worlds to conquer.

Spurred by applause and by the enormous, egoistic ambition which now inspired her, Sonja Henie flashed on to even greater triumphs. Read the incredible history of her Olympic achievements—and of the love she found—in next month's installment.

Answers

THIS "TEST YOUR MEMORY" QUIZ (PAGE 36) WAS PREPARED ESPECIALLY FOR PHOTOPLAY BY STEWART SCHACKNE

1. Douglas MacLean is the amusing fellow who had to fly to win the girl, although he got dizzy even on a stepladder. He also starred in "The Hottentot."

★

2. Edward Arnold who recently played the rôle of Jim Fisk in "The Toast of New York."

★

3. This is Dorothy Dalton as she appeared in "Moran of the Lady Letty," a sea-play in which Rudolph Valentino had the masculine lead. Her second husband is Arthur Hammerstein.

★

4. She of the flowing blond hair is Mary Philbin; the man—Elliott Dexter.

★

5. The red-haired "It" girl—ladies and gentlemen, we present Clara Bow.

★

6. If you were accurate, you'd say, "Migawsh, there's Bill Powell." The lady on the receiving end of his intense gaze is Marion Davies, lately seen in "Ever Since Eve."

★

7. Betty Blythe, probably best remembered for the title rôle in "The Queen of Sheba," is the frightened lady in the maternal pose. She was seen last year in "The Gorgeous Hussy" in which Joan Crawford had the feminine lead.

★

8. Carol Dempster's fragile charm won her a place in millions of hearts when she played in "Dream Street." She was a talented dancer, having toured the country with the Denishawn troupe before entering movies.

★

9. J. Warren Kerrigan had what it took to set feminine hearts fluttering in 1913. The film, made some years after the Photoplay Magazine popularity contest, was "The Girl of the Golden West."

Long Distance Romance

(Continued from page 27)

another separation is necessary. As a matter of fact, most of our English feminine stars are married to men who are forced to conduct their lives and business on the other side of the Atlantic, and therefore, for a good part of the year, husband and wife must be separated.

FOR some time after their marriage, Irene Dunne and Dr. Griffin were apart, as his professional work kept him in New York. But recently he has moved to California and is practicing there, which looks, on the surface, as if they had decided that the arrangement was too difficult for them. And I seem to have heard that Aline MacMahon's husband was a New York architect.

One could go on indefinitely citing examples, but what I am most interested in is the psychology of such marriages. As I have said, the arrangement may work very well for a few. In fact, there are some people temperamentally unsuited to living in the same house even with the person they love best in the world . . . temperamentally unable to adjust themselves to the everyday demands of marriage . . . which are not romantic demands . . . and hence if two such meet and marry, each is very fortunate . . . it would be a pity were they to marry anyone else. But for the average run-of-the-mill human being, long separations, for any reason whatever, are unnatural and bound to cause unhappiness.

The first things which come readily to mind are jealousy and loneliness. It is entirely human for a man separated from a young and lovely wife to be jealous, or at least potentially so. And it works both ways. Any woman separated from a young and attractive husband is going to be jealous too. And in the event that the wife is a star in Hollywood and the husband an orchestra leader with a large following, neither is permitted to sit home day in and day out and never come in contact with those of the opposite sex.

That's where loneliness comes in. Days, weeks, months—and you grow so plain darned humanly lonely that you have to go out and see people and amuse yourself a little in order to feel less alone. Letters, wires, telephone calls from coast to coast, just take the edge off loneliness. But marriage, a real marriage, is the only insurance anyone has against loneliness. And a real marriage cannot be conducted at long distance.

Here you may argue that people who trust one another are not jealous, and people who truly love one another are not ever really lonely in their hearts. And both arguments are perfectly true in one sense, and yet, as most of us are fallible human beings, jealousy does enter in, fight it though you may, and loneliness is always present. Not loneliness of the heart, perhaps, but loneliness of the senses . . . not to see or hear or touch the beloved is a bitter deprivation.

BUT to my mind, the most dangerous thing about the long-distance marriage is the growing apart. Look at it this way: marriage, the real thing, is built, not on romance, but on common memories and common ties, on sharing; on silly, personal, entirely homemade jokes; on the things you hear and see and experience together.

People who are forced to live apart

for the greater part of the year are also forced to make each his own life, with a separate set of friends and experiences. Of course, when they are together again they can share the experiences, secondhand; and also the friends. But the fact remains that each has had to build up his or her own way of living. And the sad and perilous thing may be that after the first glow and rapture has worn off, as it must in time, after the reunions have ceased to be in the nature of recurrent honeymoons, so little is left, because so little has been built—together. Each has become accustomed to his or her way of living; and the need of the other partner in marriage has become less. You grow away from each other and you grow away from dependence on each other, which is a big part of marriage, and you grow away from missing one another.

If these long-distance marriages need remain for a short time only at long distance, after which the two people who love each other can be together again for all time, the danger passes. But if remote control is to continue over a long period—well, almost anything is apt to happen to such an alliance.

Passionate love, romance, glamour, these must, and do, play a definite and important part in a successful marriage, and if this were all there were to marriage, perhaps the long-distance arrangement would work out. But there has to be more. It isn't that the exciting, romantic phases of marriage pass utterly—but that they serve as an introduction, not a conclusion. Other things do not "take their place," as people say; there is nothing to take the place of the first glow and headiness of a love marriage. But other qualities follow, are built into marriage and stem from that first understanding.

There must be a sharing of laughter and sorrow, disappointment and uncertainty . . . lived with, lived through, together. And you can't do it unless you are together. And the average run-of-the-mill man and woman want to build a home—and by that, I don't mean necessarily the same four walls, year in and year out, but a home for the heart, a lasting and abiding place.

Marriage is composed of two people, with their backs against the wall, fighting together for all that means security and happiness to them. It means, of course, emotion. But it also means partnership.

Children can be a great factor in holding a marriage together, but by no means the greatest factor. And many marriages have gone on the rocks despite children, just as many childless marriages can be, and are, radiantly happy. I am convinced that the greatest single factor in a worthwhile marriage is the daily sharing of each other's needs and the daily adjustments to each other's demands.

These remote-control marriages of Hollywood may work out. I hope they do. There is certainly a chance if the people who assume them realize at the same time the dangers to which they are subjected. And there is always a chance that the separate careers will dovetail and that a way can be found in which two people, each with a career to pursue, can be together again. Then there is always the solution that one of the two may decide to submerge, to sacrifice his or her career for the other partner. But what may possibly happen in such a case is a different story. . . .



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Mr. and Mrs. Is the Name

(Continued from page 22)

she tells about it. That faint smile is the only thing about her recital that isn't wholly businesslike and matter-of-fact.

"I was going with a boy at the time who was studying law. One night he phoned that he'd have to work and wouldn't be able to see me, so I thought it was a swell chance to go down with my sister and see this Mr. Benny she'd been talking about for so long. After the show, we went out dancing some place. I thought he was very nice, and that was all. He didn't talk much. He never does. He's a very quiet person really. People get the impression that he's always clowning around. Nothing of the kind. When we go out with Burns and Allen, who are our very dear friends, it's George who's the funny one. All Jack does the whole evening is fall down and split his sides roaring at George. You couldn't ask for a better audience.

"Well, that night, when it came time to go home, I said I'd go with my sister and brother-in-law. He didn't seem impressed with me either, and I thought he'd just as lief have it that way.

"NEXT morning I went to work—I was assistant lingerie buyer in May's, right across the street from the Orpheum. At about ten, who should come strolling in but Mr. Jack Benny, and start asking me a lot of silly questions—like where could he buy a couple of Ubangis and what floor the herring department was on. Finally, he asked me to go to dinner with him that night, and I did.

"A couple of nights later, this other boy wanted to go out and I suggested the Orpheum. We sat in the second or third row, and Jack spoke to me from the stage. Well, for some reason that made the boy friend very indignant. After the show, we had a big argument, one thing led to another, and we broke up. It was all pretty silly. There was certainly nothing to be jealous about at that stage. But I didn't shed any tears over it. And I didn't shed any tears over Jack either, when he left at the end of the week for San Francisco and points north."

The Livingstone household was wrapped in slumber a month or so later, when the telephone bell shattered the stillness of 3 A. M. Mary's father stumbled to the phone, while the others clustered round him, shaking with cold and panic.

"Long distance?" they heard him say. "Vancouver? Who? Mary? Who wants her? Mr. Benny? What's the matter, Mr. Benny? Are you sick? Did you have an accident? No?" He shrugged helplessly, and turned the phone over to his daughter.

"Hello," she said.

"Hello," said Jack, with a beam in his voice.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing. I just wanted to say hello."

"At three in the morning?"

"Oh, that's right. I forgot you people weren't in show business. Say, I didn't wake you up, did I?"

She laughed, though the family didn't. She was still laughing when she hung up and they clamored to know what it was all about. Her father went off muttering to his bedroom. "In the middle of the night he wants to say hello—in the middle of the night—" With his hand on the knob, he turned, struck by a sudden thought. "Say, is that man crazy?"

Benny went to New York. Mary didn't hear from him again, nor spend

much time thinking about him. Christmas came, and with it a small white box, unheralded, unannounced, containing a diamond wrist watch and a chaste white card, bearing the name of Jack Benny. Nothing more, no letter, no message, no greeting. She wrote to thank him, but for all the answer she got, he might have dropped into the middle of the sea. She shrugged and laughed and echoed her father's sentiment: "I guess the guy's crazy."

The following fall she gave up her job and went to visit her grandmother in Seattle, where she had lived as a child. There she met a boy she'd gone to school with, and they became engaged. "Was I in love with him? I don't know. I must have thought so, and yet I couldn't have been, or what happened wouldn't have happened."

In October she returned to Los Angeles to prepare for a January wedding. She wired the news to her sister, then in Chicago. By return mail she received an almost frantic reply. "You're too young to get married. You haven't been any place or seen anything. At least, come to Chicago for a visit before you make up your mind."

Mary was puzzled. She had made up her mind and she really couldn't see how a trip to Chicago would enlarge her horizon sufficiently to push marriage off the map. Besides, there wasn't time. She had too much to do. Still, there was something funny about it. Her sister wasn't in the habit of going off half-cocked.

She was still wondering two nights later, when she got her second long-distance call from Benny. He was in Chicago. His sister was going to be married. He thought it would be nice if Mary came to Chicago for the wedding.

"Don't be silly," she said. "I don't know your sister. Besides, I'm going to get married myself."

"You're too young to get married." This was beginning to sound strangely familiar. "And another thing. I thought when I got married, I'd like to marry you."

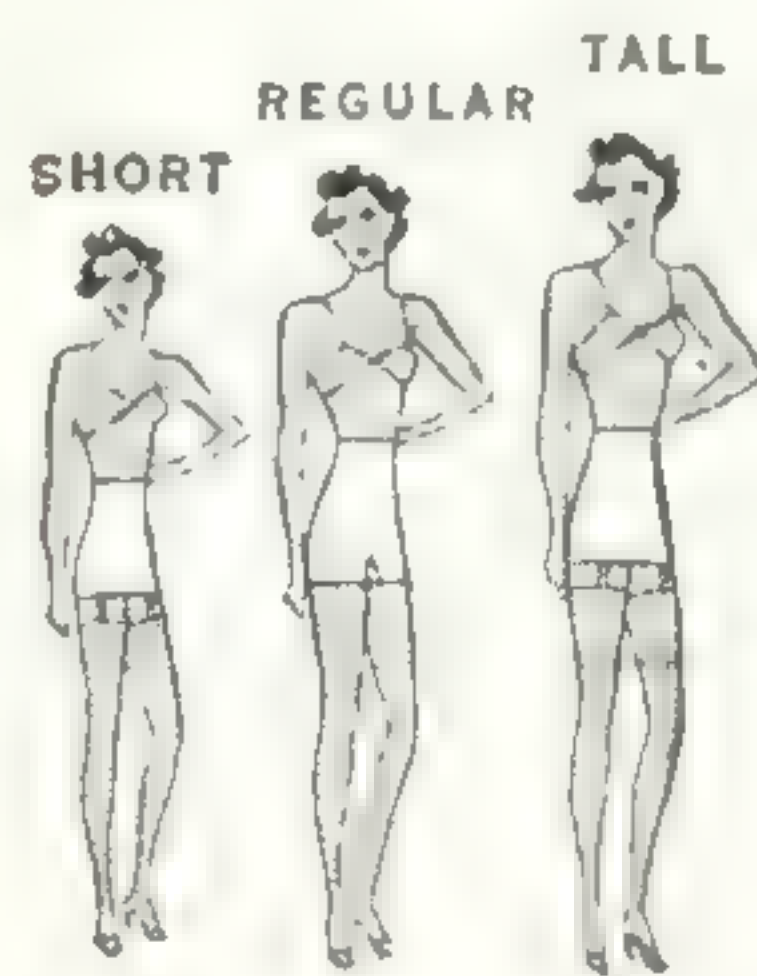
"At first," says Mary, "I thought he was joking. Then I saw he wasn't. But that was a little too insane even for me. He'd never shown any sign of interest, except for the watch, and that was so long ago, and I hadn't heard a syllable since. So I told him I might go to Chicago to see my sister, but the other thing was out. Then I couldn't keep my mind off him. I kept thinking: I kind of like him too. Maybe, subconsciously, I made up my mind on the spot. If I did, I never admitted it, even to myself."

He was waiting with her sister and brother-in-law at the station. It was a Saturday, and they all went to his father's home at Lake Forest for the week end. Jack and Mary sat up talking after the others had gone to bed. Jack asked her to marry him, and she said she would, "with the other man's diamond staring me in the face."

"I knew it was an awful thing to do. I felt mean and low-down, but none of that seemed to make any difference. I felt it was right to marry Jack, no matter how many wrongs stood in the way. So I wrote the other man a letter. I said: 'By the time you get this, I'll be married.' And the following Friday Jack and I went to Waukegan and got married."

Jack was touring in a musical, and Mary toured with him. It was a new experience and not altogether pleasant, at first. She wasn't used to theatrical

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life or to show people. But her good sense clarified a problem that might have thrown another woman. "I couldn't expect him to change to my ways, so I changed to his. It was the least I could do in return for all his kindness. Honestly, I think the man lay awake nights figuring out things he could do to please me. Sometimes I wanted to sneak into a corner and cry."

When the show closed, Jack started rehearsing a vaudeville skit with a girl partner. They were scheduled to try it out in Port Chester, New York. On the afternoon of the tryout the girl was taken ill. Mary, always hanging around backstage, knew the act by heart.

"Think you could do it?" Jack asked. "You know it's important, Mary. All the bookers and agents 'll be out front."

As Mary describes it, she didn't have sense enough to be frightened. Privately, she thought they made an awful fuss about nothing, these actors. What was so hard about getting up on a stage and reeling off lines someone else put in your mouth?

Jack was closeted with the agents for a while after the show. When he joined Mary, he had "that look on his face that he gets when he has to tell you something disagreeable. Like a kid that's lost his dog. Only I didn't know it so well then as I do now."

"You know, dear," he said carefully. "I don't think you ought to go into show business. I think you should just be my wife and not work."

Whereupon she went off into gales of laughter. "What's the matter, honey?" he pleaded. "You're not hysterical, are you?"

"No," she gasped. "But you look so scared—trying to let me down easy—I know I was awful, but the funny part is—I don't give a darn," and she collapsed in mirth against his shoulder.

So they went on tour with the act—Jack, his partner, and Mary, quite content to be just his wife. They played the big towns, and then came a series of small ones.

"You know," Jack said unexpectedly one day, "we're not making much. I think I'll let the girl go and put you in. Just for the small towns," he added hastily. "I'll get her back for Los Angeles."

That was all right with Mary. Anything Jack said was all right with Mary. They played the small towns, and Jack got his girl back for Los Angeles. After the third performance, the manager came into Jack's dressing room. "There seems to be something wrong with the act. I don't think you work so smoothly with this girl. Who was your partner in Vancouver? We got some nice reports about her."

"That was Mary," beamed Jack.

"Mary! What did you take her out for?"

"I didn't think she was good enough for Los Angeles."

"Well, do me a favor. Put her back in again, will you?"

"Do you a favor!" Jack jumped up to pump the other's hand. "What do you think you're doing me?"

They were booked for two weeks and stayed seven. "If they liked me," says Mary, "it was no credit to me. Jack trained me like a baby. I just did whatever he told me to do. He taught me everything I know. Same way with this picture I just did for Paramount—'This Way, Please.' He went over my lines with me every night. He was on the set, coaching me, keeping me from getting too scared. I tell you frankly I couldn't have done it without him. When he's there, it's all right. When he's not, I'm lost. He looked at the rushes, I couldn't. If he thinks it's O. K., that's good enough for me."

Jack's first radio job was on a program with George Olsen and Ethel Shutta. He came home one night and told Mary that the script was a little short. "How would you like to do a bit as my secretary? It's not much, but I'd kind of like to have you hanging around."

Several bits followed, till at last people began writing in to say that they liked the voice called Mary, and who was she anyway? "Give her more," said the sponsors. "Keep her busy." And when the series was ended, they asked for Jack and Mary together. "To look at him when he told it," says his wife, "you'd have thought I'd won the Nobel prize or something."

THE one thing lacking to their happiness was children. Mary thought she wanted one. Jack knew he did. When George Burns and Gracie Allen adopted their Sandra, they were living at the same hotel in New York as the Bennys. Mary always knew where to look for Jack. He was watching Sandra in her bath or Sandra at her bottle or Sandra falling asleep, her hand firmly clutching his forefinger. When Mary came in one day, he said: "What are we waiting for?"

So they filed their application, and presently started their baby-shopping. Jack said: "I don't care, so long as it's a kid. The rest is up to you."

Mary had her own ideas. "I wanted a baby that really needed help, not a gorgeous darling that anyone would snap up at sight. Other than that, I didn't care either. And it's a funny thing. You look at a lot of babies, and you just say no. Then I saw this one. Everything was wrong with her. She had a cast in one eye, she was undernourished, she had a skin rash and a cold on the chest. She wasn't a good-looking baby, but I liked her. Jack was in Washington with a show, but I knew it would be all right with him, so I took her."

He came home a couple of nights later, and Mary took him in to see their child. He looked—and said nothing. "Isn't she a darling?" prodded his wife.

"Well, yes, I guess she's cute." His voice was flat. "What's the matter with her eye, anyway?"

Mary smiled. "Don't worry, Doll." (Doll is the family pet name. Jack is Doll to Mary, Mary's Doll to Jack and Joan is Doll to both of them.) "Don't worry, we'll have her fixed up."

Her eye was straightened, her cold was cured, her skin was healed. Within two months Jack couldn't be pried away from her. Now that she's three, they're boon companions.

It's hard to believe that she was ever anything but lovely. Under a cloud of pale gold hair, her blue eyes regard you with grave interest. Then the delicate little face breaks into a smile.

"I was on a birthday," she tells you. "I was free years old. Daddy took me in the elevator. I like elevators to go in. Daddy and Mommy are going for a vacation. They won't see me for a long day. They will send me a pelegam." All this on one eager breath.

Mary insists that she takes after Jack. "She's got his mannerisms. Don't ask me how. Maybe she copies 'em. She's got his disposition, too. Tell her to eat and she eats; tell her to go to bed and she goes. Never a whimper, just sweet. Maybe that's from being with him. But then she's with me, too, and she hasn't caught my ways, thank heaven."

Her dark eyes turned soft as she looked at the baby.

"Who's your daddy, Joan?"

"Jack Benny," came the prompt reply. "Best in the world."

"You said it, Toots," echoed her mother heartily.

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Give Robert Taylor a Break!

(Continued from page 19)

that way. And anyway, does beauty in a man connote any weakness, any lack of virility? Does a man have to have a pug nose and jowls before he's considered a he-man? Must an actor be an abysmal brute to possess ability to act?

TAYLOR'S background is no different than that of millions of other American boys. He was born in a small town, Beatrice, Nebraska, about twenty-three or twenty-four years ago. He was the son of rather well-to-do parents. His father died when the boy was young. His mother reared him. When he was old enough she sent him to college. He elected to go to Pomona.

At Pomona, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer talent scout found him. And after that there was nothing natural or normal in his life.

He was put under contract, entered in a movie school, given a screen test. He was studied by experts. Make-up artists tinkered with him. They pulled out the hairs of his head, one by one, with a pair of tweezers, to make a widow's peak. They gave a more graceful arc to his eyebrows. They made slight alterations in his teeth.

Perhaps Taylor had the idea that he was a free agent, that he was directing his life along the lines of his own will. But he got over that quickly. He was intelligent enough to see that forces outside himself held the reins, drove him where they wanted to.

They gave him a new name. They spent hours tailoring his clothes just so. They spent days posing him for photographers, trying various lights on him, shooting him from various angles. They spent weeks "building him up" with publicity.

They gave him small parts to try him out. Then they entrusted him with more important rôles. They put him into one of those "crime doesn't pay" pictures, and he made such an outstanding success he astonished everybody, including himself.

"I'm really an actor," he thought.

He was proud, because he'd taken the work seriously, worked hard, fought to learn all they could teach him, put his heart and soul into the part they gave him.

But he soon got over the pride of achievement because, no matter what rôle he played, no matter how good or bad it was, the emphasis was always on his beauty, his physical appeal—never on his talent as an actor.

The next picture of any consequence in which he was cast was "The Magnificent Obsession." Not since then has he been given a chance to prove himself an actor—and he was good in that, wasn't he? Since that picture his parts have been Taylor-made, designed to show off his charm, never his ability. He has been Robert Taylor in every rôle. It wasn't his fault. He wasn't allowed to be anyone else.

In spite of that, and in spite of mediocre stories, he made every picture into a box-office success. He became a star, a big star. It was exhilarating at first. It would be to any normal boy. But it wasn't long until he grew sick of fame, sick of playing himself, sick of reading about himself.

You see he was famous for his beauty, his so-called "woman-appeal," not for his brains. Nobody knew he had brains.

He was "America's Glamour Boy." And what could he do about it? Nothing but suffer and endure.

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The public began to sneer; the press became satirical; fan mail fell off; Taylor's popularity began to wane. Taylor worried. Popularity is so easily destroyed. It takes no skill, no ingenuity, no bravery to kill it. The least little thing will snuff it out—venom, gossip, unjust criticism, malice, envy, the twister of some nitwit in the gallery.

So what?

So—unless you want to hang the kid without a fair trial—give him a break, a chance to show what he can do in an honest rôle. Cut out discussing his beauty. Take that for granted. Suspend judgment for a time. After all, he's only a kid, and he may have as much latent talent as any man you can name. Give him time to develop it.

The New York reporters asked if he were taking lessons from Spencer Tracy. They thought they were belittling him, perhaps. He replied that if he were, he couldn't go wrong, that Tracy was a master, and that anyone could learn from him.

That would indicate, first, that Taylor is a modest young man, and not the conceited prig he's sometimes been painted; second, that he knows an actor when he sees one; and third, that he'd like to be as fine an actor as his idol, that he's ambitious.

He's ambitious, and he has the courage to go ahead, in spite of all the sourpusses, in spite of all the catcalls and the jeers. With ambition and courage like that, he'll go far—if you let him.

You can stop him. You can throw him out of pictures. Or you can give him a break. It's all up to you.

Oh, and another thing—don't you think it's a bit snide, and a little cowardly, to question his virility? If some one openly doubted your manhood, or womanhood, you might poke him in the eye, or scratch his face. Taylor can do nothing. He's a movie star, and movie stars may not engage in brawls. You can attack him and get away with it. Sure you can. But doesn't it make you a sort of heel?

What difference does it make if Taylor has spinach on his chest or not? Who cares? The beaches are full of hairy apes. But would you like to see one of them holding Garbo in his arms?

Maybe it was some hairy ape that started the Bronx cheer for Taylor. He'd be just the type. Maybe there are more of them in America than I thought. Maybe that's why we've lost our reputation for good sportsmanship. What do you think?

If You Want to Be a Glamorous Beauty

(Continued from page 5)

she may deny it now (that's a pet habit of Marlene's), there are close friends in Hollywood who laugh about being up until "all hours" at a night club with Marlene, only to receive, with their breakfast tray at home a few hours later, a fresh-baked, still-warm-from-the-oven cake from this lovely creature.

Marlene plays tennis, too. She plays a pretty good game. And she loves to walk in the right kind of low-heeled brogues too few of us possess today. But the "nighthawk" method was really what banished the bulk she brought across the ocean with her.

Another beauty step, which sounds at first like something way over the heads of most of us, is one Marlene launched in Hollywood, perhaps most unconsciously, but with a lasting effect

on the social set. Let's call it the essence and study of dramatic entrance and effect.

Compare the way you decide what gown you'll wear to an important party and how you'll wear your hair (which is about all you'll bother to consider) with what prefates a Dietrich "evening out." The answer will be what amounts to the vast difference between your everyday smartness, perhaps, and the illusive Dietrich glamour.

Mind you, part of Marlene's mysterious rôle in Hollywood is secrecy, so this is what we might call "hearsay." But "they say" that Marlene takes into consideration the coloring of the room into which her presence is to be projected; the lighting; the length of time she'll be there; the type and favorite colors of the other women apt to be included in the guest line. Then she spends as many hours as she needs to dress, make up and create a startling, dramatic contrast to the entire scene.

She may have learned a bit of this from motion pictures. It's the sort of thing upon which great Hollywood designers like Travis Banton and Adrian base certain costume effects. But how many feminine stars have been clever enough to adopt such technical practices in their own personal glamour campaigns?

Try this yourself, just once, and see how you'll outshine every other woman in the room. Then go "expert" (after all, you know what the interiors of your friends' houses look like and whom you'll probably meet there) and make this sort of thing a ritual, so you'll be armed at all times just as Marlene is.

It's like starting to learn a difficult profession from the bottom up. Hard at first, but gradually it becomes second nature.

That's what Dietrich's beauty is—to Dietrich.

She walks into the Trocadero at night, or the Vendome at noon and every other woman in the place becomes panicky with a sudden tidal wave of inferiority. No other feminine star can hold the glamour spotlight against Marlene's spell. And they know it!

WATCH her eat! No water-cress salads or fragile bits of fresh, raw fruits and vegetables. She eats meat and bread, most frequently steaks, and drinks wine with her luncheon or dinner. I understand that in her home she herself prepares heavy meals of meat and vegetables and always has a supply of those delicious cakes she loves to make. But she apparently studies her own system and knows just how much and what type of food her body demands. She must have to keep her system well-supplied to indulge in that "slim-sleep" schedule.

Because Marlene changes her ways like a flash of lightning and with about as much warning, this next beauty step may be passé by now. But she told someone, not so long ago, that she considers "air bathing" almost as important as one's soap and water bath.

The body beautiful, in other words, should have its scrubbing in a bath of scented, softened water and one should use either a brush, loofa, or coarse washcloth. Then a good, brisk rub with a man-sized towel and at least ten minutes of complete relaxation without clothing before using any powder, vegetable, cologne or whatever after-bath preparation you prefer. Lie down and relax or stand at ease before your mirror, in the nude, and check upon your posture. But whatever you do, give your entire body a "breathing spell" immediately after your bath and see what an improvement you'll make in the general condition of your skin.

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You can tell by the way Marlene moves that she has studied poise tirelessly. There's one simple, easy rule behind this, too, after you've stopped to think about it. Stand sideways in front of a full-length mirror and draw yourself, from the ankles, up to your full height. Keep your stomach in, your chest out and your shoulders back, so that everything about your figure follows an upward and outward movement. Hold this and check the difference in your figure at this moment against the usual posture into which you allow your body to fall.

Keep that word glamour before you, and gradually school yourself to move gracefully with this new poise you've acquired because you have Dietrich as an inspiration.

Think back and remember Marlene in some of the pictures in which you first saw her. Then consider "Desire" and "The Garden of Allah" and steel yourself for even more breathtaking glamour in "Angel," her new Paramount picture. You can see, after you've analyzed it, how she has built this beauty she possesses. Step by step, Marlene Dietrich has glorified herself. No matter how much of a failure some of her films have been, her beauty has put them over.

How many times have you wished your hair had a sheen like Marlene's? But even though you may have tried her famous "gold powder" trick you probably haven't been able to match her shining halo. The secret is that she has a special hairdresser. It's a woman she discovered (whose name she seems to guard from the rest of Hollywood's fair members) who brushes and washes and then brushes her hair again—every day. That isn't Hollywood exaggeration. It's actual fact.

You'd like to be glamorous like Marlene. Of course you would! But I'll bet you fidget like mad during that one weekly shampoo and under-the-dryer siege you allow yourself. I know I do.

Almost last, but by no means least, is the one outstanding phase of the beauty triumph Marlene has so certainly achieved. It is her originality. She pays no attention to fads. She starts her own and as soon as they become universal she deserts them and finds a new set. Remember her eyebrows? Everyone copied them when they first arched into that dangerously thin line, so she gave them a newer, more exotic line the rest of us can't imitate. We can't get away with it.

Another fad which Dietrich has scorned is the suntan craze. Only a clever beauty could figure out the startling effect of one gardenia-skinned lady in a gathering of mahogany damsels. That clever beauty was Marlene. And Hollywood was burned, in more ways than one. For against her white face she drew a vivid gash of a mouth which she matched with nail polish and a ruby ring. Effect—with a capital E!

Sum it all up. It's more unbelievable than your wildest dream. This girl who couldn't even speak English very well when she landed, in her horrible pink shoes and her blowsy blonde tresses, might easily have taken one look at Hollywood's proud beauties and fled in a flood of tears. But instead, acting as though she were a silk worm wrapped in a fuzzy cocoon, she hid her broad hips in gentlemen's attire until she was ready to emerge.

When she was ready, she shed her cocoon, and emerged to reign—the most glamorous of butterflies! She's the only one who can snub Hollywood, infuriate everyone, behave as no other star would dare—and yet retain, unchallenged, her title, "Queen of Glamour." Long live La Dietrich!



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Hudson Bay Co.	Calgary, Alberta
Hudson Bay Co.	Winnipeg, Manitoba
COLORADO	
The Wilbur Suit Co.	Colorado Springs

Hollywood on the Air

(Continued from page 49)

when the doctor tried to keep her off the air, she yelled like a Comanche.

Winter will very probably bring a vacation—of all things—to Gracie Allen, the fifty-two-weeks-a-year wonder gal. Leave it to Gracie to twist things around. She's been having a go with laryngitis, and last month, if you'll remember, came on the show sounding like a cross between Andy Devine and a frog with quinzey. Gracie is very proud of her non-stop record, though, and insisted on doing the show very much against the doctor's mutterings. She's stubborn that way. You know it's strictly against the rules for personal greetings to go out on the air. But a few weeks ago when Gracie found her program a little short she stepped up to the box and said, "Good night, Ronnie and Sandra—I'll be right home." Ronnie and Sandra, of course, are the Burns' two babes, and Monday night is the only night they get a taste of the high life. Usually on this night, Gracie and George defy pediatricians' dictums and let them stay up until after the show.

BOB BURNS stumbled down the home stretch in the Crosby-less Kraft Music Hall, gently assisted by loving friends and star neighbors who moved heaven and earth to rally round. For instance, the day Claude Rains and Fay Wray guested, Claude kept a good farmer from cutting his wheat crop just so you could have a radio load of his personality. The movies had him booked for a scene in a ripe wheat field due for the reaper, but Claude said radio came first, which might have been tough on the farmer

and the starving Armenians, but was all right with us. Fay never looked lovelier but was as nervous as a bride despite the fact that hubby John Monk Saunders had poured over and revised her script. "Never touched one of Fay's scenarios in my life," said he, "but this radio is important stuff." That's how they all feel these days.

Bob showed up several times with a swell crop of whiskers bringing realism to the Arkansas hillbilly stuff. Then they decided to write his funny business around the beard. But the night that went on the air, disconcertin' Bob showed up with a smooth shave! The audience was slightly baffled throughout; it didn't make sense—like the night Jimmy Stewart planted a gag with his accordion that fizzled. Jimmy thought it would be nice to start off his number. "Sweet Sue," with a sour note—just to get a laugh. Well—when he tried it he couldn't stop—and most of the notes were sour! Very discouraging! Jimmy takes his music seriously.

Not so seriously, however, as Alice Faye. The Faye is so anxious to be a big hit on the air that she buys records of every song she's due to sing and plays them while she eats, showers and rests between picture scenes. She's that busy. Alice used to have a great big picture in colors standing out in front of the Wilshire Ebell Theater where she lets herself go with Hal Kemp. The other day, after the show, a mob of fans swept out of the place and took the picture right along with them. Alice ducks out side doors now—afraid she's next!

Incidentally, the fans are making it

tough for stars to get in and out of the broadcasting studios. The rush and crush is being evaded in this manner. The escorts drive around in back of the studios and sit in their cars. When Mary Pickford guested at Chase and Sanborn, everyone oh'd and ah'd because she showed up alone. Little did they know that Buddy Rogers was taking it all in from his auto-radio around back.

The system didn't work so well, though, with "Sandy," the very elegant, perfumed cocker purp of Connie Bennett's. Sandy is a very cloying dog, as we've told you before, with the habit of getting in everyone's hair—so when Connie came on the Music Hall a few times back, they decided he'd better be locked in the car outside until all was over. That was all right with Sandy, especially when tender-hearted Bennett turned on the radio to please his canine ears. But when she came on, Sandy went mildly insane and tore up the inside of the car like an old shoe. His mistress' voice does things to him!

The nicest new voice of the month, according to those old ears, was Allan Jones', the miner-choir boy, who finally came into a spot tailor-made for him with Werner Janssen's Fleischmann program on Sundays.

FALLING radio leaves from the autumn Hollywoods: Marian Talley returns to Ry-Krisp minus her appendix but still with her long distance marriage. . . Bing Crosby has hiked and horsebacked his midriff down to the size of a cider barrel. . . Tyrone Power started in radio less than three

years ago reading funny papers over the air for \$7.50 a day. Ask him what he gets for his air spot now! . . .

Kenny Baker is headed for the big time in the movies. . . Irene Rich is back in town after four years wowing 'em on the air from Manhattan. . . John Barrymore is proudest of a thank-you letter from a steel puddler about his Shakespeare stuff. . . Rudy Vallee opens at the Los Angeles Cocoanut Grove as you read this. . . Bert Wheeler looks like a Show Boat trouter on the steady pay roll. . . Edgar Bergen is thinking about installing a workshop and manufacturing dummies commercially. . . Virginia Verrill was turned down by MGM because she looked too much like Myrna Loy, so Goldwyn grabbed her. . .

Don Ameche needs a haircut—but it's all for art. . . The phoney Show Boat romance of Nadine Connor and Tommy Thomas is getting to be sure enough. . . Adolphe Menjou is trying to get Bob Burns to try his tailor! . . . Frances Langford has a studio car with a built-in bed, so she can play possum between studio and radio. . .

And—how would you like Shirley Temple for a radio Christmas present?

No, we're not headed for the squirrel cage. Hollywood's number one air hold-out will weaken any day now. We'll even call the program—Al Pearce and his Gang! Al is a great pal of George Temple, Shirley's pa, and if Shirley hadn't hopped across to Honolulu, you probably would have heard her before now!

Garbo's next!



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Phoenix Palm Springs Winter Ranches

In recent years—and last season was tops—there has been huge demand for winter accommodation at the hotels, resorts and dude ranches in and roundabout Phoenix, Wickenburg and Castle Hot Springs, Arizona; and Palm Springs, California.

SCRAMBLE

Regrettably, early habit set an all-too-brief "season" for this sunniest of winter playgrounds. There developed a merry scramble for accommodation during three short months—January, February and March.

UNNECESSARY

But really this so-called "season" works needless inconvenience. In November and December—and in April, as well—the out-of-doors is as thoroughly delightful, in this sunshine land, as ever it is in midwinter. Nature gives it a full six months season.

EARLY BIRDS

This little statement may be helpful in your own planning. Each year the mellow southwestern sun looks down on more and more "early birds."

Again this winter, via the Chief and other fine California trains, Santa Fe will present the swiftest and most convenient of service to and from Wickenburg, Castle Hot Springs, Phoenix and Palm Springs. It will be a pleasure to assist in early shaping of your plans and reservations.

T. B. GALLAHER, P. T. M.
Santa Fe System Lines
1129 Railway Exchange, Chicago

"What Have They Got I Haven't Got?"

(Continued from page 28)

wants to become a general manager, usually settle down with one company and work their way up. Their salary, large or small, goes on for fifty-two weeks a year. But with youngsters who want to get into pictures it is different. The thing that usually breaks their spirit is the long, precarious apprenticeship in New York or Hollywood. The competition is terrific; there is no such thing as steady employment. The moment they get one job they must start looking for another. Day after day they go from office to office, seeking work, hungry, tired, scorned, trying hard to fight off despair, determined to smile and to fight on.

Casting directors, stage managers and critics tell them they aren't any good. And what hurts is the fact that these people are telling the truth. Every one of our great stars, at the start, was as gawky and as inept as a high-school boy speaking a piece. But they could take criticism; they could see their faults, and try to correct them; and they worked, took their punishment, never gave up until they reached their goal.

TAKE them at random. Let's look at Jeanette MacDonald. It's been only in the last year that she has been recognized as one of the best. It was brutal, the punishment that Jeanette took during nearly fifteen years of climbing up and slipping back, before she got a firm grip on the top rung.

When she was a youngster in New York, barely making a living by few and far between chorus jobs, she heard that James Montgomery Flagg was looking for a model for a magazine cover. She called on him.

"I'm sorry," said Flagg, after two glances. "I'm looking for a beautiful girl. You're not even pretty."

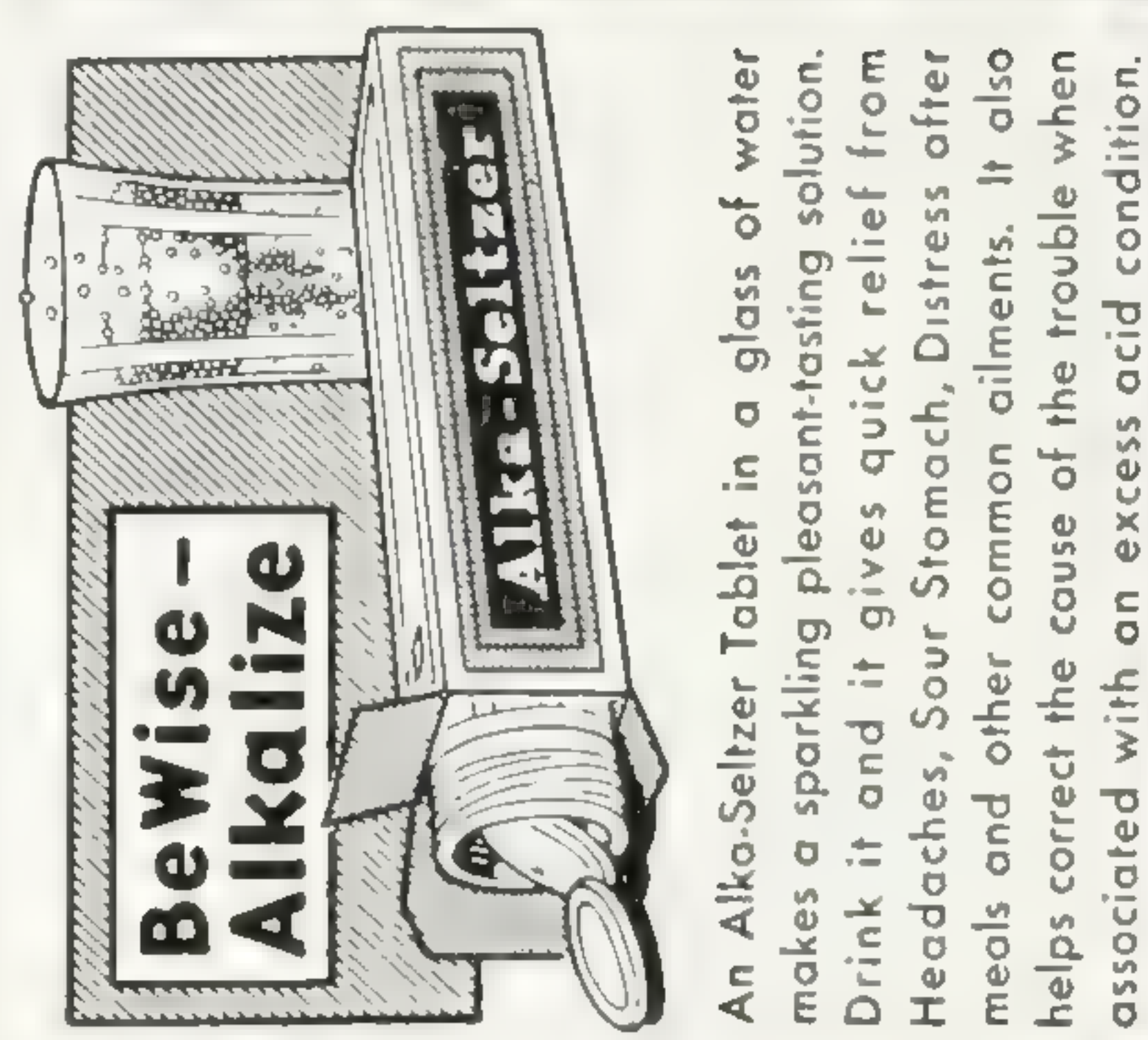
Undoubtedly this authority on beauty was right. But the verdict didn't stop Jeanette. She set about to make herself beautiful.

Fighting along, she played a few minor parts in Broadway shows. At last she was given the prima donna rôle in "The Magic Ring." The show opened in Boston, but to Jeanette it was Broadway that counted. She was waiting breathlessly for the New York première, her first chance to show them that she had the stuff.

On the last day of the Boston run she was told that she had failed. They were putting in another prima donna but if Jeanette wanted it, she could have one of the unimportant rôles.

She didn't quit, she didn't sulk. If she had, she might never have been in pictures. She took that small part and on the Broadway opening night she gave it all she had. It happened that a motion-picture scout was sitting out in front and was so impressed that he gave her a screen test that eventually took her to Hollywood to sing with Maurice Chevalier.

In Hollywood she clicked. She was sitting pretty. Then, *soko!* along came seven years of bad luck. Her chief asset was her voice and, because the producers began to make some pretty bad musicals, motion-picture fans began to shun musical pictures as though they were poison. Nobody wanted singers and so Jeanette MacDonald had to start over again on a different angle and establish herself as an actress. At that time, remember, if she had quit, nobody would have missed her.



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Happy! I once had ugly hair on my face and chin... was unloved... discouraged. Tried depilatories, waxes, liquids... even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty, love, happiness with this secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 430, Chicago.

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But she hung on, and at last her talents were recognized. She was put in "The Merry Widow" with Maurice Chevalier. It was, alas, a flop. She studied, improved her voice and her acting, courageously awaiting the time when she would get into a hit. Then when "Naughty Marietta" came along, she was ready. She became a great star at last.

Norma Shearer's father's business failed and, with her mother and sister she went to New York, determined to become an actress. She went through the usual heartbreaking routine that wears holes in the shoes of the ambitious. One day she applied to a casting director. "Do you think you have to get in pictures?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she said. There wasn't any doubt about it.

He shook his head sorrowfully. "That's tough," he said mournfully, and wrote down her name. "There's nothing for you today. And probably there won't be—ever."

She worked as an extra for D. W. Griffith. One day she asked if there wasn't a small part she could play. He looked her over and shook his head. "You'll never photograph well," he said. "Your eyes are too blue."

Eventually she was sent to Hollywood. A part was ready for her. After a test they changed their minds, and gave it to Marie Prevost. But at last Norma was given a real chance. For three days she worked as hard as she could. Then the director came to her and said, "I'm afraid I'll have to drop you. You don't seem to know what it's all about."

She went to her dressing room, which overlooked a lion's cage. She pulled herself together. "I'm going to be a lion," she declared. "They can't lick me. I'll go down and rip the dickens out of that part." And she did. That one rôle gave her a start. Norma rose, because in addition to possessing beauty and talent, she never relaxed; she used her brains; she worked and studied and never was content to give anything but her very best.

TEN years ago Claudette Colbert made her first picture. It was called "For the Love of Mike" and was one of the worst pictures ever made. For three years before that Claudette had struggled to get on the stage. She had had a few parts, mostly in bad shows, but at last she had been given a rattling good rôle in "The Barker." She had done a grand job and had been the talk of the town. Half a dozen motion-picture producers had offered her contracts. She had accepted what she thought was the best, worked hard—and out came that terrible picture.

Now the five producers whose contracts she had rejected smiled smugly. She might be all right on the stage, but in pictures—no. It turned out that she photographed badly, her nose was too wide, her eyes too far apart and she had a bad habit of keeping her eyes down as though she were sorry she had come to wherever she was.

For some unknown reason, although she had been a great success in "The Barker," the theater had nothing more of importance for her. So she studied her face and with make-up narrowed her nose and fixed her eyes and learned to keep them up, just as she did her chin. She got into pictures again, made "Manslaughter" and then a string of no-goods. She was through, folks said. Cecil B. De Mille was casting "The Sign of the Cross" and Claudette saw an opportunity. She had looked over those punk pictures and decided she had become typed as a wishy-washy good girl. She made up her mind to turn herself upside down, to become, on the screen,

a wicked woman. She wanted to play Poppaea, the hellcat.

De Mille grinned at her ambition and shook his head, so she went back to her dressing room, pulled out her nice-girl eyebrows and penciled in a wicked line. She cut her hair and gave herself mean bangs. She dropped the corners of her mouth, and donning a snappy, loud dress went back to De Mille and shot him an eyeful of iniquity.

De Mille was flabbergasted. When he recovered his breath he gasped, "I think you'll do." And she did. Nothing stopped her after that.

Joe E. Brown left his poor home, with his parents' permission, when he was ten years old, to become an acrobat in a circus at \$1.50 a week. He was one of three boys who were tossed back and forth by two men. For thirteen years he worked at that, suffering tortures that would have made most boys give up. In his first performance he cracked his jawbone and had to wear a helmet to hold it in place. He sprained ankles twelve times, never was given a rest so they would heal quickly, and was forced to turn twisting somersaults, suffering intense pain as he landed on those ankles on the mat. His knees were dislocated, his fingers were broken a dozen times, his leg smashed and his shoulder dislocated. They almost did kill him, but he stuck it out.

One thing he learned—never to admit he was licked. When he failed to do a trick he had to go right back and try it again until he perfected it. When he missed they beat him on the shins with a broomstick. Eventually he got into musical comedy, then, nine years ago, into pictures. That never-quit spirit, backed by hard work, carried him on.

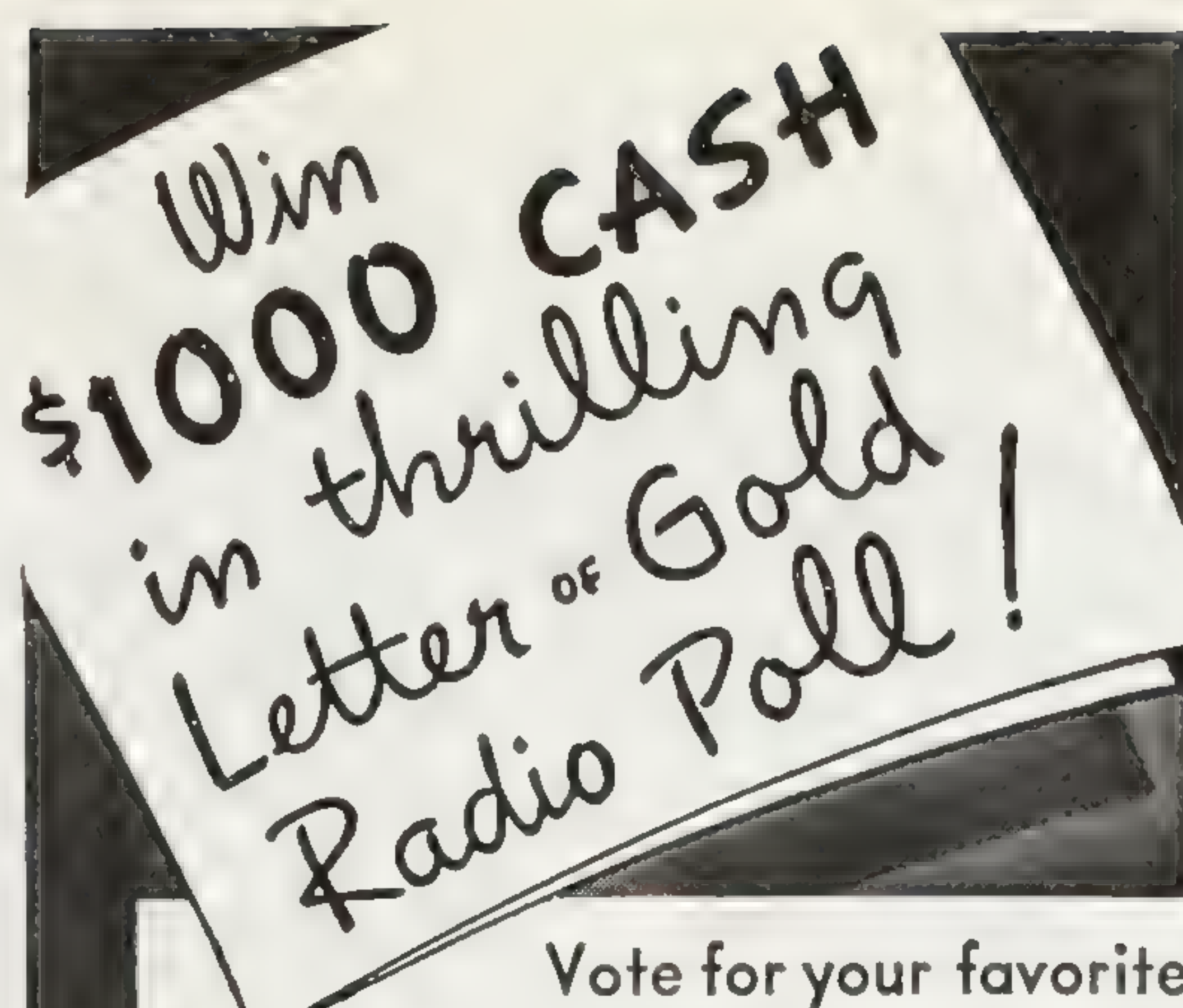
THERE has been much talk about how Myrna Loy "accidentally" became a great star because somebody discovered she was better as her own sweet self than as the exotic, slinky yellow girls she had been playing. It was no accident. It was a result of intense work, a never-say-die spirit.

She had been getting nowhere for eight years and was advised by many producers that she had gone as far as possible, that she might as well be resigned, for there weren't many good parts for her type of girl.

She went to Oliver Hinsdale, then dramatic coach at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, determined to show the producers that there was a real Myrna Loy they had overlooked. She had to study to be herself. So long had she played exotics that she had innumerable bad habits to "unlearn." Day after day she worked under the direction of the dramatic coach, developing her voice, her smile, letting that grand sense of humor show in her face and her actions.

After months of work she was ready. She was given a chance to be herself in "Penthouse." Then eventually in "The Thin Man" and from that point on she was hailed as a new Myrna Loy, the greatest wife the screen had ever presented. It was in her all the time, but it took long hours of labor to bring it out.

Fred Astaire, as a child, was in vaudeville for years with his sister Adele. They were taken up by musical comedy and were a hit. Then Adele married Lord Charles Cavendish and Fred had to go it alone. There was a question as to whether he would do, without Adele. He went into "The Gay Divorce." The critics tore him apart. "Two Astaires are better than one," one of them said. Another wrote, "Astaire is quite unattractive physically and would not look out of place jerking soda in a prairie town drugstore." But the show ran thirty-two weeks and he was signed to go to Hollywood.



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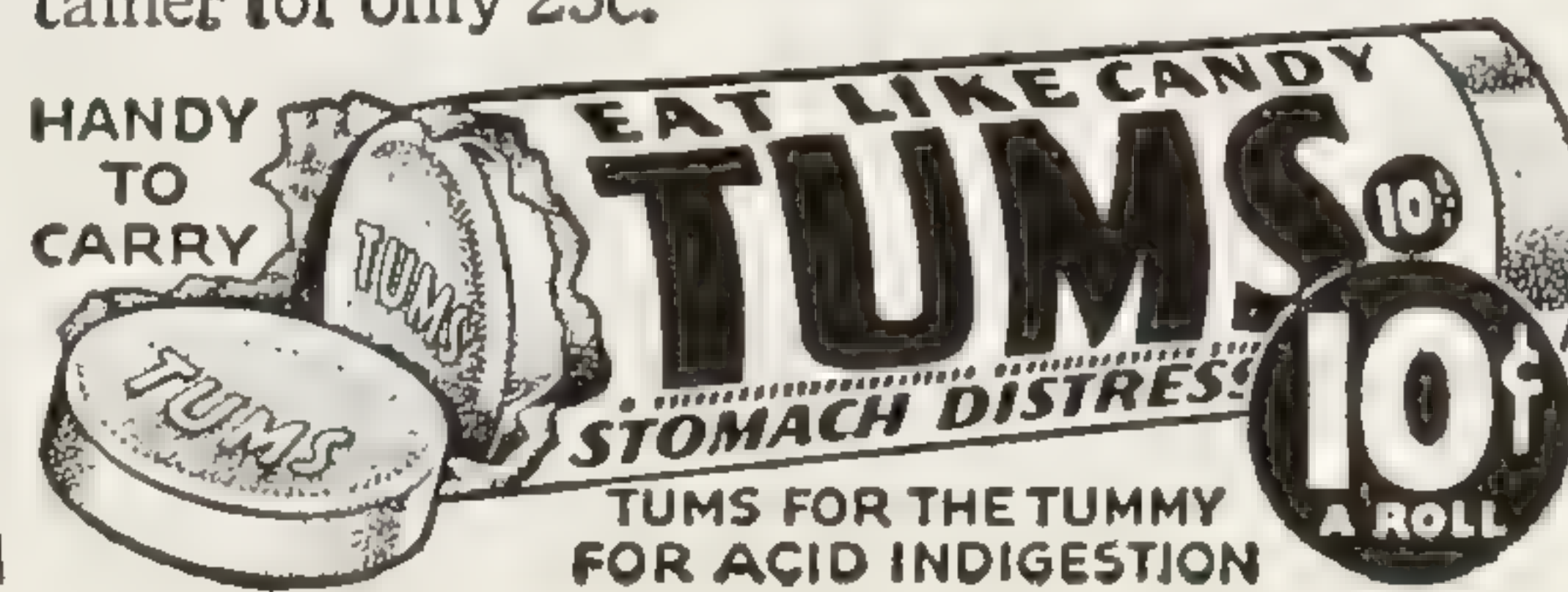
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His first picture was "Dancing Lady," with Joan Crawford, and although on the stage he was one of the Bigs, they gave him very little to do in the picture. Experts said he wasn't handsome enough. He made "Flying Down to Rio" and when he saw it he wanted to burn the film. He thought he was out of pictures forever and so he went to London to appear there in "The Gay Divorce." To his amazement he began to get cables telling him that he was a hit, a new star, the biggest thing in pictures. They wanted him back in Hollywood immediately to make some more. Unbelieving, he returned—and you know the rest. He's on top, but he never lets down. No man in any profession works harder, practicing, inventing new ideas and perfecting his talent, than does Fred Astaire.

Clark Gable, as a youngster, wanted to be an actor. His first chance was with a tent show in which he played a cornet in the parade, drove stakes to put up the tent and acted in between times. He landed in the Northwest and for four years worked at all sorts of jobs, playing now and then in Little Theater productions.

Thirteen years ago he was an extra man in Hollywood. For two years he hung around the studios but nobody paid any attention to him. Often he was hungry. He left, got small parts in New York and finally returned to Hollywood to play in "The Last Mile" on the stage. He was given a test—as a Hawaiian—and was found to be no good. Struggling along, he was put at last into "Laughing Sinners" with Joan Crawford. He went up, then he went down, until "It Happened One Night" proved that Gable wasn't just a good-looking man—he could act.

And the reason he could act, the cause of his success was this: he had been studying doggedly for fifteen years, most of the time with Josephine Dillon, a great dramatic coach, once his wife. And he isn't through studying yet.

Robert Taylor, you may say, jumped right into stardom. He made the trip faster than usual, but only after two years of intensive study under a dramatic coach. And he's still studying. For nobody knows yet whether Robert Taylor will last. He landed on top because of his charm and his beauty, but charm and beauty alone won't keep him there. He must learn to act, as Gable learned, or begin to fade.

So, if your friends tell you "You ought to be in pictures," or if your mirror makes you quite sure you're a Taylor or a Loy, hold up a minute before you hop a train to Hollywood. Ask yourself, and answer truly, "Will they have to kill me before I drop?"

If the answer is "No," stay home, youngster, stay home.

Did you ever hear that tall tale about Tom Mix and his butler? Do you know what happened when a very certain person parked her best and biggest piece of jewelry with an attendant at a Hollywood night club? . . . Well, if you don't, you can find out next month, when Lucius Beebe, grand spinner of yarns, takes you behind the scenes and tells you all about . . .

HOLLYWOOD PARTIES
Next month in Photoplay

Legs are young in
QUAKER
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Bewitching, youthful, glamorous. Definitely a stocking for moderns. Whether it be a gossamer-sheer two or three thread crepe, the ultra smart black heel, the alluring lace or lace toe—Quaker stockings all have that "something different" that symbolizes a personality in merchandise as in people.

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"Honest—you ought to try it! You'll know this Beeman flavor's something special the minute you tear off the airtight wrappings and get that first tantalizing whiff! And the taste—smooth as custard—a real up-and-doing flavor!"



"Let me tell you something! Beeman's is fine for digestion, too! When you can't resist one of those rich, indiscreet desserts—top off with Beeman's! It comforts your digestion!"

Beeman's

AIDS DIGESTION...

Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 4)

\$1.00 PRIZE

OH WAS SOME POWER THE GIFT TO GIVE US!

The other night I saw myself in "Love Is News." That is, I saw myself the way producers seem to think we newspaper people are. I'm just the editor of a small paper, but when I saw Don Ameche as the too-explosive editor, I wondered if I really weren't more important than I had thought. I remembered other films, too, in which the editors, à la George Bancroft, had bellowed out orders occasionally decorated with pungent words and spicy phrases.

No wonder the young people want to be reporters if they can't be movie stars! The films certainly have spread a halo of glory around the newspaper world.

But I don't mind. On those days when advertisements are slow coming in, and dead lines creep up on one, and leads just won't be anything but words, I think of the film newspaper people, and thank my Fates that I have a job which some people think is romantic and colorful and worth having!

F. K. BECKWITH,
Seattle, Wash.

Reader Beckwith should be pleased to hear that David Selznick intends to glamorize the newspaper business in a really big way. He will soon produce "Freedom of the Press," ballyhooed as a "cavalcade of American journalism in all its exciting and romantic aspects." Specifically, it will be a history of the Associated Press, the largest news-gathering organization in the world, from its beginnings in 1848 to the present day.

\$1.00 PRIZE

WHAT'S YOUR VERDICT?

Ward Greene gave us the novel as "Death in the Deep South"; then Mervyn LeRoy brought it to life on the screen as "They Won't Forget." It is one of the few novels that the motion pictures have improved on. I believe a great share of credit goes to Claude Rains as the perfect Andrew Griffin. In my eyes his performance was noble. I also enjoyed Gloria Dickson who portrayed Sybil Hale.

Please, Warner Brothers, give us lots more of the honest to goodness human stories and less sugar and spice.

RUTH LANGFORD,
Seminole, Okla.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Recently Warners gave us "They Won't Forget." It is the worst piece of farfetched unrealism that I have ever seen. Whoever did the sets hadn't the remotest idea of the South. The characters were no more Southern than this fellow from Harlem who calls himself De Lawd. Their dialect was a good mixture of the accents of ignorant negroes and uneducated hillbillies.

The story was false from beginning to end. The South holds no hatred for the North. We've forgotten everything that ever happened during the Civil War. We've forgiven everything and everyone except Sherman's March Through Georgia, and surely you'll agree that he wasn't human. Our lawyers are gentlemen, educated, cultured, polished, and not the sort of officials they pictured as being in the District Attorney's office in this film. They seemed to stop at nothing that would give the South a black eye, no matter how untrue or unreal it was—even to the lynching party



TOO OFTEN NEGLECTED

Take care of your face . . . but don't forget your figure!

Your brassiere, for instance, should be more than an attractive-looking piece of material. If you wear "H&W" Props, with the clever corded support, you'll find your figure taking on a youthful vivacity. Unlike the average brassiere, which merely holds...it molds!

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MARY T. GOLDMAN
2411 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name
Street
City State
Color of your hair?

that looked like a group of thirsty mountaineers settling a feud.

The times are restless enough as they are. We are Americans united, and not a house divided.

RUTH BARNETT,
New Orleans, La.

\$1.00 PRIZE

TAYLOR—WAKE UP AND FIGHT!

I should like to know if Robert Taylor will be killed by public affection as so many other actors were? Does the public—especially the women—want to see him always portrayed as the spoiled, pampered son of a papa and mama millionaire? If that is so, I am sorry, for I am a woman too.

I have just come home from "Private Number," and I am hot with rage. The cinema was crowded with women, and sighs of "Oh, isn't he marvelous?" were heard up and down. The only moment when the men applauded was when Mr. Taylor hit Basil Rathbone.

Is not Mr. Taylor worth a chance to show his art? Isn't he amiable and handsome enough to play—well, play anything but that nonsense they keep starring him in? I'm not interested in whether Mr. Taylor and Miss Stanwyck were seen together here and there, but only in why Mr. Taylor doesn't struggle to get parts worthy of him.

EVA SAFRANKOVA,
Prague, Czechoslovakia

\$1.00 PRIZE

I am writing this letter in reference to Robert Taylor's work in pictures. He is simply marvelous, and I (and many other girls) go for him in a big way. But it seems to me that he is always cast in such a sissy part. In my eyes he has enough acting ability to be put into pictures that will give him a chance to play some heroic and fighting character, and I cannot understand why M-G-M will not give him a chance. Maybe there was a crazy idea that his handsomeness didn't quite fit in with such characters, but I don't think that is a good enough reason.

Why not give him a crack at some he-man rôle such as those played by Warner Baxter? The Taylor fans would get a real thrill.

ELAINE DOREMUS,
Jersey City, N. J.

Actor Taylor goes British for his next, "A Yank at Oxford," but his admirers may be consoled, for he will then appear in "U. S. Smith." In that film he will be a fighting hero in the best tradition, along with Spencer Tracy who also will appear in the picture.

\$1.00 PRIZE

WE WANT MORE MOORE—

Why don't they give Miss Grace Moore a new picture to sing in? I've seen her in the same picture four times, with slight alterations as to title. This practice of pigeonholing actors into type received a rude jolt when Victor Moore stepped out of his nincompoop comedy parts to literally triumph in "Make Way for Tomorrow." Orchids to Mr. Moore for this performance.

JAMES HORNER,
Boston, Mass.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Oh, why do the powers that be allow Grace Moore and other artists with operatic voices to sing songs so far below their artistic capabilities! There is no deprecation intended when I say there is a veritable endless chain of singers to supply the oop-adoop stuff, in comparison with the few who can ren-

der the beautiful operatic arias in a creditable manner.

We need and enjoy good popular singers, but an opera singer is no more able to put across a popular number than a blues singer would be able to do a complicated coloratura solo from a famous opera.

MARIE MURPHY,
Saint Louis, Mo.

Diva Moore has always sung what might be termed "popular" sentimental music in her pictures. In her last one, however, "When You're in Love," she was persuaded to give a more or less restrained version of "Minnie the Moocher," to which no doubt Reader Murphy refers. In Miss Moore's new picture soon to be released, "I'll Take Romance," the lovely singer will have nothing but classical music to sing.

\$1.00 PRIZE

SYLVIA SIDNEY—THE SCREEN'S SOB SISTER

Just a few words about that really fine actress, Sylvia Sidney. Why is she continually given the rôle of the poor unfortunate in a picture that generally has an unhappy ending?

Her portrayals are excellent; her work sincere and filled with great emotional depth. Nevertheless, I usually leave her films with a morbid, melancholy impression. In the future, I would like to see a new Sylvia Sidney—a vivacious, gay, sparkling person in light comedy and romantic rôles. And no more tragedy for the little Sidney girl!

HARRIETTE CASSIDY,
Tulsa, Okla.

\$1.00 PRIZE

WE'LL BITE—WHY DO THEY?

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I am talking about Martha Raye and Bob Burns in "Waikiki Wedding" and "Mountain Music." "Waikiki Wedding" was a grand picture with plenty of good comedy and a sensible plot, but "Mountain Music" was the nearest to nothing I've seen in a long time. Come on, producers, and give Martha a real break. Let her star in a picture where she isn't so awfully silly and backwoodish. She's a marvelous comedienne, and there isn't any one who can beat her when it comes to swinging a swing song.

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It was a distinct thrill to read "The Shadow Stage" in the July PHOTOPLAY. It was a thrill because in some respects it was a "welcome home" to several stars who have not had a good film to their credit in many a moon.

I cite: Robert Montgomery (without a cocktail shaker) in "Night Must Fall"; Janet Gaynor (without whimsey) in "A Star is Born"; Fredric March (without costumes or uniforms) in "A Star is Born"; Loretta Young (without tears) in "Cafe Metropole"; Miriam Hopkins (without heavy dramatics) in "Woman Chases Man."

It's always nice to see newcomers reach the top in kaleidoscopic Hollywood, but I think it ever so much nicer to see some star, neglected by the studio, but not by his loyal fans, really come back and regain his rightful place in the movie sun.

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Casts of Current Pictures

"ADVENTUROUS BLONDE"—WARNERS. Original story and screen play by Robertson White. Directed by Frank McDonald. The Cast: *Torchy Blane*, Glenda Farrell; *Steve McBride*, Barton MacLane; *Gahagan*, Tom Kennedy; *Grace Brown*, Anne Nagel; *Morlimer Gray*, Robert Barrat; *Theresa Gray*, Natalie Moorhead; *Hugo*, Anderson Lawler; *Mugsy*, Hugh O'Connell; *Pete*, George E. Stone; *Mal*, William Hopper; *Dud*, Charles Foy; *Capt. McTavish*, Frank Shannon; *Harvey Hammond*, Leland Hodgson; *Mrs. Hammond*, Virginia Brissac; *Dr. Bolger*, James Conlon; *Dr. Holly*, Granville Owen; *Sergeant*, George Guhl.

"ALL OVER TOWN"—REPUBLIC.—Original story by Richard English. Screen play by Jack Townley and Jerome Chodorov. Directed by James Horne. The Cast: *Olsen*, Ole Olsen; *Johnson*, Chic Johnson; *Joan Eldridge*, Mary Howard; *Don Fletcher*, Harry Stockwell; *Costumer*, Franklin Pangborn; *MacDougal*, James Finlayson; *Bailey*, Eddie Kane; *Slug*, Stanley Fields; *Davenport*, D'Arcy Corrigan; *Martin*, Lew Kelly; *McKee*, John Sheehan; *Barker*, Earle Hodgins; *Mamie*, Gertrude Astor; *Miss Wilson*, Blanche Payson; *Phillips*, Otto Hoffman; *Inspector Murphy*, Fred Kelsey.

"ANGEL"—PARAMOUNT.—Based on a play by Melchior Lengyel. Adapted by Guy Bolton and Russell Medcraft. Screen play by Samuel Raphaelson. Directed by Ernest Lubitsch. The Cast: *Maria Barker*, Marlene Dietrich; *Sir Frederick Barker*, Herbert Marshall; *Anthony Halton*, Melvyn Douglas; *Graham*, valet, Edward Everett Horton; *Greenwood*, Herbert Mundin; *Walter*, buller, Ernest Cossart; *Grand Duchess Anna*, Laura Hope Crews; *Prince Vladimir*, Ivan Lebedeff.

"ANNAPOLIS SALUTE"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by John Twist. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The Cast: *Bill Martin*, James Ellison; *Julia Clemmens*, Marsha Hunt; *Chief Martin*, Harry Carey; *Clarke Parker*, Van Heflin; *Bunny Oliver*, Ann Hovey; *Tex Clemmens*, Arthur Lake; *Bob Wilson*, Dick Hogan; *Mary Lou*, Marilyn Vernon; *Dwight Moore*, John Griggs.

"BAD GUY"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Earl Felton and Harry Ruskin. Based on an original story, "High Voltage," by J. Robert Bren, Kathleen Shepard and Hal Long. Directed by Edward Cahn. The Cast: *"Lucky"*, Walden, Bruce Cabot; *Kitty*, Virginia Grey; *Steve Carroll*, Edward Norris; *Betty*, Jean Chatburn; *"Hi-Line"*, Cliff Edwards; *Dan Gray*, Charley Grapewin; *"Shorty"*, Warren Hymer; *Warden*, John Hamilton; *Bronson*, Clay Clement.

"BIG CITY"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Dore Schary and Hugo Butler. Based on an original story by Norman Krasna. Directed by Frank Borzage. The Cast: *Anna Benton*, Luise Rainer; *Joe Benton*, Spencer Tracy; *The Mayor*, Charley Grapewin; *Sophie Sloane*, Janet Beecher; *Mike Edwards*, Eddie Quillan; *Paul Roy*, Victor Varconi; *John C. Andrews*, Oscar O'Shea; *Lola Johnson*, Helen Troy; *Beecher*, William Demarest; *Buddy*, John Arledge; *Jim Sloane*, Irving Bacon; *Danny Devlin*, Guinn Williams; *Fred Hawkins*, Regis Toomey; *Tom Reilly*, Edgar Dearing; *District Attorney Gilbert*, Paul Harvey; *Inspector Matthews*, Andrew J. Tombes; *Grandpa Sloane*, Clem Bevans; *Mary Reilly*, Grace Ford; *Peggy Devlin*, Alice White.

"BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938"—M-G-M.—Original story by Jack McGowan and Sid Silvers. Screen play by Jack McGowan. Music and lyrics by Nacio Herb Brown and Arthur Freed. The Cast: *Steve Raleigh*, Robert Taylor; *Sally Lee*, Eleanor Powell; *Sonny Ledford*, George Murphy; *Caroline Whipple*, Binnie Barnes; *Peter Trol*, Buddy Ebsen; *Alice Clayton*, Sophie Tucker; *Betty Clayton*, Judy Garland; *Nicki Papaloozas*, Charles Igor Gorin; *Herman Whipple*, Raymond Walburn; *Duffy*, Robert Benchley; *The Waiter*, Willie Howard; *James K. Blakeley*, Charles Grapewin; *The Sneez*, Robert Wildhack; *George Papaloozas*, Billy Gilbert; *Jerry Jason*, Barnett Parker; *Emma Snipe*, Helen Troy.

"FIRST LADY"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Rowland Leigh from a play by George S. Kaufman and Katharine Dayton. Directed by Stanley Logan. The Cast: *Lucy Chase Wayne*, Kay Francis; *Emmy Page*, Anita Louise; *Irene Hibbard*, Verree Teasdale; *Lavinia May Creevey*, Louise Fazenda; *Belle Hardwicke*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Ellsworth T. Gunning*, Grant Mitchell; *Mrs. Ives*, Lucille Gleason; *Charles*, Harry Davenport; *Bleeker*, Olaf Hyton; *Stephen Wayne*, Preston Foster; *Carler Hibbard*, Walter Connolly; *Gordon Keane*, Victor Jory; *Sophy Prescott*, Marjorie Gateson; *George Mason*, Henry O'Neill; *Tom Hardwicke*, Eric Stanley; *Mrs. Mason*, Sara Haden; *Gregorovich*, Gregory Gays.

"LIFE OF THE PARTY, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—Story by Joseph Santley. Screen play by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby and Viola Brothers Shore. Directed by William A. Seiter. The Cast: *Penner*, Joe Penner; *Barry*, Gene Raymond; *Parky*, Parkyakarkus; *Miltz*, Harriet Hilliard; *Oliver*, Victor Moore; *Pauline*, Helen Broderick; *Dr. Molnac*, Billy Gilbert; *Betty*, Ann Miller; *Hotel Manager*, Richard Lane; *Beggs*, Franklin Pangborn; *Mrs. Penner*, Margaret Dumont; *Countess Martos*, Ann Shoemaker; *Susan*, Jane Rhodes; *Mr. Van Tuyl*, George Irving; *Mrs. Van Tuyl*, Winifred Harris; *Maitre d'Hotel*, Charles Judels.

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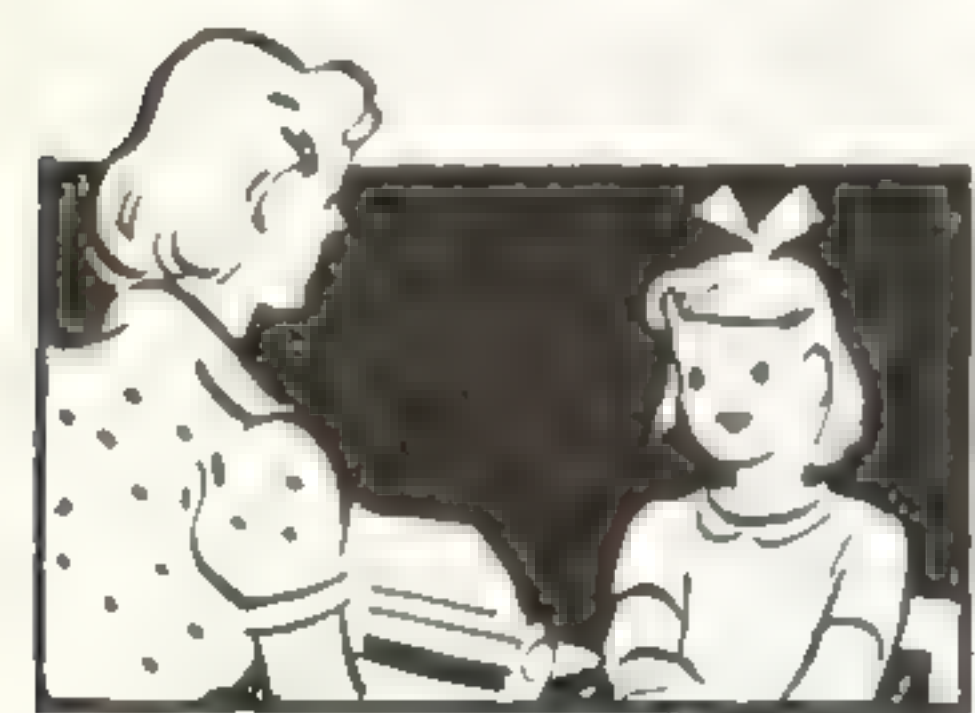
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"LOVE IS ON THE AIR"—WARNERS.—Original story by Roy Chanslor. Screen play by Morton Grant. Directed by Nick Grinde. The Cast: "Andy," Ronald Reagan; Jo, June Travis; J. D., Robert Barratt; Dunk, Eddie Acuff; Weston, Raymond Hatton; Nicey, Ben Welden; Grant McKenzie, George E. Stone; Les Quimby, Willard Parker; Eddie Gould, William Hopper; Nichol, Addison Richards; Mouse, Tommy Bupp; Pinkie, Spec O'Donnell; Mrs. Copeland, Mary Hart; Lang, Walter Miller.

"MAKE A WISH"—RKO-RADIO.—Story by Gertrude Berg. Additional dialogue by William Hurlbut. Comedy sequences by Al Boasberg. Screen play by Gertrude Berg, Bernard Schubert and Earle Snell. Directed by Kurt Neumann. The Cast: Chip, Bobby Breen; Selden, Basil Rathbone; Irene, Marion Claire; Morella, Henry Armetta; Mays, Ralph Forbes; Brennan, Leon Errol; Pee Wee, Billy Lee; Joseph, Donald Meek; Dr. Stevens, Herbert Rawlinson; Moe, Leonid Kinskey; Minsirel, Fred Scott.

"MAN WHO CRIED WOLF, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Charles Grayson and Cy Bartlett. Directed by Lewis R. Foster. The Cast: Lawrence Fontaine, Lewis Stone; Tommy Bradley, Tom Brown; Nan, Barbara Read; Captain Walter Reid, Robert Gleckler; Jock, Forrester Harvey; Hailigan, Billy Wayne; George Bradley, Jameson Thomas; Amelia Bradley, Marjorie Main.

"MY DEAR MISS ALDRICH"—M-G-M.—Original story and screen play by Herman L. Mankiewicz. Directed by George B. Seitz. The Cast: Mrs. Atherton, Edna May Oliver; Martha Aldrich, Maureen O'Sullivan; Ken Morley, Walter Pidgeon; Ellen Warfield, Rita Johnson; Mrs. Sinclair, Janet Beecher; Mr. Sinclair, Paul Harvey; Mr. Warfield, Charles Waldron; Mr. Talbot, Walter Kingsford; Ted Martin, Roger Converse; An Attendant, Guinn Williams; A Waiter, Leonid Kinskey; Gregory, Brent Sargent; "Doc" Howe, J. Farrell MacDonald; The Major Domo, Robert Greig.

"100 MEN AND A GIRL"—UNIVERSAL.—Original story by Hans Kraly. Screen play by Bruce Manning, Charles Kenyon and Hans Kraly. Directed by Henry Koster. The Cast: Patsy Cardwell, Deanna Durbin; Stokowski, Leopold Stokowski; John Cardwell, Adolphe Menjou; Michael Borodoff, Mischa Auer; John Frost, Eugene Pallette; Mrs. Frost, Alice Brady; Pappos, Bill Gilbert; Mrs. Taylor, Alma Kruger.

"PRISONER OF ZENDA, THE"—SELZNICK-UNITED ARTISTS.—Based on Edward Rose's dramatization of Anthony Hope's novel. Adaptation by Wells Root. Screen play by John L. Balderston. Directed by John Cromwell. The Cast: Rudolf Rassendyll, King Rudolph V, Ronald Colman; Princess Flavia, Madeleine Carroll; Rupert of Hentzau, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Antoinette de Mauban, Mary Astor; Colonel Zapt, C. Aubrey Smith; Black Michael, Raymond Massey; Fritz von Tarlenheim, David Niven; Deichard, Montagu Love; Kraftstein, William von Brincken; Lanengram, Philip Sleeman; Cook, Eleanor Wesselhoeff; Duenna, Florence Roberts; Black Michael's Butler, Torben Meyer; Marshal Strakencz, Lawrence Grant; Cardinal, Ian Maclaren; Bersonin, Ralph Faulkner; Master Johann, Byron Foulger; Josef, Howard Lang; British Ambassador, Ben Webster; British Ambassador's Wife, Evelyn Dersford; Master of Ceremonies, Boyd Irwin; Lord High Chamberlain, Emmett King; Orchestra Leader, Al Shean; Passport Officer, Charles Halton; Luggage Officer, Otto Fries; Porter, Spencer Charters; De Gaultier, Alexander D'Arcy; Man at Station, Henry Roquemore; Wife at Station, Lillian Hermer; Two Guards at Lodge, Pat Somerset and Leslie Sketchley.

"SHE ASKED FOR IT"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Frederick Jackson, Theodore Reeves and Howard Irving Young. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. The Cast: Dwight Stanford, William Gargan; Penelope Stanford, Orien Heyward; Celia Stettin, Vivienne Osborne; Ted Hoyt, Richard Carle; Randolph Stettin, Roland Drew; Mr. Switch, Harry Beresford; Conrad Norris, Alan Birmingham; Jenkins, Harry Fleischmann; Old Man Stettin, Tully Marshall; Kaito, Miki Morita.

"SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT"—GRAND NATIONAL.—Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The Cast: Terry Rooney, James Cagney; Rita Wyatt, Evelyn Daw; Hank, William Frawley; Stephanie, Mona Barrie; Producer Regan, Gene Lockhart; Pinky, Harry Barris; Fuzzy, Candy Candido; Happy, Bill Carey.

"SOPHIE LANG GOES WEST"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Doris Anderson, Brian Marlow and Robert Wyler. From an original story by Frederick Irving Anderson. Directed by Charles Reisner. The Cast: Sophie Lang, Gertrude Michael; Eddie Collyn, Lee Bowman; Helga Roma, Sandra Storme; Steve Clayton, Larry Crabbe; Archie Banks, Barlowe Borland; Sultan of Padaya, C. Henry Gordon; Clerk, Archie Twitchell; Taxi Driver, Nick Lukats.

"STAGE DOOR"—RKO-RADIO.—From a play by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman. Directed by Gregory LaCava. The Cast: Terry Randall, Katharine Hepburn; Jean Mailland, Ginger Rogers; Anthony Powell, Adolphe Menjou; Linda Shaw, Gail Patrick; Catherine Luther, Constance Collier; Kaye Hamilton, Andrea Leeds; Randall, Samuel B. Hinds; Judith Canfield, Lucille Ball; Carmichael, Pierre Watkin; Dizzy, Jean Rouverol; Annie, Ann Miller; Early, Margaret Early; Olga Brent, Norma Drury; Madeline, Harriett Brandon; Mrs. Orcutt, Elizabeth Dunne; Ann Braddock, Jane Rhodes; Mary McGuire, Frances Gifford; Bernice,

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"THIN ICE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Boris Ingster and Milton Sperling. From the play, "Der Komet," by Attila Orbok. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. The Cast: Lili Heiser, Sonja Henie; Prince Rudolph, Tyrone Power; Nottingham, Arthur Treacher; Uncle Dornik, Raymond Walburn; Orchestra Leader, Joan Davis; Prime Minister, Sig Rumann; Baron, Alan Hale; Singer, Leah Ray; Krantz, Melville Cooper; Count, Maurice Cass; Alex, George Givot; Martha, Greta Meyer; Janitor, Egon Brecher; Chauffeur, Torben Meyer; Waiter, George Davis.

"WIFE, DOCTOR AND NURSE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Kathryn Scola, Darrell Ware and Lamar Trotti. Directed by Walter Lang. The Cast: Ina, Loretta Young; Dr. Judd Lewis, Warner Baxter; Steve, Virginia Bruce; Mrs. Krueger, Jane Darwell; Dr. Therberg, Sidney Blackmer; Pompout, Maurice Cass; Constance, Minna Gombell; Mrs. Cunningham, Margaret Irving; Bruce Thomas, Gordon Elliott; Glen Wylie, Elisha Cook, Jr.; Bill, Paul Hurst; Dr. Hedges, Hal K. Dawson; Red, George Ernest; Nick, Georges Renavent; Uncle, Spencer Charters; Miss Farrell, Claire Du Brey; Chauffeur, Lon Chaney, Jr.; Chef, Charles Judels; Delivery Man, Stanley Fields; Doorman, Olin Howland; Supl. of Nurses, Jan Duggan; Specialty, Brewster Twins.

"WOMEN MEN MARRY, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Harry Ruskin, Donald Henderson Clarke, and James E. Grant. From a story by Matt Taylor. Directed by Errol Taggart. The Cast: Bill Raeburn, George Murphy; Jane Carson, Josephine Hutchinson; Claire Raeburn, Claire Dodd; Walter Wiley, Sidney Blackmer; Jerry Little, Cliff Edwards; Brother Nameless, John Wray; Mary Jane, Peggy Ryan; Sister Martin, Helen Jerome Eddy; Peter Martin, Rollo Lloyd; Brother Lamb, Edward McWade; Sugar, Toby Wing; Quinn, Leonard Penn; "Pop," Walter Walker.

Junior Legion

(Continued from page 67)

so clearly how she feels about her uncle. "Isn't Uncle Harry splendid," she exclaimed. "He must be just like the King!"

Her best friend and constant playmate is Michael, a black Scottish terrier. She was telling us about having been taken to visit Westminster Abbey in London before coming to Hollywood. "I didn't like it," she whispered. "It was cool in there and rather dim. I held tightly to Uncle Harry's hand and I'm glad I didn't take Michael. Michael wouldn't have liked it either." Her eyes were big and solemn.

"Would he have liked the Coronation?" I asked.

"Oh yes, Michael loves parades. He thinks they're ripping!"

Lately Michael has been joined by Peter, a nondescript little animal brought from Baltimore by Uncle Harry as a special gift to Sybil for being a good girl. Peter has none of Michael's dignity. When we were introduced he landed with a bound in my lap, turned around six times, climbed up my shoulder and started to chew my ear. Peter has no British restraint. He is a 100% American Dog. Poor Michael!

Sybil and I are going over to play dolls with Cora Sue Collins. I've known Cora Sue since she was four, and the first time I saw her I asked her to come and play with my dolls. She looked at me rather queerly but thanked me politely. As she was walking away she said to her mother in a loud whisper, "Just think, Mother! Still playing with dolls! At her age!"

Next month is "Big Surprise" month for the readers of "Hollywood's Junior Legion." Marianne will hold court under a spreading Christmas tree and—but read for yourself all the delightful things she will have to tell you.

Remember—if you want a snapshot of this month's party, write to Marianne, in care of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal., and enclose a self-addressed, STAMPED envelope.

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

★ EMEROR'S CANDLESTICKS, THE—M-G-M

Gorgeous production, exquisite cameo-like work by Luise Rainer, and the always satisfying performance of Bill Powell make this a fine picture, though the creaking story built around spy activities is antique and melodramatic. E. E. Clive, Robert Young, Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Morgan make up the splendid cast. (Sept.)

EVER SINCE EVE—Warners

Once again Marion Davies is a glamorous beauty posing as an ugly duckling to keep her job. When Bob Montgomery, her author-boss, discovers he loves his homely secretary, all goes quite as you would expect. Patsy Kelly and Allen Jenkins provide the slap-happy comedy. (Sept.)

EXCLUSIVE—Paramount

Yellow journalism comes in for a lambasting in this newspaper yarn. Fred MacMurray and Charles Ruggles are reporters for the clean sheet. Frances Farmer and Lloyd Nolan come to plenty of grief representing the muckrakers. Its lusty, gussy fare. (Oct.)

★ FIREFLY, THE—M-G-M

Jeanette MacDonald's newest venture into musical comedy without Nelson Eddy is a well-photographed, spectacular piece with a Napoleonic Spanish background involving spy activities. Allan Jones is Miss MacDonald's love this time, and they both contribute some blue-ribbon singing. (Oct.)

FLIGHT FROM GLORY—RKO-Radio

This thrilling story of planes and fliers has all the symptoms of a hit picture. It concerns a brutal setup at a small airport in the Andes. Headman Onslow Stevens sends men to their death in ruined planes. Chester Morris and Whitney Bourne finally find the answer to liberty and love. (Oct.)

FLY-AWAY BABY—Warners

Glenda Farrell, feminine Sherlock Holmes, again solves a murder mystery, but this time she takes to the air on a round-the-world trip to do it. Barton MacLane is the dick in love with her. Good comedy is provided by Tom Kennedy. And the finish is a surprise. (Aug.)

GANGWAY—GB

Definitely Jessie Matthews' best picture to date, this gay crook musical has delicious song and lyrics and Jessie's dancing tied together in a giddy story of a young English girl's mix-ups with gangs, gunmen and Scotland Yard men. One of the latter helps her straighten out her love life. (Oct.)

GIRL SAID NO, THE—Grand National

With sixteen Gilbert and Sullivan tunes to create nostalgia and a surprise performance by Irene Hervey, this reaches the upper brackets as bright comedy. Bob Armstrong is the down-at-the-heel manager of a singing troupe. You should see it. (Aug.)

HIDEAWAY—RKO-Radio

The situations and gags than enliven Fred Stone's predicament as the shiftless yokel whose farm is used as a hide-out by a gang of crooks provide some good comedy. Emma Dunn is Stone's energetic wife; Marjorie Lord his pretty daughter. Your whole family should enjoy it. (Oct.)

HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME—Paramount

As a combination of epic, musical and thundering melodrama, this experiment sometimes curdles, but Irene Dunne, in fine voice, is alone worth the admission. She is presented as a carnival girl who marries farmer Randolph Scott. They finally discover oil for the lamps of Erie under the cabbages. Top-notch. (Oct.)

HOOSIER SCHOOLBOY, THE—Monogram

A timely, homespun and sometimes satirical picture of everyday American life given reality by the forthright performance of Mickey Rooney, the misunderstood urchin battling for his father's reputation. Anne Nagel is the understanding school-marm; Frank Shields, her beau ideal. (Sept.)

HOTEL HAYWIRE—Paramount

A conglomeration of good actors lost in a melee of ancient buffoonery that manages to be very funny. Leo Carrillo is the fake seer whose bad advice breaks up the family of Lynn Overman and his wife, Spring Byington. The amateur detective work of Benny Baker and Collette Lyons adds to the marital confusion. (Aug.)

HOT WATER—20th Century-Fox

Here comes the Jones family again—and in trouble as usual. Pa Jones (Jed Prouty) is a candidate for mayor, but almost loses the election when blackguards frame his son in a messy scandal. Spring Byington, Kenneth Howell, Shirley Deane and the usual Jones cast. (Oct.)

★ I MET HIM IN PARIS—Paramount

As modern as tomorrow's hat, this sophisticated conversational comedy reveals what happens when two boys meet one girl. Claudette Colbert is the department store designer out for a fling. Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young see that she gets it. The dialogue is delicious and as catchy as measles. The snow scenes taken at Sun Valley are breathtaking. Simply swell. (Aug.)

IT HAPPENED OUT WEST—20th Century-Fox

Paul Kelly, a big business man, is sent West on an undercover deal to purchase a dairy ranch from Judith Allen. He falls in love with her, becomes involved with Leroy Mason, heavy. You write the rest. (Aug.)

IT'S ALL YOURS—Columbia

This consists mostly of charm by Francis Lederer, beauty by Madeleine Carroll, and nonsense by Mischa Auer. There is much to-do about an inheritance, and True Love comes out of a triangle romance. At times it's pretty funny. (Oct.)

IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER—Warners

This allows Bette Davis and Leslie Howard to drop their previous sufferings and romp through one of the gayest and smartest of the new comedies. Playing stage players in love with each other but



Most women don't need beauty parlors. Your own doctor will tell you that sallow complexions and pimply skins are rarely matters for cosmetics. Because most skin blemishes are aggravated by constipation.

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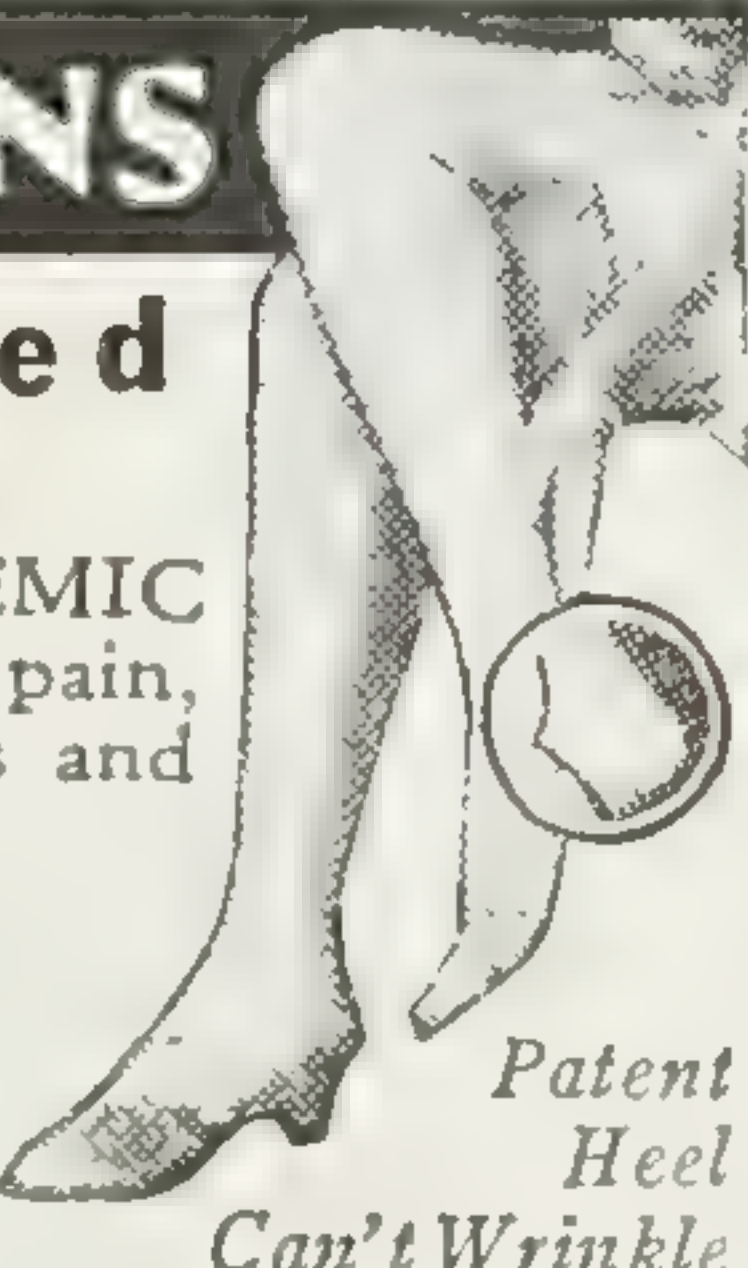
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temperamentally allergic, they are ably supported by Olivia de Havilland, Patric Knowles, and particularly Eric Blore, whose brand of humor grows increasingly contagious. (Oct.)

KING SOLOMON'S MINES—GB

Based on the novel by H. Rider Haggard, this depicts the harrowing experiences of five adventurers seeking the lost diamond mines of the Biblical king. Paul Robeson contributes some superb singing; Roland Young and Cedric Hardwicke play with their usual finesse. Somewhat à la serial, but you'll enjoy it. (Sept.)

★ KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOR — London Films-United Artists

James Hilton's story of romance and danger during the Russian Revolution, beautifully produced and superlatively photographed. Marlene Dietrich, as the exquisite countess, drops her mask, becomes really human. Robert Donat, as the secret service agent who saves her life, is perfect. Exceptional. (Aug.)

LADY ESCAPES, THE—20th Century-Fox

Another grade Z attempt at whimsical farce that fails miserably to amuse. Michael Whalen and Gloria Stuart are a pair of battling hyenas who, after a year of assault and battery, decide on a divorce. What happens? Who cares? (Aug.)

LAST TRAIN FROM MADRID—Paramount

An action-packed drama of modern Spain with timely subject material and a good story, but the dialogue is an insult to intelligence. Included in the cast are Lew Ayres, Dorothy Lamour, and Gilbert Roland, all of whom overact. (Aug.)

★ LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA, THE—Warners

Warner Brothers prove once again their aptitude for combining fascinating biography with dramatic entertainment. Paul Muni does epochal acting as the French writer, champion of the underdog, who risks his life and career to fight for Captain Dreyfus, unjustly condemned to Devil's Island. Joseph Schildkraut as Dreyfus is superlative. The entire cast scores. See this as one of the year's worthiest pictures. (Sept.)

LONDON BY NIGHT—M-G-M

Here is the usual mystery with the usual formula, the first ingredient of which is the reporter sleuth. Though the murderer masks his identity behind an umbrella, of all things, George Murphy finally solves the crime with the help of his girl Watson, Rita Johnson. (Oct.)

LOVE IN A BUNGALOW—Universal

A lightweight little story, this has Nan Grey, hostess in a model bungalow, and Kent Taylor, breezy salesman, bickering in the modern manner. Without benefit of clergy, they enter a happiest married contest, are forced to live up to the terms. Stay home and be comfortable. (Sept.)

LOVE UNDER FIRE—20th Century-Fox

As a new production in the current cycle of Spanish war pictures, this one was fired at and missed. It is built around the antique story of a Scotland Yard man chasing a beautiful woman thief through shot and shell. Don Ameche, Loretta Young and Borrah Minnevitich try very hard. (Oct.)

MAN IN BLUE, THE—Universal

The story of a cop, Edward Ellis, who adopts the son of a thief he killed in line of duty. The boy, Robert Wilcox, allows his heritage to throw him for a loop on the wrong path, but all ends well with the help of his heart throb, Nan Grey. Take it or leave it. (Aug.)

MARRIED BEFORE BREAKFAST—M-G-M

Debonair Robert Young raises this simple second-class picture to Grade A entertainment. The story concerns a crackpot inventor who gets involved in a night of adventure playing good Samaritan to a strange girl. Florence Rice is a vivid heroine. (Sept.)

MARRY THE GIRL—Warners

Fancy the hysterical "woo-hooing" of Hugh Herbert and the fuss-budgeting of Mary Boland, as heads of a newspaper syndicate, and you have some idea of this giddy-gabby laugh riot. Mischa Auer, Frank McHugh, Alan Mowbray and Carol Hughes contribute to the fun. (Sept.)

MEET THE MISSUS—RKO-Radio

Miss America contests come in for some fancy razzing in this Victor Moore-Helen Broderick snicker-flicker. Helen enters a better housewife contest, dragging hubby along. The judges finally pay them to leave town. Looney and lively. (Aug.)

MICHAEL O'HALLORAN—Republic

A sentimental, sobby drama of a frivolous wife who befriends two orphans to win back the custody of her own children. When Wynne Gibson, the wife, grows to love Jackie Moran and Charlene Wyatt, her husband becomes convinced of her sincerity. The kiddies are cunning. (Aug.)

MOUNTAIN JUSTICE—Warners

Based on the famous Edith Maxwell case, this reveals the brutalities of a sadistic father (Robert Barrat) who beats his daughter (Josephine Hutchinson). She kills him, goes to prison. George Brent, as her attorney, does his bit. Too repellently cruel. (Aug.)

★ MOUNTAIN MUSIC—Paramount

This screwball story of a hilly-billy with amnesia is a rollicking comedy of the knock-down drag-out tradition. Martha Raye is the lovely hen whom no man but Bob Burns wants. Things get raucous when the mountain people accuse John Howard of murdering Burns. If you like fun, here it is! (Aug.)

MR. DODD TAKES THE AIR—Warners

Tuneful and colorful, this introduces Kenny Baker, of other fame, portraying a strawberry festival songbird who is "discovered," hits the big time, falls in love. The girl is Jane Wyman. Baker promises to be a pleasant addition to the screen. (Oct.)

★ NEW FACES OF 1937—RKO-Radio

If variety, laughter, a cast that stretches from here to there, and plenty of hot swing music form your idea of amusing cinema, this is your dish. Joe Penner, Milton Berle, Harriet Hilliard and

(Continued on page 97)



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Parkyakarkus are the principals around whom are built many sketches and minor acts. Outstanding. (Sept.)

NIGHT OF MYSTERY—Paramount

This tries to follow the tradition of the *Philo Vance* series and fails miserably. When a murderous someone seems bent on exterminating the whole *Greene* family, you wish they would get it over, so you could go home. (Aug.)

NORTH OF THE RIO GRANDE—Paramount

A shooting, tooting action story of the famous *Hopalong Cassidy* series with Bill Boyd as usual playing *Cassidy*. Posing as a bad man to find the murderer of his brother he nearly comes a cropper. The scenery steals the show. (Sept.)

OFF AGAIN-ON AGAIN—RKO-Radio

Wheeler and Woolsey are a pair of quarreling Babbitts who decide on a wrestling match as a solution to their problems. The winner takes over the business; the loser plays valet to the lucky one. Patricia Wilder, Russell Hicks and Marjorie Lord add pep. (Sept.)

ON SUCH A NIGHT—Paramount

Someone was bound to make a picture of the Mississippi flood, and this irritating murder mystery is it. You can't imagine what Karen Morley and Grant Richards will do against the menace of Edwardo Ciannelli, nor do you care. The cast is good, but the story unbelievable and forced. (Oct.)

ONE MILE FROM HEAVEN—20th Century-Fox

Bill Robinson's dancing and Fredi Washington's warm performance lift this mild melodrama from utter mediocrity. The complications revolve around a white child and a colored woman who claims parentage. There are shootings, prison breaks and kidnappings. Claire Trevor is the newspaper wench who fixes everything. (Oct.)

★ PARNELL—M-G-M

A moving and educational portrait of the "uncrowned King of Ireland" and the woman for whom he gave up his power, directed with restraint and scrupulous attention to historical detail. Gable in the title rôle is dignified, Myrna Loy as *Kitty O'Shea* is completely charming, and Edna May Oliver, Montagu Love, Neil Fitzgerald and Edmund Gwenn offer able support. Superior entertainment. (Aug.)

RHYTHM IN THE CLOUDS—Republic

Better than most independent "quickies," this offers Pat Ellis as an unsuccessful composer of music and Warren Hull as the big-shot musician she manages to compromise. Put it on your see-if-necessary list. (Aug.)

ROAD BACK, THE—Universal

Sequel to "All Quiet on the Western Front," this is a slow-moving psychological study of German soldiers who find themselves strangers in their defeated fatherland. Richard Cromwell, John King and Andy Devine offer keen portrayals of the youthful patriots. (Sept.)

RUSTLER'S VALLEY—Paramount

Bill Boyd again takes to his boots and saddle as *Hopalong Cassidy*, frees his pal from accusation as a bank robber, finds time to woo and win Madge Evans. Better than the average *Hopalong*. (Sept.)

★ SARATOGA—M-G-M

Jean Harlow's last picture and the consensus is that her portrayal in this fast-moving comedy drama built around the well-known race track was one of the best of her career. Lionel Barrymore, Clark Gable, Una Merkel, Walter Pidgeon and Frank Morgan are all up to their usual fine standard. (Sept.)

SHE HAD TO EAT—20th Century-Fox

Here are jumbled all the old time-tested comedy devices, including mistaken identity, the screwy millionaire, the dumb country boy and the clever little miss. They all miss. Jack Haley, Eugene Pallette, Franklin Pangborn and others try hard, but the story yields only a few moments of hilarity. (Sept.)

SHEIK STEPS OUT, THE—Republic

Ramon Novarro's screen comeback finds him in the garb of an Arab making his famous brand of love to a corkscrew heiress, played by Lola Lane. Novarro's charm is as effective as ever. See it for the several nice songs you will hear and for a laugh or two. (Oct.)

SING AND BE HAPPY—20th Century-Fox

An innocuous little musical in which Tony Martin and Leah Ray, working for rival advertising firms, sing and bicker for reels, make up at the behest of Helen Westley, "Pickle Queen." Songs include "Travelin' Light," and "Sing and Be Happy." (Sept.)

SINGING MARINE, THE—Warners

Amiable Dick Powell has the situation well in hand in this nicely produced musical. He plays a bashful soldier whose head becomes too big for his hat. China restores his equilibrium. Doris Weston is the girl who waits at the home port. Completely unoriginal but amusing. (Sept.)

★ SLAVE SHIP—20th Century-Fox

A rugged and skillfully directed drama dealing with the African slave traffic of 1850 somewhat rose-colored by a romance between Captain Warner Baxter and Elizabeth Allan, a Virginia belle. Wally Beery, Joseph Schildkraut and George Sanders graphically villainous. Mickey Rooney steals all the honors. (Aug.)

SMALL TOWN BOY—Grand National

The hackneyed story of the village sap who becomes a go-getter is again brought out of its wrappings. This time Stuart Erwin is the suppressed lad, who, finding a thousand bucks, immediately becomes a new man and wins the belle of the borough, Joyce Compton. Stay home. (Sept.)

★ SOULS AT SEA—Paramount

An intensely interesting epic of men against the sea based on an incident in maritime history in the 1850's. When his ship is wrecked, Gary Cooper decides who shall survive, is put on trial for his life later because of his decision. Cooper, George Raft, Frances Dee and the entire cast are superlative. (Oct.)



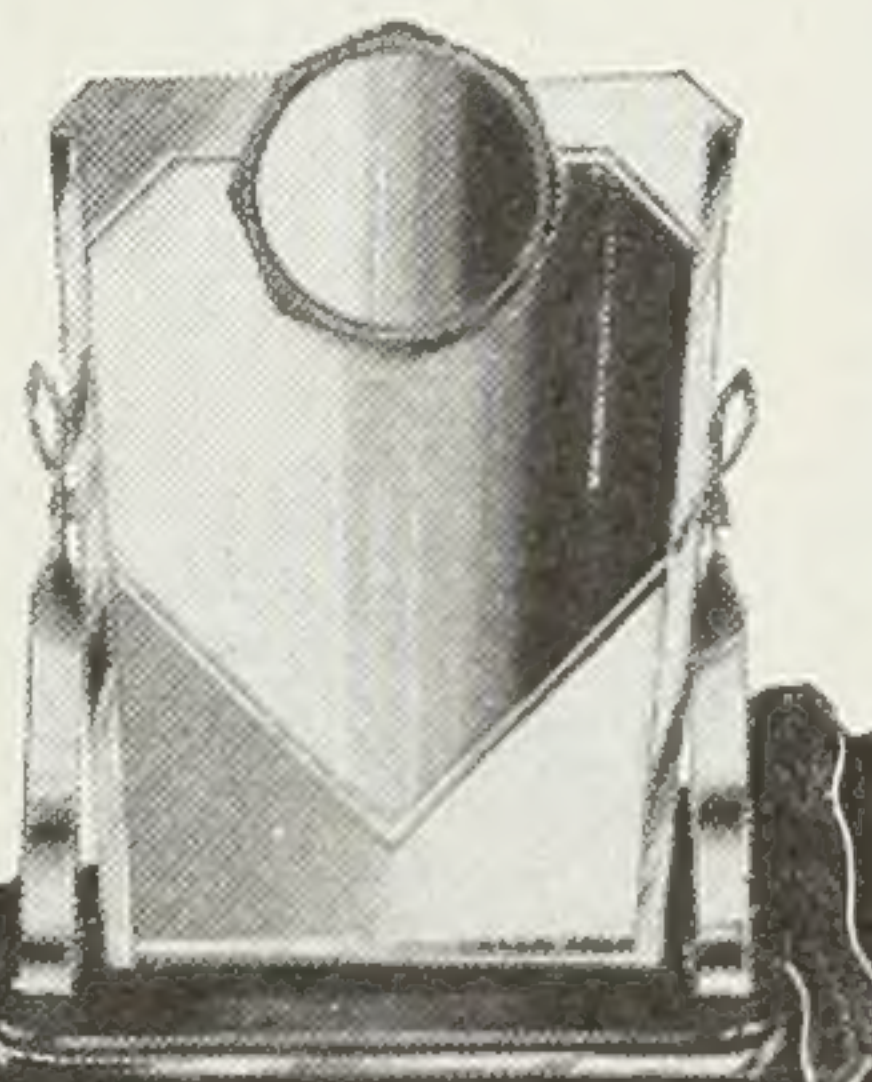
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★ STELLA DALLAS—United Artists

Samuel Goldwyn (who produced the silent version) again brings to the screen this poignant story of mother love. Barbara Stanwyck is splendidly sincere as the flamboyant mill girl who sets her cap for a gentleman (John Boles), catches him, and in her love for her daughter (Anne Shirley), reaches the heights of self-sacrifice and devotion. Cast, production and direction are superb. (Oct.)

SUPER SLEUTH—RKO-Radio

Jack Oakie mugs, slugs, and turns cartwheels to create laughs in this comedy satire on all mystery yarns. Playing a dim-wit actor who yearns to be a detective, he discovers a would-be murderer. The chase ends in the crazy house of a beach concession. Just where the picture belongs. (Sept.)

TALENT SCOUT—Warners

Lively entertainment results from this gay story of a talent looker-over, Donald Woods, and his singing find, Jeanne Madden. When she becomes a hit and falls in love with Fred Lawrence minor complications result. The cast has plenty of vim and the songs are catchy. (Aug.)

★ THAT CERTAIN WOMAN—Warners

A remake of Gloria Swanson's "The Trespasser," this now promotes Bette Davis as the gangster widow who falls in love with shilly-shallying Henry Fonda. Their stolen love yields nothing but sacrifice and misery for everybody. The cast is splendid. Take two hankies with you. (Oct.)

THERE GOES MY GIRL—RKO-Radio

The aged setup of two newspaper people who fall in love while covering a murder. There are a few good comedy situations but even Ann Sothern and Gene Raymond are hard put to make anything of this film but second-rate entertainment. (Aug.)

★ THEY WON'T FORGET—Warners

Here is emotional dynamite, artistic cinema, and excellent entertainment. Based on the best seller "Death in the Deep South" it relates with truth and power the story of a murder case which involves the nation in sectional hatred. Newcomer Gloria Dickson shines; Claude Rains is outstanding. Don't fail to see it. (Aug.)

★ TOAST OF NEW YORK, THE—RKO-Radio

Stirring drama inspired by the grandiloquent careers of the "robber barons" of America's industrial turmoil after the Civil War. Edward Arnold is a lusty *Jim Fisk*, Lord of Wall Street; Frances Farmer is intelligent as *Josie Mansfield*; Jack Oakie's comedy scores. Lavish and spectacular. (Sept.)

★ TOPPER—Hal Roach-M-G-M

Gay mad nonsense involving two mischievous ghosts (Connie Bennett and Cary Grant) who have the power of materializing themselves at will. Their efforts to bring harmony into the marital difficulties of Roland Young, a whimsical banker, and Billie Burke, his prissy wife, will leave you gasping with laughter. The production is A-1 too. (Sept.)

UNDER THE RED ROBE—New World-20th Century-Fox

Old-fashioned in theme and treatment, this reveals Annabella, the current toast of the Continent, and Conrad Veidt in a story of dukes, duels and diamonds in the days of Cardinal Richelieu. Veidt is miscast, Annabella is pert and pretty. Romney Brent is excellent. (Aug.)

VARSITY SHOW—Warners

Here is a rollicking three cheers for dear old Rutgers musical with Fred Waring and his band, Dick Powell, Walter Catlett, Ted Healy and others leaping the goal post for a touchdown. Dick is the successful alumnus who does his bit for Alma Mater by putting the pretty co-eds on Broadway. Priscilla and Rosemary Lane go to town. (Oct.)

VICTORIA THE GREAT—RKO-Radio

Another epic of English history, the story of one of its greatest queens, has been made into a beautiful and moving chronicle of a woman and an empire. Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook are excellent in the title rôles. Honest, dignified and entertaining. (Oct.)

VOGUES OF 1938—Wanger-United Artists

Never has Technicolor proved itself so screen-worthy as in this pageant of beauty, fashions and music basted together with the thread of a plot involving Warner Baxter, a dressmaker, Helen Vinson, his wife, and Joan Bennett, a decorative deb. A major screen achievement. (Oct.)

★ WEE WILLIE WINKIE—20th Century-Fox

Kipling's famous tale of British Army posts revamped to allow Shirley Temple the name rôle, and full scope for her undisputed powers of capturing the affections of dour officers as well as American audiences. There is action and plenty of it when Shirley delivers a spy message, is kidnapped by an Indian Khan. June Lang and Michael Whalen carry the romance; Victor McLaglen is excellent as usual. A "must see." (Aug.)

WILD MONEY—Paramount

Edward Everett Horton is a stingy newspaper auditor on vacation when a kidnapping makes him forget his parsimoniousness. Horton's spending spree is all there is to it, and the slight love angle introduced by Louise Campbell. Catch this on a double bill. (Sept.)

WINE, WOMEN AND HORSES—Warners

Barton MacLane takes care of the women by gambling at the race track. Peggy Bates and Ann Sheridan are the women. The wine, if any, is warm and of poor vintage. You can do better reading a racing sheet. (Oct.)

YOU CAN'T BEAT LOVE—RKO-Radio

Here is screwy comedy which manages to be consistently funny. Silk-hatted Preston Foster is tied up in politics, meets Joan Fontaine, falls in love. Herbert Mundin trumps nicely as Foster's manservant, and Barbara Pepper is hilarious. You'll laugh. (Aug.)

★ YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING—20th Century-Fox

You can have everything in the way of entertainment here. This gay, slyly suggestive, amusing comedy has Don Ameche and Loretta Young for love content, Louise Hovick (nee Gypsy Rose Lee) for sex, the Ritz Brothers for fun, and a sure-fire plot about an ambitious young thing trying to crack Broadway to hold them all together. What more do you want? It's a pushover. (Oct.)

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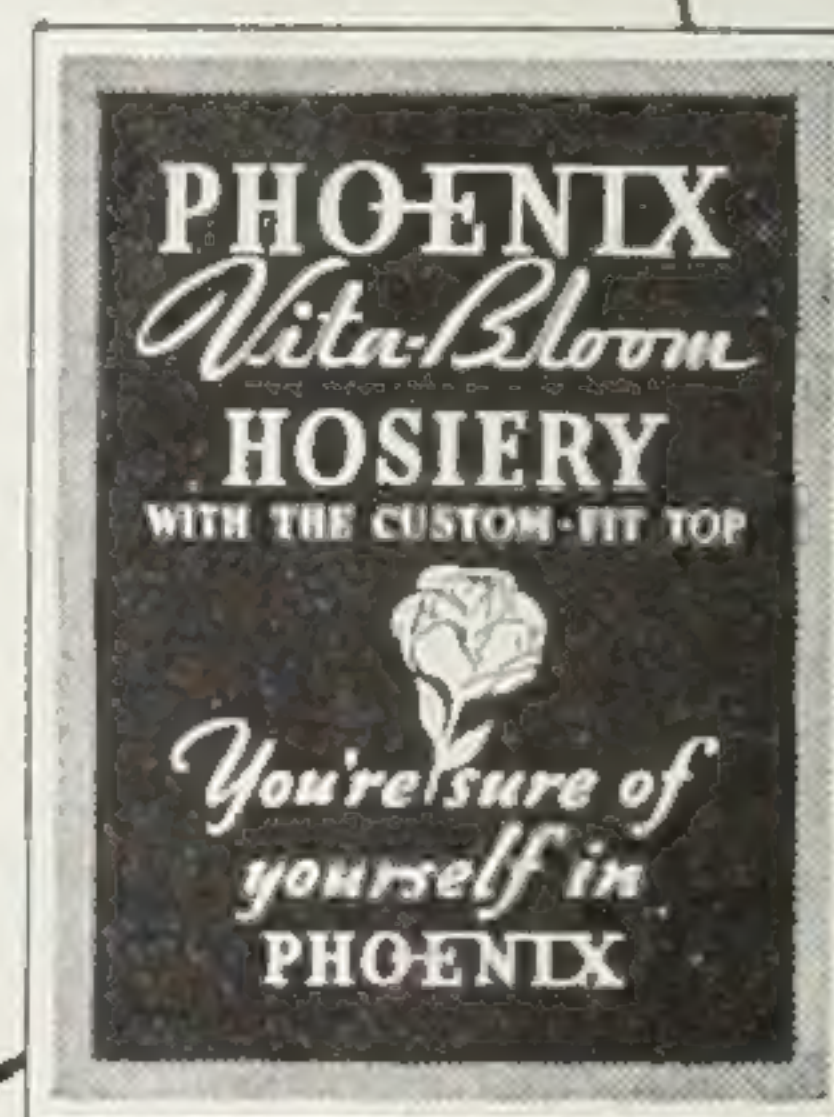
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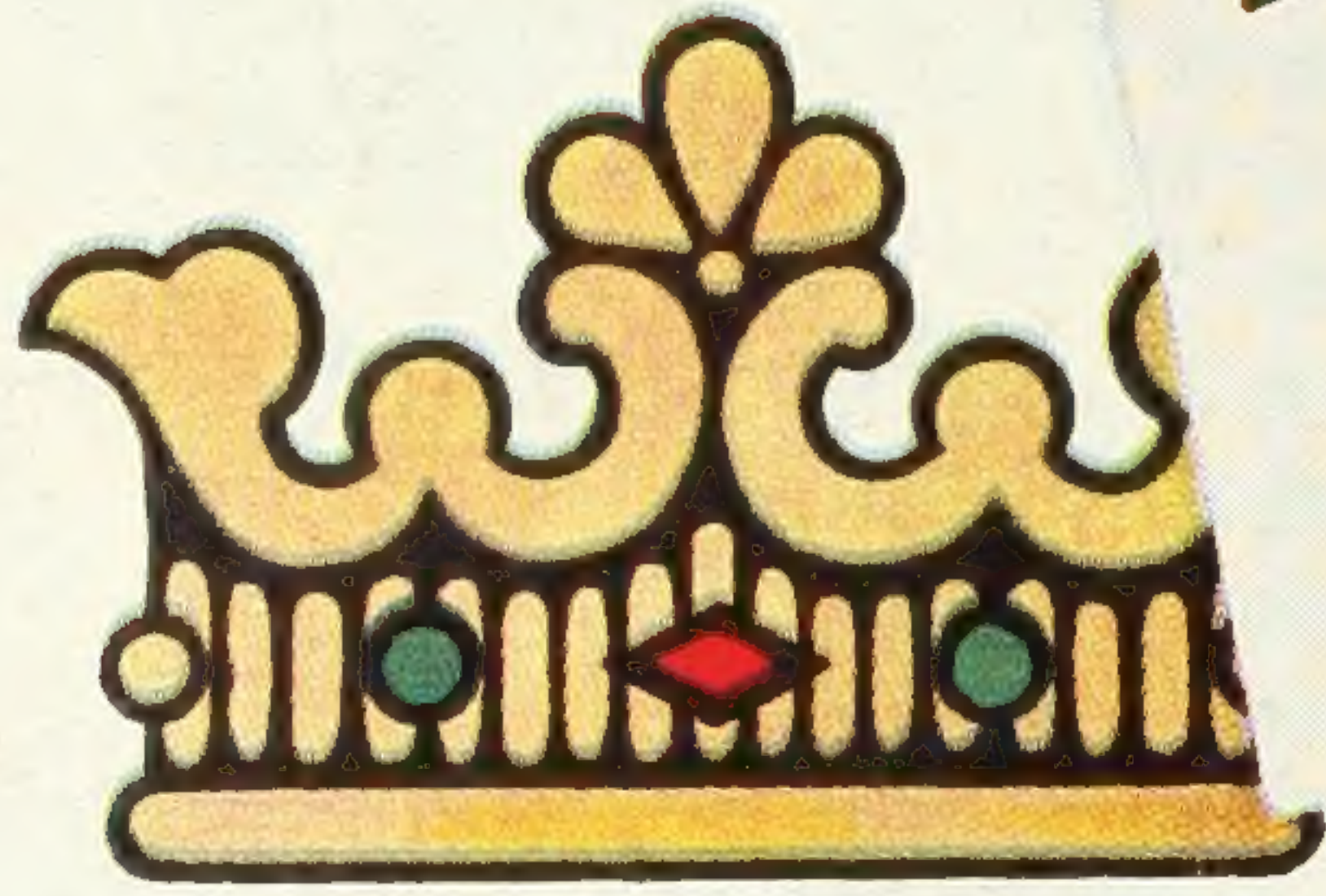
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